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THE NEW YORKER

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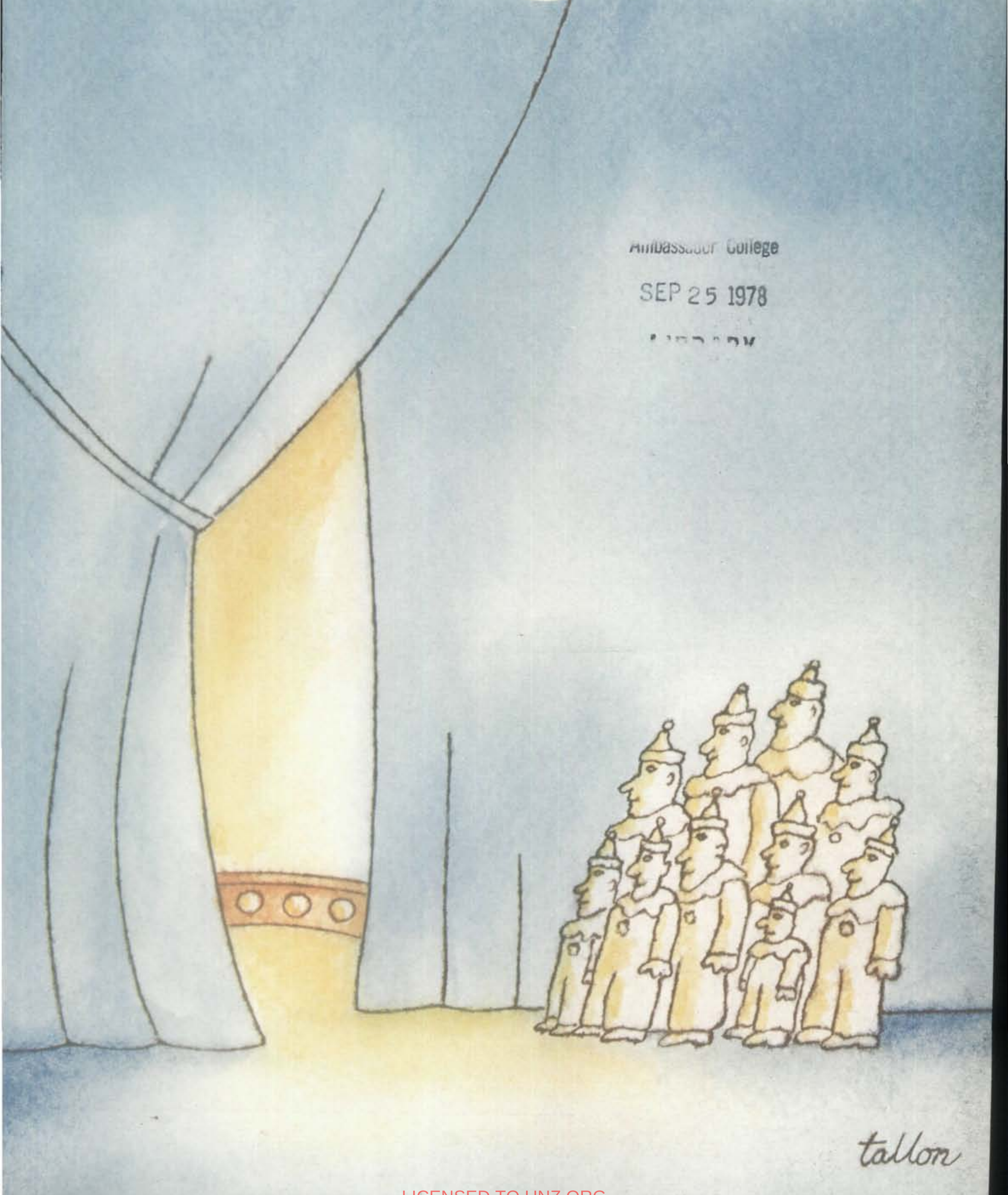

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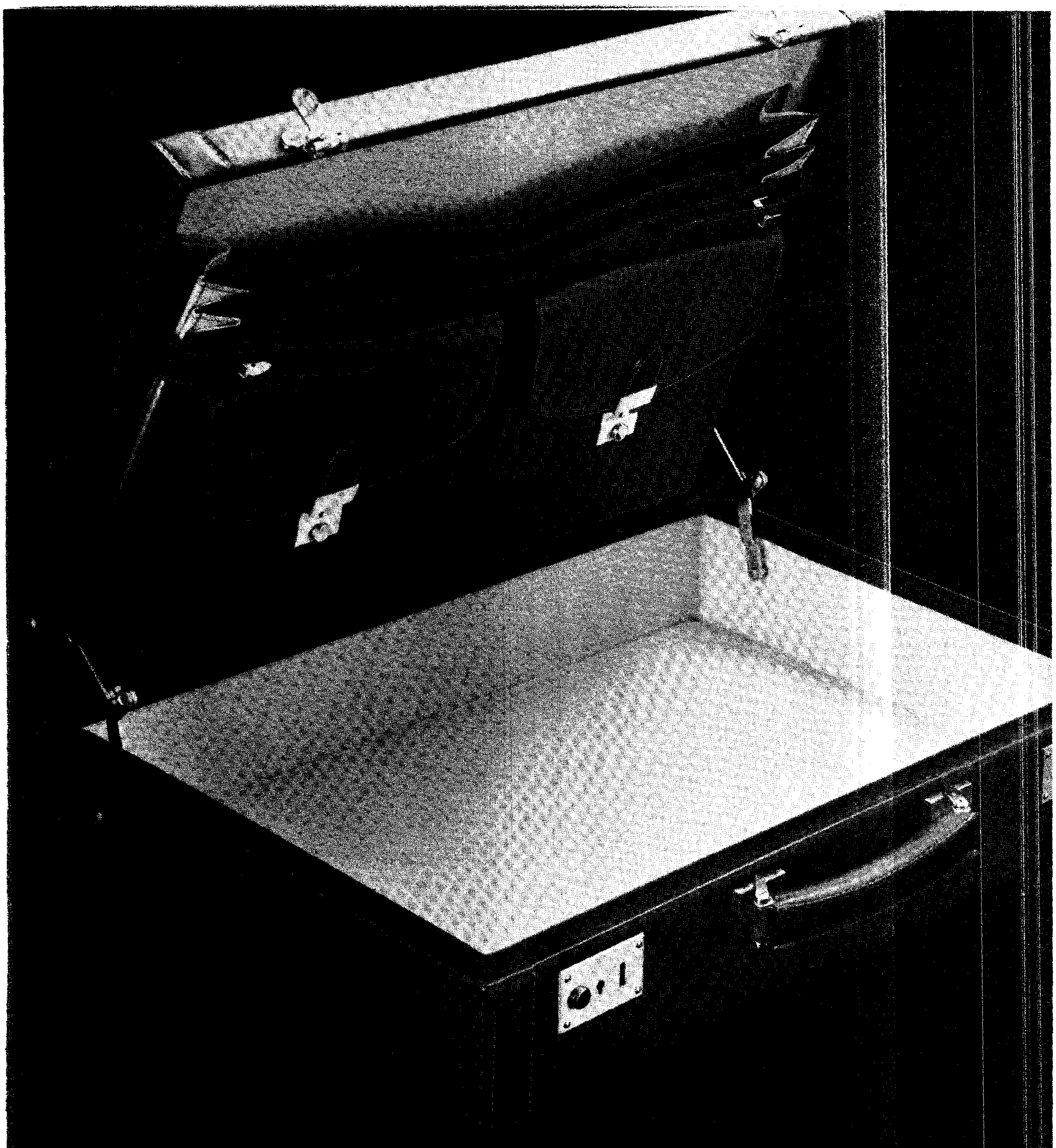

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ain't Misbehavin'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch, and about the political and sexual mores of our Super-State. Tommy Tune, as bright and inventive as ever, was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the melodic score and agreeable lyrics; and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the entertaining libretto. The company, under the direction of Mr. Masterson and Mr. Tune, is as proficient as it is high-spirited. With Henderson Forsythe, Delores Hall, Jay Garner, Susan Mansur, and Carlin Glynn. (5/1/78) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Biko Inquest—Fritz Weaver and Philip Bosco head the cast of a play by Norman Fenton and Jon Blair based on the inquest of Steve Biko in Pretoria last November. Opens Wednesday, May 17, at 6:30. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bleacher Bums—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans, in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always earsplitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well; Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. After Sunday, May 21, will move to another theatre, to be announced.)

Chapter Two—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's play about two desperately ill patients in a New York hospital. Unexpectedly, much of the dialogue is very funny. Martin Balsam and Len Cariou are superb as the patients. (1/16/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Da—In this entertaining play by Hugh Leonard, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A superb cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. Ira Levin is the clever author, and the director is Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Thursday, May 25, at 11:30.)

Dracula—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the musical **Company**, with a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and a book by George Furth. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. The results are depressing, but there are hints throughout that the script, by Dick Goldberg, is worthy of a livelier performance. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 and talk your ear off, to no discernible purpose. There are a few lively scenes here, but not enough. Lanford Wilson wrote the play, and Marshall W. Mason directed the competent per-

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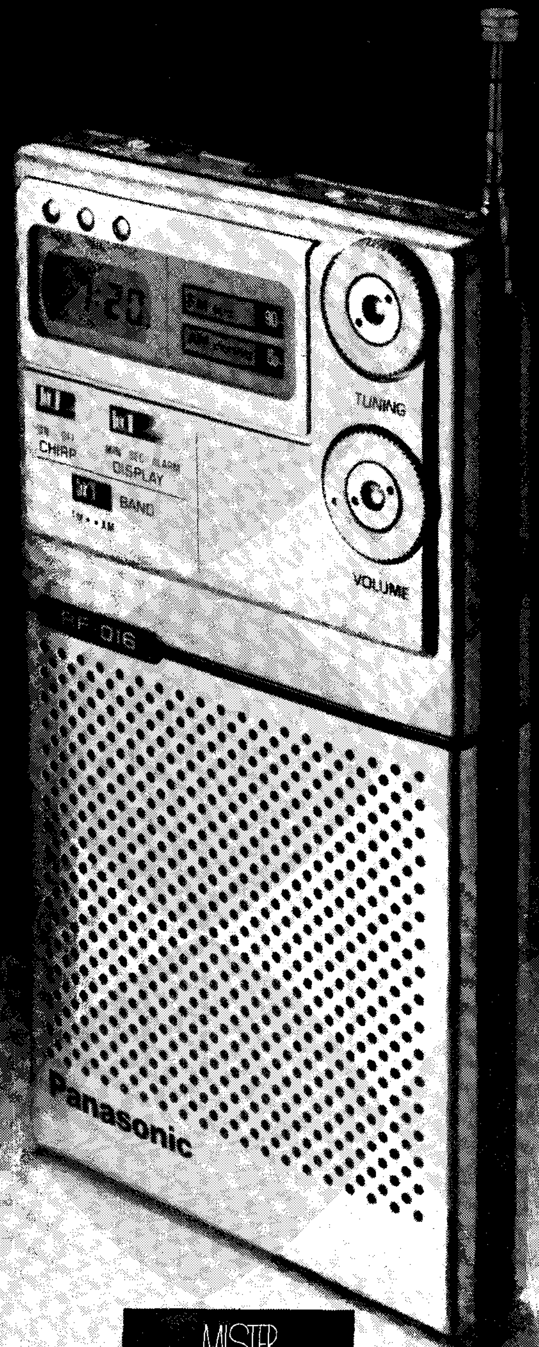

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formance. Very good settings by John Lee Beatty. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gin Game—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Nothing is here for tears. Carol Channing in command of a vehicle that (truth to tell) begins to look much older than its years. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man-Wo-Man—A pair of one-acters—subject as above. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. Both plays are effective, as directed by Pat Golden and Ernestine M. Johnston, respectively, and as acted by Harold Stuart, Theresa Cecelia Marsh, Mr. Harris, and Elaine Jackson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Heritage Repertory Theatre, 43 E. 125th St. 876-3272. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Molière in Spite of Himself—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

My Mother Was a Fortune-Teller—Phyllis Newman's one-woman show of songs (by various lyricists, including herself), with connective words (presumably by herself), becomes an indirect autobiography of this clever, gifted performer. Arthur Laurents directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Nightly at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

On the Twentieth Century—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 21.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Proposition—A brisk and merry evening of improvisation, with four bright young players and a nimble pianist. (5/15/78) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Moves on Thursday, May 25, to the Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St., 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Tuesday and Wednesday, May 23-24, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Rib Cage—A play by Larry Ketron. Opens Wednesday, May 17, and will run through Sunday, June 11. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Show-Off—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

13 Rue de l'Amour—A great deal of feverish dodging about is expected to take the place of wit in this clumsy Feydeau farce. With Louis Jourdan and Patricia Elliott. (3/27/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

Timbuktu!—Gorgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the silliest book in the world. With Eartha Kitt and Melba Moore. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Working—A stunning production of a curious musical comedy based on the book of taped interviews of working people that was compiled a few years ago by Studs Terkel. The cast is exemplary, but the show fails through monotony. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**annie:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 9:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 7,504 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i love my wife:** Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the king and i:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **mummenschanz:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year:** Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham, directed by Gene Saks. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the wiz:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Har-

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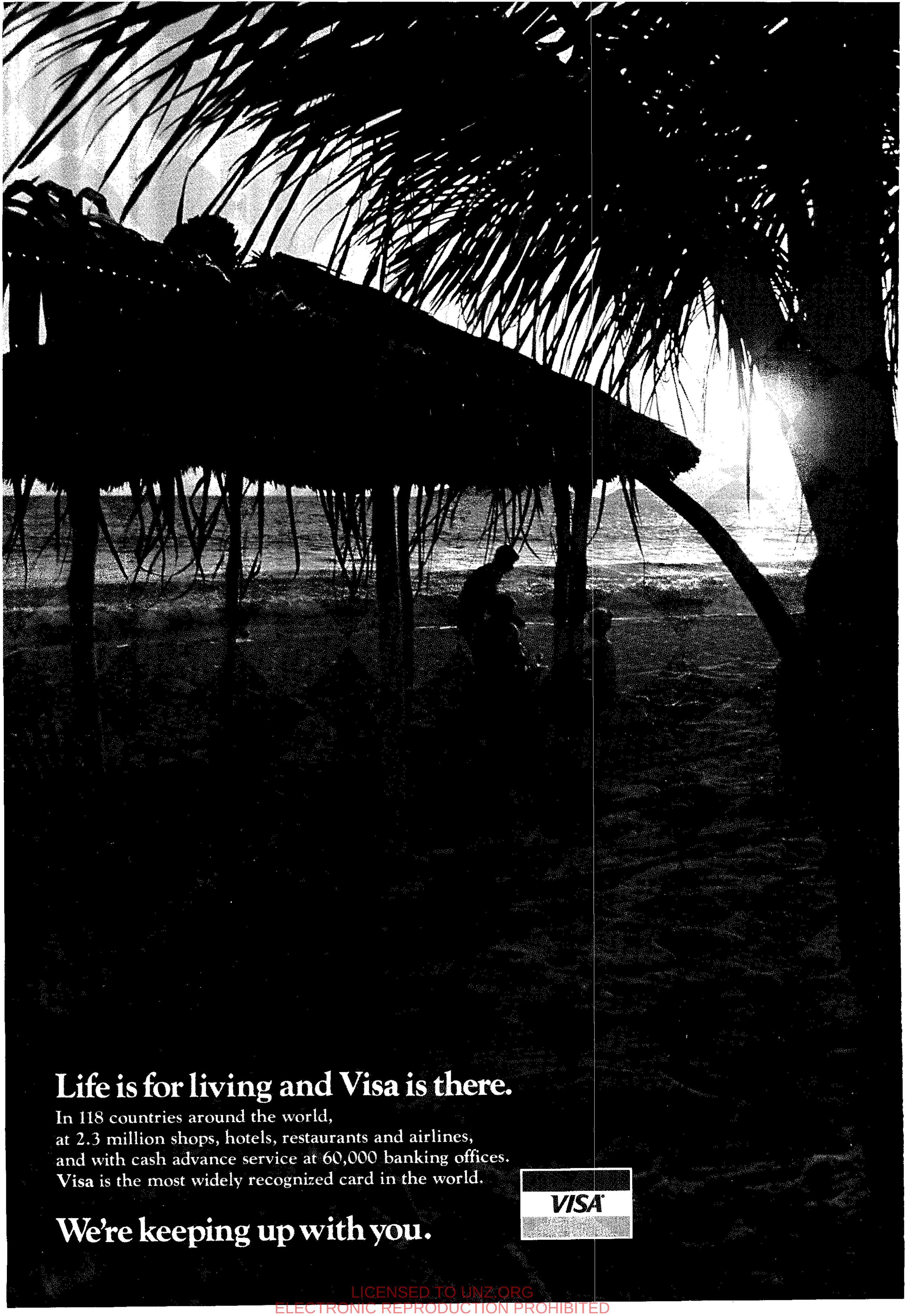

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rison. (Winter Garden. Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-eighth edition. (Madison Square Garden. Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Tuesday, May 23, at 10:30 and 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 17, at 8: "In G Major," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Tricolore" (preview). (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 345.)...¶ Thursday, May 18, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Tricolore" (première), and "Symphony in C."...¶ Friday, May 19, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Irish Fantasy," and "Dances at a Gathering."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2: "Fanfare," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "An Evening's Waltzes."...¶ Sunday, May 21, at 1: "Serenade," "Episodes," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Sunday, May 21, at 7: "Allegro Brillante," "Tricolore," and "Bournonville Divertissements."...¶ Tuesday, May 23, at 8: "Fanfare," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Bournonville Divertissements."...¶ Wednesday, May 24, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Thursday, May 25, at 8: "Serenade," "Agon," and "Who Cares?"...¶ Friday, May 26, at 8: "Agon," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Saturday, May 27, at 2: "Who Cares?," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Duo Concertant," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Saturday, May 27, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Episodes," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 17: "Les Sylphides," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Theme and Variations," and "Firebird."...¶ Thursday evening, May 18: "Les Sylphides," "Other Dances," "At Midnight," and "Push Comes to Shove."...¶ Friday evening, May 19: "Petrouchka," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Saturday matinée, May 20: "Petrouchka," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Voluntaries."...¶ Saturday evening, May 20: "Petrouchka," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Voluntaries."...¶ Monday evening, May 22: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Tuesday evening, May 23: "Theme and Variations," "Spartacus Pas de Deux," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 24-25: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Pas de Deux," "Voluntaries," and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Friday evening, May 26, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 27: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 10.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 17, at 8: "Streams," "Countdown," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."...¶ Thursday, May 18, at 8: "Hidden Rites," "Passage," "Blood-Burning Moon," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Friday, May 19, at 8: "Night Creature," "Facets," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2: "Hidden Rites," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Icarus," "Gazelle," "Journey," and "Night Creature."...¶ Sunday, May 21, at 2: "Streams," "Coverage II," "Butterfly," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Sunday, May 21, at 7:30: "Suite Otis," "Passage," "Butterfly," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, May 17, and Thursday and Friday, May 18-19, at 8: "Carmina Burana" and "Divertimento No. 15."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2: "Symphony in C" and "Signatures."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8, and Sunday, May 21, at 2: "Grosse Fugue," "Symphony in C," and "Signatures." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

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Trisha Brown Dance Company—"Water Motor" and "Splang." (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Monday through Thursday, May 22-25, at 8.)

Rudy Perez/Men's Coalition—"Point of Departure," "Equinox Run," "According to What; or, Is Dance Really About Dancing?," "Countdown," and "Take Your Alligator with You." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday, May 26—a benefit performance—and also Saturday and Sunday; May 27-28, at 8. For tickets, call 989-6454.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

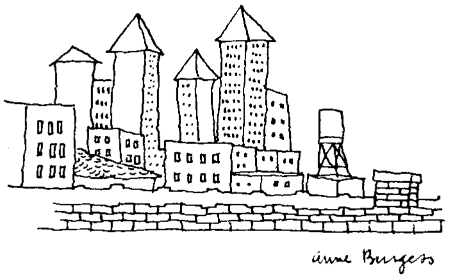
Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform. Mondays and the week ending Saturday, May 20, have been turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. On Tuesday, May 23, guitarist James (Blood) Ulmer will arrive with his quartet. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—**MARTHA SCHLAMME**, a longtime interpreter of Kurt Weill and a totally convincing cabaret performer, is reciting poetry, singing contemporary tunes, and doing—thank heavens—a few Weill and Brecht songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. They are, through Saturday, May 20, pianist **HAL GALPER**, bassist **CECIL MCBEE**, and drummer **JOE LA BARBARA**. On Wednesday, May 24, **AIR**—saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL**, bassist **FRED HOPKINS**, and drummer **STEVE MCCALL**—will begin improvising collectively for four nights. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **LOU REED**, a father figure to punk musicians, is here through Sunday, May 21; Monday through Wednesday, May 22-24, country-folk-rock singers Michael Murphey and Jonathan Edwards will alternate; and Thursday through Sunday, May 25-28, blues and jazz singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** will trade sets with second-generation Chicago bluesmen **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—If you can get here about three-thirty in the afternoon, you can probably secure a nice seat at the end of the bar near the piano. **JIMMY ROWLES**, the house favorite, and his bassist, **BOB CRANSHAW**, work together from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.



Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, driving jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **HOWARD COLLINS** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** holds court, which includes his two aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**, in the Café Carlyle. They're ready Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper....**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is in the Bemelmans Bar for a couple of months, and she has brought with her a set list that includes tunes composed by Evelyn Danzig, Alberta Nichols, Ann Ronell, Kay Swift, Carole King, and Carol Sager. She is at the piano weeknights from nine-forty-five to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences here look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage, affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties, and in some cases mid-fifties, rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall weeknights. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ** is present with a trio, playing smooth-and-sleek trumpet in a style that's nearly twice as old as he is (he's twenty-six). Starting Monday, May 22, pianist **RED RICHARDS** will take over with a trio. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer-pianist, has settled in with his collection of Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder tunes. He performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. On Tuesday, May 23, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, May 21, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, will lead a quintet, from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia

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Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Trombonist **AL GREY** and tenor saxophonist **JIMMY FORREST,** both, until recently, outstanding soloists with the Basie band, are now co-leaders of a quintet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the resident legend, performs with assistance from drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Joe Muranyi. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jimmy Weston's, 131 E. 54th St. (838-8384)—**DOROTHY DONEGAN** and her trio (see page 110, this issue) are here Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten, twelve, and two. Dinner.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This progressive-country-and-Western-music bar and chili house bills itself as "the biggest honky-tonk north of Abilene," but the place is actually a hangout for homesick Austin, Texas, transplants. Much but not all of the music is provided by genuine Texas bands, and much but not all of it is first-rate. Blues singer **JOHN LEE HOOKER** isn't from Texas, but who's perfect? Hooker will be onstage Wednesday and Thursday, May 17-18. Sunday and Monday, May 21-22, have been reserved for folkie Sylvia Tyson (remember Ian and Sylvia?). Tuesday through Thursday, May 23-25, will belong to rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY.** Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Happy with the Blues," a tribute to Harold Arlen (see page 110, this issue), is being given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at eight-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and actress **CLAUDIA MC NEIL** (see page 110, this issue) has taken on a repertory made famous long ago by Ethel Waters. She's assisted by pianist **MICHAEL RENZI,** trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM,** bassist **JACK SIX,** and drummer **JACKIE WILLIAMS** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Noel Pointer, a flutist who plays rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and sometimes jazz, leads his band through Saturday, May 20. Monday through Wednesday, May 22-24, Chris Hinze, a Dutch jazz flutist, will arrive with his quartet. Music from ten until two. Dinner.

Norman's, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (759-1477)—An upstairs venture on a very tentative footing—i.e., call first. **HELEN HUMES** sings with a trio and trumpeter **GENE ROLAND** leads a nonet. (See page 110, this issue.) Miss Humes is scheduled through Saturday, May 20. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays, beginning at nine-forty-five. Supper.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Approximately one-half of the Woodstock Mountain Revue—folkies **JOHN HERALD** and **PAT ALGER**—will perform through Saturday, May 20; Wednesday through Saturday, May 24-27, folkie Bob Gibson will trade sets with the **PERSUASIONS,** an impressive a-cappella rhythm-and-blues quintet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** is back and in charge of a dance septet that plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Holly Woodlawn, a torch-singing female impersonator, has the floor Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—Singer and pianist Bobby Cole and his trio are ensconced upstairs, in a quiet, formal room far from the Vegas-style doings on the first floor. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Brazilian singer and guitarist Amaury Tristão and his band perform through Saturday, May 20; on Sunday and Monday, May 21-22, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** (see page 110, this issue) and her trio will be here; and on Tuesday, May 23, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will bring in a quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard (yet), but this showcase club features a lot of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, **ODETTA,** who sings blues songs, work songs, and folk songs (and she's even done country-and-Western songs in the past), will work opposite **SON SEALS,** a lively Chicago-blues singer and guitarist. Friday through Sunday, May 26-28, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will be present with his band. The music begins at ten. Music upstairs: Sundays from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a dance orchestra; on Thursdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** leads a quintet through Sunday, May 21; on Tuesday, May 23, vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON,** one of the few things in life one can count on, will begin playing lovely, fulfilling blues with his quartet. The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big-band machine is back from touring, taking its Monday-night R and R. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat has reacquired some of the famous swing musicians who used to play here regularly. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans perform through Tuesday, May 23; on Wednesday, May 24, the **COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, JO JONES, JR.,** and **FRANKLIN SKEETE**—will move in. Live music every night but Mondays from nine to one-thirty.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HAROLD DANKO,** who holds the Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis organization, and his bassist dazzle their audiences with just about everything, from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage." Music from nine to one.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

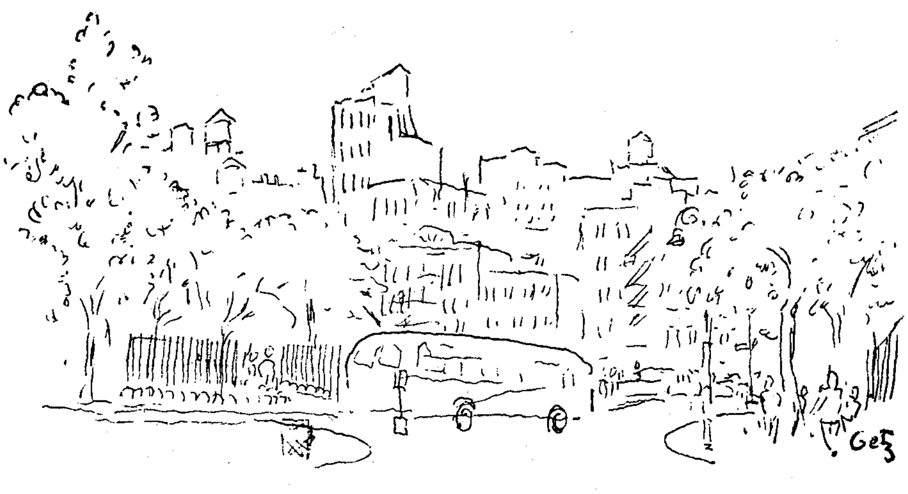
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Oliver Lake Quartet and **Steve Lacy and Michael Smith**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, at 8:30 and 11.

Maya Angelou—McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Patti Smith Group—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 20-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Good Vibes for Duke—The Duke Ellington Society's annual concert, this one played by Milt Jackson, Don Elliott, Warren Chiasson, and a rhythm section led by Sam Jones. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, May



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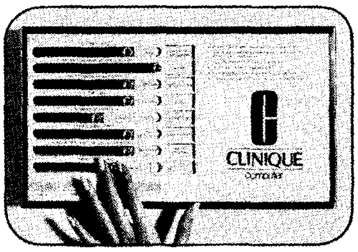
With Clinique Sun Block, you can tan. Slowly. Gently. Chance of peeling is far, far less. The sun's aging effects are retarded.

Your tan will look better longer. So will your skin.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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21, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 675-7477.)

Chava Alberstein—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, May 21, at 8.

Dizzy Gillespie Quartet—Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Monday, May 22, at 7 and 8:30. Admission by contribution.

Ralph Towner & John Abercrombie and the Bennie Wallace Trio (with Eddie Gomez)—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, at 8:30 and 11.

Johnny Taylor, Tyrone Davis, and the Manhattans—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, May 27, at 7 and 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Vincenzo Agnetti—New works, most of them incorporating photographs, by an Italian Conceptualist. Through June 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Carol Anthony—Beach scenes on Block Island and portraits of hamburgers, done in Cray-pas, enamel, and pastels. Also, a new set of her life-size sculptured caricatures made of linen mâché. Through June 10. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

R. O. Blechman and Edward Sorel—Watercolors and drawings by these two illustrators. Through June 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Leonora Carrington—Surrealist paintings with a touch of humor. Through Saturday, May 27. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

A. M. Cassandre (1901-68)—Posters from the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, May 27. (Reinhold-Brown, 26 E. 78th St.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Paintings and drawings of figures by a realist. Through June 9. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Man trying to get his bearings in the urban maze is the theme of many of these watercolors, done in incongruously soft tones. Through Saturday, May 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Geist—Bands of pure, bright acrylic colors painted on narrow panels of wood. Through Wednesday, May 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Morris Graves—Still-lifes of fruits and flowers, done in tempera, dominate this show of recent works, but a couple of his more familiar predatory birds are also on hand. Through Wednesday, May 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Joe Louis pounding a punching bag is one of the gentler subjects in this exhibit, which ranges from the artist's customary horrors-of-war drawings to scenes of wicked prewar Berlin. Through June 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Harvey—Paintings that have the quality of faded photographs; the subjects are the artist's family and the residents of the Spanish village where he now lives. Through Saturday, May 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Barkley L. Hendricks—Life-size, superrealist portraits. Through Saturday, May 20. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Budd Hopkins—A new series of wooden constructions inspired by Grecian temples; the group is called "Hera's Wall." Through May 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Muriel Kalish—Recent paintings by this self-taught artist. Through Saturday, May 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Suzi Malin—Tempera portraits by a young British artist who favors subjects in the theatrical world—Elton John, Adam Ant, Sarah Bernhardt. Through June 17. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Zero Mostel (1915-77)—Fifty paintings and drawings, most of them self-portraits, in oil, ink, and pencil. Through June 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Along with the large, somber abstracts done over the last couple of years there is a new group of his familiar collages. Through Saturday, May 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Meret Oppenheim—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the Surrealist credited with the "Fur-Lined Teacup" (1936); first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—A circus scene, done partly in gouache and partly in an ink wash, showing a demure nude riding bareback around the ring, is one of the highlights in this variety show of his oils and works on paper. Through June 3. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

John Safer / Bob Fowler—Abstract sculptures in smooth acrylics and metals. Through Saturday, May 27. / Abstract wall sculptures made of strips of bolted metal. Some are painted. Through June 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Helen Soreff / Julian B. Hyman—What appear to be horizontal ribbons of black or neutral-colored paper superimposed on canvas are really painted there. Through Tuesday, May 23. / Color photographs of New York City firemen on the job, Cape Cod sand dunes, and other subjects. Through Saturday, May 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Yvonne Thomas—A three-dimensional grid system underlies these folded-paper constructions, in which the various exposed surfaces are scrubbed with colored crayons. Through Saturday, May 20. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

The Serge Lifar Collection—Designs for ballet sets and costumes, and related drawings, by some of the biggest names in twentieth-century art—Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Modigliani, Léger, Rouault—and works by the regular Diaghilev stable, which included Bakst, Gontcharova, Larionov, Pedro Pruna, and so on. A benefit exhibition, on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum. Through June 2. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Group Shows—At the ACQUAVELLA, 18 E. 79th St.: One of Franz Kline's black-and-white thunderclaps, ten feet tall, and a purple Jules Olitski panel nearly fourteen feet long dominate the big back room of this gallery, and the relative newcomers, like David Parrish and his motorcycles and Richard Estes and his diners, are in the front room, along with a menacing leather-jacketed life-size figure by Duane Hanson. Through June 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . BLUM-HELMAN, 13 E. 75th St.: Drawings by Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Diebenkorn, and Roy Lichtenstein. Through June 20. . . . CARUS, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works from the twenties by Constructivists, including Moholy-Nagy, Lozowick, and El Lissitzky. Through Saturday, May 20. . . . ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: One of Francis Bacon's popes, a couple of small Magrittes, a big red Rothko, and four Dubuffets are among the highlights in this show of twentieth-century artists. Through June 7. . . . FOURCADE, 36 E. 75th St.: Sculptures—several pieces by de Kooning, Michael Heizer, and Tony Smith and a single work each by Bourgeois, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Lichtenstein, and Henry Moore. Through June 3. . . . HUTTON, 33 E. 74th St.: Early-twentieth-century paintings by Russian and German artists, among them Alexandra Exter, Emil Nolde, and Max Pechstein. Through June 2. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Peggy Bacon and Karl Schrag are two of the artists showing both paintings and prints. Through Saturday, May 27. . . . MCKEE, 140 E. 63rd St.: Philip Guston's 1976 "Wharf" and a Stuart Diamond triptych are among the paintings on view. Through May 31. . . . NICHOLLS, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 14. . . . SHEPHERD, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . STONE, 48 E. 86th St.: Small, almost photographically realistic paintings of storefronts, filling stations, and city vistas by John Parks; raw-looking paintings, thick with impasto, of Dutchess County country, by Peter Dean; and abstract sculptures by Vladimir Salamun. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nemesio Antunez—Paintings incorporating architectural forms that seem to have been inspired by science fiction. Through June 6. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arman—Forty-five ten-gallon hats arranged in tiers form one of this artist's "tapestries." Through Saturday, May 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Daniel Brustlein—New paintings, mostly semi-abstract figures and landscapes, by an artist whose cartoons, signed "Alain," were often seen in this magazine before he retired to Paris to paint. Through June 1. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Scott Burton—Four tables, one a rustic wooden table translated into bronze, another a thick slab of Italian granite perched on glittery enamelled legs. Through June 3. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Luis Camnitzer / Barbro Ostlihn—Drawings that comment on such subjects as geometry, astronomy, Greenwich time. / Paintings involving grid patterns (they resemble caning) into which simple forms—an arch, a square, an arrow—have been worked. Through June 3. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Small drawings by this leading American Constructivist. Through Saturday, May 20. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New works, most of them studies of sparkling arrays of glassware—bottles, stem glasses, jars, pitchers—occasionally interspersed with red peppers, squashes, sliced oranges. Through June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings from the forties and fifties. Through June 3. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray / Lee Hall—Small-scale paintings of calligraphic figures set in fields of pale color. / Amorphous forms, painted with water-based acrylics that saturate the paper. Through Saturday, May 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Groth—Drawings, watercolors, and oils done over the past forty years by this well-known illustrator. Through Wednesday, May 24. (Sande, 61 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lila Katzen—*Metal sculptures in a range of* sizes: indoors at the Cortella, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 17), and outdoors at Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus (through Sept. 1).

Polly Kraft / Elga Heinzen—Watercolors of beets, ears of corn, leeks, and friends of the artist. / Mixed-media renditions of hawser-size, convoluted rope. Through June 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ann McCoy—Colored-pencil drawings of underwater scenes. Through Saturday, May 20. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Fred Meyer—Small terra-cotta figures, plus a couple of large bronze figures. Through Saturday, May 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

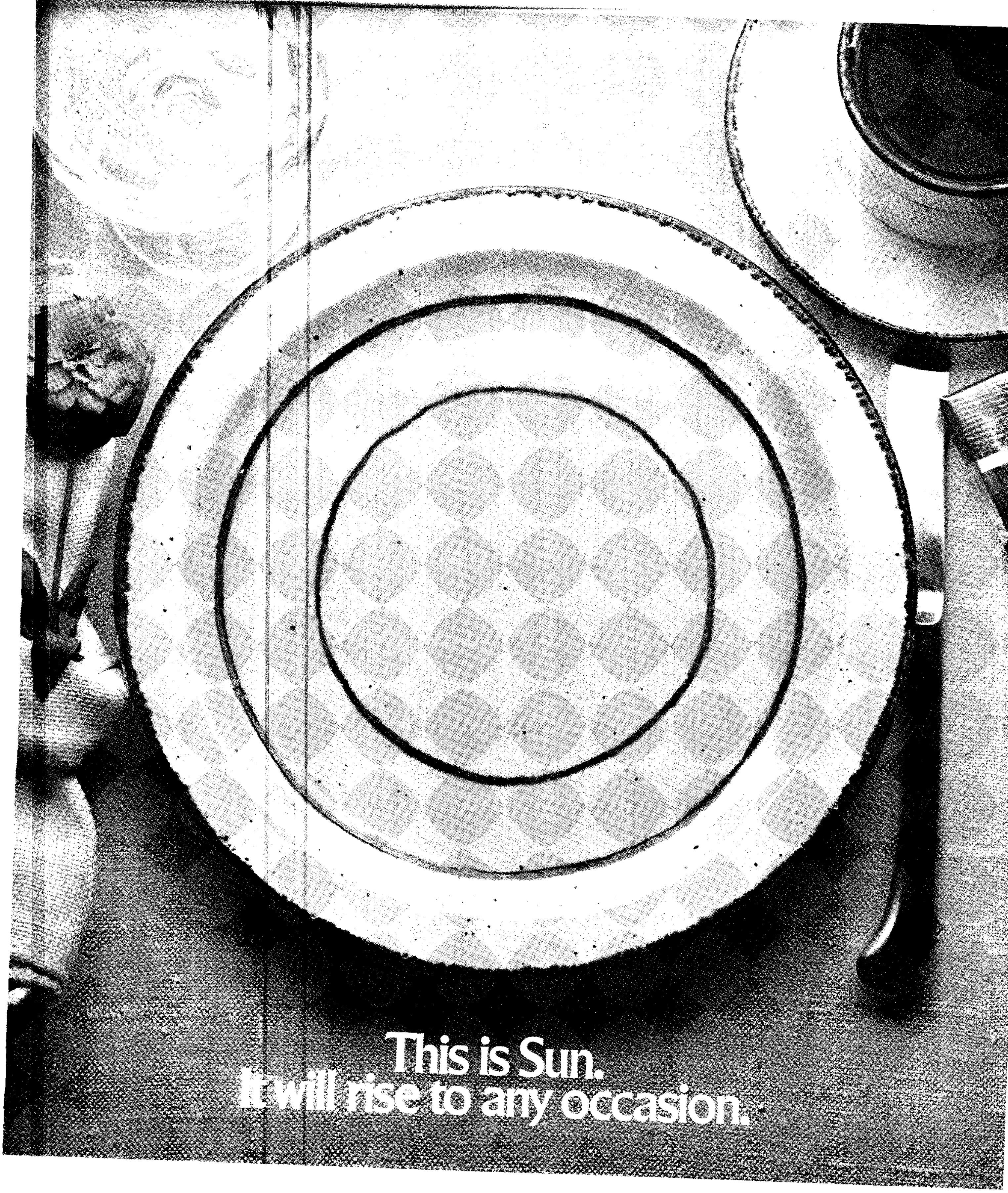
Milne Ramsey (1846-1915)—Still-lifes on canvas and thickly painted pastoral landscapes on wood panels. Through June 2. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Archie Rand—New abstract paintings, and studies for murals. Through June 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bridget Riley—New works in acrylic and gouache by this Optical artist. Through June 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bruce Robbins / Katherine Sokolnikoff—Thirty-one small-scale seesaws set on prismatic fulcrums, strewn around the gallery floor. / Small porcelain sculptures of landscapes, some of them real and some imaginary. Through June 3. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Judith Shahn—Paintings, drawings, and prints



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of interiors and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 27. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

ALEJANDRO SIÑA—Kinetic light sculptures in a darkened gallery. Through Friday, May 26. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

A. A. USHENKO / DIMITRA—Figure paintings, usually of festive groups but with a mordant note tucked in somewhere—the figure of death glimpsed in a mirror, for instance. Through Saturday, May 20. / Abstracts involving violent color collisions. Through Saturday, May 27. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

H. C. WESTERMANN—A laminated-plywood object, and watercolors that include a series of poster studies for his retrospective at the Whitney Museum, which will open on Thursday, May 18. This show starts Saturday, May 20. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

JANE WILSON—Small watercolors of a few grapes, a persimmon, or a couple of sardines, plus large, formal oil still-lifes, some of them based on Egyptian, Roman, and Theban motifs. Through Saturday, May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Forty-three drawings by Beatrice Wood are the centerpiece of a show that also includes works, including photographs, by her associates Sheeler, Man Ray, John Covert. Through June 16. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by Karel Appel, Henry Moore, Saul Steinberg, and others. Through June 17. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two shows here. "Masters of Modern Sculpture" includes pieces by Rodin, Lipchitz, and David Smith; "John Marin, New York Drawings" has forty-one works. Through June 17.

GALLERIES—SoHo

ED BAYNARD—Precise, larger-than-life watercolors of irises, foxgloves, nicotianas, orchids, lilies, and so on. Through June 8. (Milliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

DON CELENDER / RICHARD McLEAN—Results of two polls taken by this art-world prankster, both available in paperback form: "Observations, Protestations, and Lamentations of Museum Guards Throughout the World," and "Destiny of a Name," the latter consisting of interviews with people whose names seem to indicate their professions (Ronald J. Haddock, professional fisherman; Lacy Toothman, dentist). / Photo-Realist paintings of a race horse, a work horse, a show horse, a circus horse, and two rodeo horses. Through Saturday, May 20. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Collages. Through June 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

DIANE KAISER—Short brushstrokes of ink wash applied to paper in abstract patterns, and ceramic reliefs. Through Wednesday, May 24. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

ANATOL KOVARSKY—Colorful sequential paintings depicting stripteases, prizefights, parades, and so on, in a manner reminiscent of Greek-vase decorations. Through May 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

THOMAS LANIGAN-SCHMIDT—A large sculpture in the shape of an altarpiece. Its materials include wood, tin foil, and cellophane. Through May 31. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

TERENCE LA NOUE / JUAN GONZALEZ—Semicircular wall hangings. / Meticulous colored-pencil drawings. Through June 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

DAVID NOVROS—Massive color-field paintings. Through June 3. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

ANGELO SAVELLI—Two shows in adjacent galleries: Three huge white constructions, one eighteen feet tall, on the gallery's first floor, and, in the basement, a vast dazzling, snowy environment, studded with eighty-four frosted tree stumps. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.) . . ¶ White-on-white paintings. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.) Both shows through June 10.

ALAN SHIELDS—Large canvas wall hangings painted in gypsy colors, along with constructions employing handmade paper or wire grids clotted with paint. Through June 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Dorothea Rockburne, Robert Ryman, Stephen Rosenthal, Sol LeWitt, and others. Through Tuesday, May 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

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OTHER GALLERIES

WILLIAM FARES—Abstractions done in acrylics on canvas and in watercolor on blotting paper. Through Saturday, May 20. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

WALTER FELDMAN—Abstract paintings (on unstretched canvas) based on a grid. Through Saturday, May 27. (47 Bond Street Gallery, one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and Bowery. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ANN FREILICH—A retrospective of works on paper and constructions spanning a fifty-year period. Through Saturday, May 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

CASPAR HENSELMANN—This sculptor rents pieces of metal scaffolding, bolts them together the way he wants them, and *voilà!* For this exhibit, he will change the construction three times. Through Thursday, May 25. (Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

DAVID RABINOWITCH—A two-gallery showing of pencil drawings, all of circles. (Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6. Through Thursday, May 25. . . . ¶ Bellamy, 333 Park Ave. S., at 25th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5. Through June 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JOHN G. BULLOCK (1854-1939)—Platinum prints of landscapes and people in Pennsylvania by a founding Photo-Secessionist. Through Saturday, May 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

JERRY DANTZIC—Color prints of mesas, buttes, bridges, each about six feet across and made with a Victorian rotating view camera, in a show now current at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

FRANK GOHLKE / ALEX JAMESON—Midwestern landscapes of trailers, billboards, empty parking lots, and endless telephone lines. / Abstractions and an accompanying text. Through Saturday, May 20. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

PETER MAUSS—Palladium contact prints of covered bridges, barns, a smokehouse, and a still-life of a bowl of berries resting on a lawn chair on a porch. Through Saturday, May 27. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

LINDA McCARTNEY—Fourteen silk-screen prints of mostly rock-music personalities (including her husband, Paul) plus ten landscapes and still-lifes in black-and-white. Through June 3. (Bayard, a new gallery at 456 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

MARTIN MUNKACSI (1896-1963) / **PETER MAGUBANE**—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer. / Photographs by a black South African photojournalist. Through May 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

JEAN-PIERRE SUDRE—Still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through June 9. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EDMUND TESKE / ANTON BRUEHL—Sepia-toned solarizations and multiple images. / Portraits (of Peter Lorre, Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson); a series on Mexico in the thirties; and color prints made for advertisements. Through June 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ AND HIS CIRCLE—Two exhibits: On display at the Metropolitan Museum, a hundred and seventy-five prints by Stieglitz's contemporaries Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, and de Meyer, and about forty-five others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Works by photographers and painters who exhibited at Stieglitz's last gallery, An American Place, between 1929 and 1946. Stieglitz himself is represented in this show by thirty-five silver prints (including his cloud studies and pictures made at Lake George). Through Saturday, May 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9. . . . ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints made by colleagues of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him. Starts Thursday, May 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through July 4. . . . ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the oil paintings of Attilio Salemme. Starts Friday, May 19. . . . ¶ Works in a variety of mediums by thirteen young American artists. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages, and other works. Through July 9. . . . ¶ The retrospective of H. C. Westermann contains his familiar sculptures combining disparate materials, and also drawings, watercolors, and letters. Starts Thursday, May 18. A complementary show (starting Saturday) will be at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Works by John Baldessari, Michael Snow, Hollis Frampton, and others, some of them included in hour-long film programs presented at 12:30 every day. Through Wednesday, May 24. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through July 16. . . . ¶ Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neil Welliver. Through Sunday, May 21. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Wood carvings predominate in a show of artifacts from Nigeria that date from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Donald Barthelme, John Malcolm Brinnin, Jacob Druckman, Renata Adler, and John Peck. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Marisol, Robert Rauschenberg, Clyfford Still, and others. Starts Thursday, May 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, com-

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missioned from Indian artists primarily by British and other European colonists, that portray the landscape and customs of India between 1760 and 1880. Through June 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Album leaves, hanging scrolls, rank badges, and three dragon robes from the Sung, Ming, and Ch'ing dynasties constitute an exhibit entitled "Embroidery of Imperial China." Through May 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—New York in literature is the theme of an exhibit that brings together books and manuscripts by such authors as Washington Irving, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Edmund Wilson, Ralph Ellison, and Ruth McKenney. Through June 3. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—When, in 1930, a painting attributed to a fifteenth-century Spanish artist was found by the Morgan Library's first director, Belle da Costa Greene, to be a late-nineteenth-century forgery, there followed a string of discoveries of forgeries of medieval works both at the library and at other institutions. These paintings, manuscripts, and album leaves, numbering seventy, are all by a person who has come to be known as the Spanish Forger and are all on view here....¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures."...¶ Books and manuscripts dating from 1400 to 1950 (first editions include "Treasure Island," "Cecilia," and "Charles Grandison") from the collection of Miss Tessie Jones. (Open daily, except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All shows starting Friday, May 19.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New Opera Theatre—A double bill of Offenbach operettas, "Pomme d'Api" (in English) and "Ba-Ta-Clan," staged by Ian Strasfogel, and performed by the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble conducted by Richard Dufallo. With, among others, Noelle Rogers, soprano; Jack Harrold, tenor; and Michael Wager, narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, May 18, at 8, and Sunday, May 21, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Avery Fisher Hall, the final "Promenades" of the season—Gunther Schuller conducting a program entitled "Country Fiddle, 20's Jazz, and Other Nostalgia" Wednesday through Saturday, May 17-20, at 8:30....¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting "Promenade in Vienna" Tuesday, May 23, and also on Wednesday, May 24—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—and Thursday through Saturday, May 25-27, all at 8:30 (with Carole Farley, soprano).

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—At Carnegie Hall, Bernard Haitink conducting a series of six concerts presenting all the Beethoven symphonies and piano concertos. Wednesday, May 17; Friday and Saturday, May 19-20; and Thursday and Friday, May 25-26, all at 8: With Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano....¶ Saturday, May 27, at 8: With Ruth Falcon, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Jacque Trussel, tenor; Samuel Ramey, bass-baritone; and the University of Maryland Chorus.

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Memorial Concert Honoring Witold Malcuzynski—Jacek Kasprzyk conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a benefit concert, with Piotr Janowski, violin, and Piotr Paleczny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

Federal Music Society—John Baldon conducting an orchestra of twenty-six in excerpts from two early American operas ("The Indian Princess," by John Bray, and "The Ethiope," by Raynor Taylor) performed on antique musical instruments of the period. The second of two concerts. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Robert Kogan directing, with the Brooklyn College Chorus. (Stuyvesant High School Auditorium, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, May 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting the final concert of the season, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 20, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting the final concert of the season, with Young-Uck Kim, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 21, at 3.)

Music with Jens Nygaard—Mr. Nygaard conducting a string orchestra, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Mary Alderdice, harpsichord; and Rodney Friend, violin. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 22, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—Gunther Schuller conducting the last in a series of concerts of American music, this one with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 23, at 8.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 24, at 2:30.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a program of works of the American musical theatre. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 20, at 8.)

Newark Boys Chorus—Terence Shook directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 24, at 8.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 17, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century music, this one with Rolf Schulte, violin, and Ursula Oppens, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A festival of new American music; final concerts of the season. Friday, May 19, at 8: Robert Black conducting the New York New Music Ensemble and acting as piano soloist, with Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; and others. ...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8: The Manhattan String Quartet, with Christine Whittlesey, soprano; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)

Kazuko Hayami—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 21, at 5:45.)

Toni and Rosi Grünschlag—Duo piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 22, at 8.)

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 23, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Schumann program, played by Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 24, at 8.)

Joseph Fuchs and Artur Balsam—The last in a series of recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 25, at 8.)

Bodil Frolund—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 25, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Wednesday and Thursday, May 17-18, at 8:05....¶ Philadelphia, Friday, May 19, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, May 20-21, at 2:05....**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Tuesday through Thursday, May 23-25, at 8....¶ Toronto, Friday, May 26, at 8, and Saturday, May 27, at 2.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Daily at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 20....**belmont**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, May 24, through Saturday, July 29. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 24; the DeWitt Clinton, Thursday, May 25; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 27. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.)...**monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)...**pimlico**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 20.

Soccer—Barcelona vs. Lanerossi-Vicenza of Italy. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, May 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 672-8803.)...¶ Cosmos vs. Seattle. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 21, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

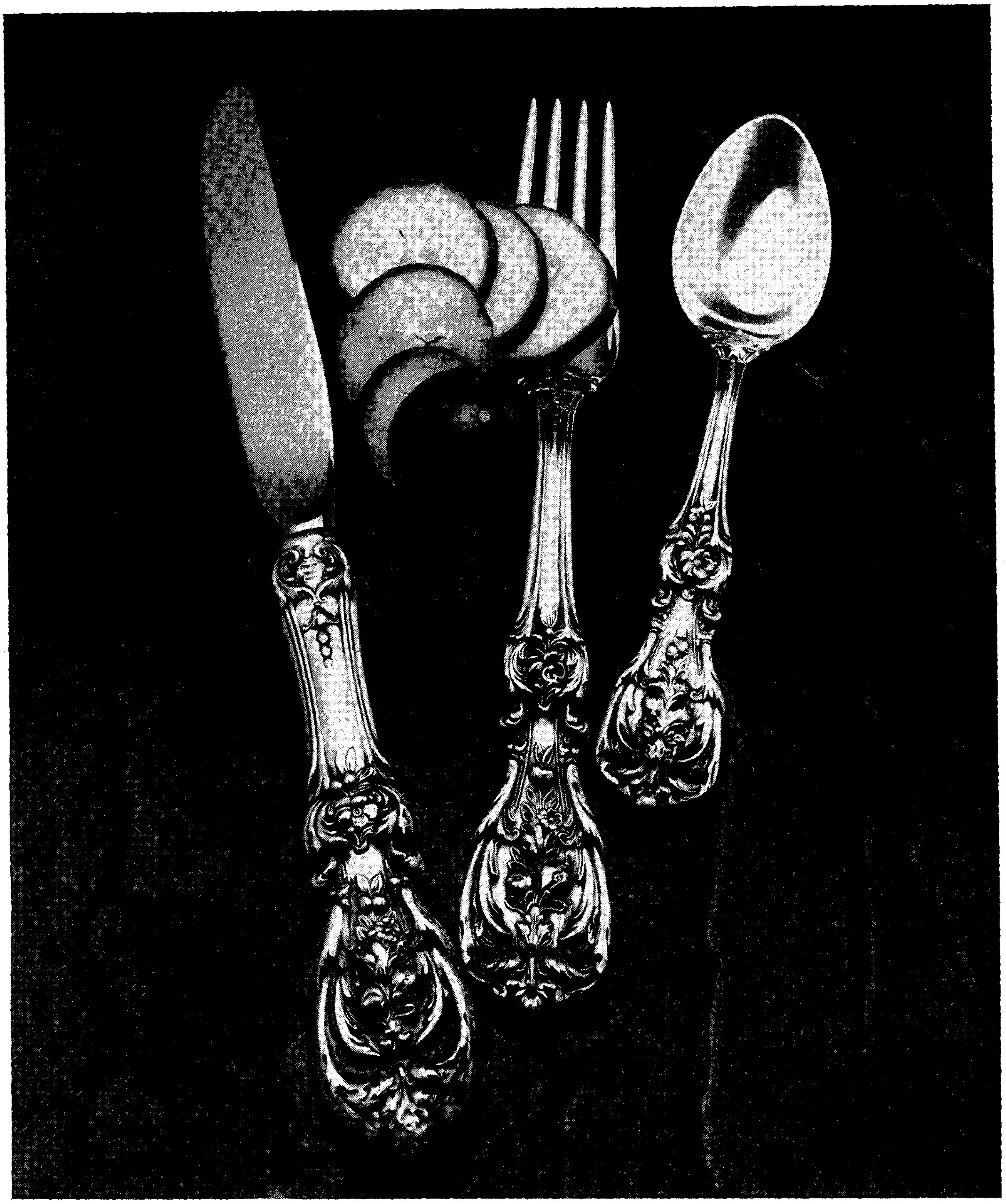
Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Apples vs. New Orleans, Thursday, May 18, at 7:30.... ¶ Apples vs. Golden Gaters, Tuesday, May 23, at 7:30. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8....**saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18....**meadowlands racetrack**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 17, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from several owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3617....¶ Thursday, May 18, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many collectors.... ¶ Thursday, May 18, at 8: Contemporary art, collected by Peter Brandt and others. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3617....¶ Friday, May 19, at 10:15: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many sources....¶ Tuesday, May 23, at 10:15 and 2: Books, autograph letters, and manuscripts; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 19....¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 24-25, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 19....**christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Daily, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 17, at 10:30: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects and animalier bronzes and other sculptures; from many owners.... ¶ Friday, May 19, at 8, and Saturday, May 20, at 10:30: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from several collectors. Admission to the sale on May 19 by card only; for information, call 826-2862. ...¶ Tuesday, May 23, at 8: Contemporary art by such artists as Avery, Calder, and Rothko; from various owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 826-2862. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 20.... ¶ Thursday, May 25, at 10:30: Indian miniature paintings, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 20.



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SATURDAY & SUNDAY CONTINUOUS
Beauty
Salon
CANDY
SODA

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 18: "Padre Padrone."
From May 19: "House Calls."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 23: "Straight Time."
From May 24: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 18: "The Goodbye Girl."
From May 19: "House Calls."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 18: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
From May 19: "Thank God It's Friday."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Greek Tycoon."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"F.I.S.T."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Detective."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Coming Home."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The End."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nunzio."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"We Will All Meet in Paradise."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 18: "The Last Supper."
From May 19: "House Calls."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Carnal Knowledge."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 23: "Coma."
From May 24: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Coming Home."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 18: "It Lives Again."
From May 19: "House Calls."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 18: "Jennifer."
From May 19: "Thank God It's Friday."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Greek Tycoon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"F.I.S.T."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"High Anxiety."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coming Home."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: "Word Is Out."
Theatre 3: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 4: "Allegro Non Troppo."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 23: "For the Love of Benji."
From May 24: "Here Come the Tigers."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
May 17: "The Sea Gypsies."
From May 18: "Fantasia."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Coming Home."

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 23: "Straight Time."
From May 24: "The Fury."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Chess Players."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman of Paris."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 23: "Julia."
From May 24: "The Turning Point."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coming Home."
Theatre 2: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 3: "The Turning Point."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 24: "Joseph Andrews."
From May 25: "Come Back, Africa."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 23: "Straight Time" and "Cross of Iron."
From May 24: "The Fury" and "The Sentinel."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 17: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, with Michel Simon, Jean Dasté, and Dita Parlo.
May 18: "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne; and "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
May 19-20: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Alphaville" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
May 21: "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
May 22: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.
May 23: "Two-Lane Blacktop" (†); and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), in German, directed by Wim Wenders.
May 24: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (†); and "Blood of the Condor" (1969), in Spanish and Quechua, directed by Jorge Sanjines.
May 25: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" (1950), directed by Gordon Douglas, with James Cagney, Barbara Payton, Luther Adler, and Ward Bond; and "White Heat." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 17: A program of Yugoslavian films. For information about film titles and time schedules, our best advice is to phone the theatre.
May 18: "Song of Freedom" (1936), an English musical, directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch; and "Big Fella" (1937), an English musical, set in Marseilles and directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.
May 19: "The Wages of Fear" (†) and "Diabolique." (†)
May 20: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "Electra." (†)
May 21: "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Darren McGavin, and Isa Miranda; and "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.
May 22 through the afternoon of May 23: "I Vitelloni" (†); and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, and Stefano Satta Flores.
May 24: "The Pawnbroker" (†) and "The Shop on Main Street." (†)
May 25: "Sally of the Sawdust" (†); and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 18: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise.
May 19-20: "Blume in Love" (†) and "Two for the Road." (†)
May 21-22: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
May 23: "Maytime" (†) and "Naughty Marietta." (†)
May 24-25: "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "La Collectionneuse" (1967), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 17: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker; and "The Killing" (1956), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.
May 18-20: "I Could Go on Singing" (1963), directed by Ronald Neame, with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon; and "A Child Is Waiting" (1963), directed by John Cassavetes, with Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland.
May 21-22: "Witness for the Prosecution" (†) and "Inherit the Wind." (†)
May 23-24: "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959), directed by Michael Anderson, with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns; and "The Whisperers." (†)
From May 25: "Elmer Gantry" (†) and "Bird Man of Alcatraz." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through May 18: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955), directed by Robert Al-

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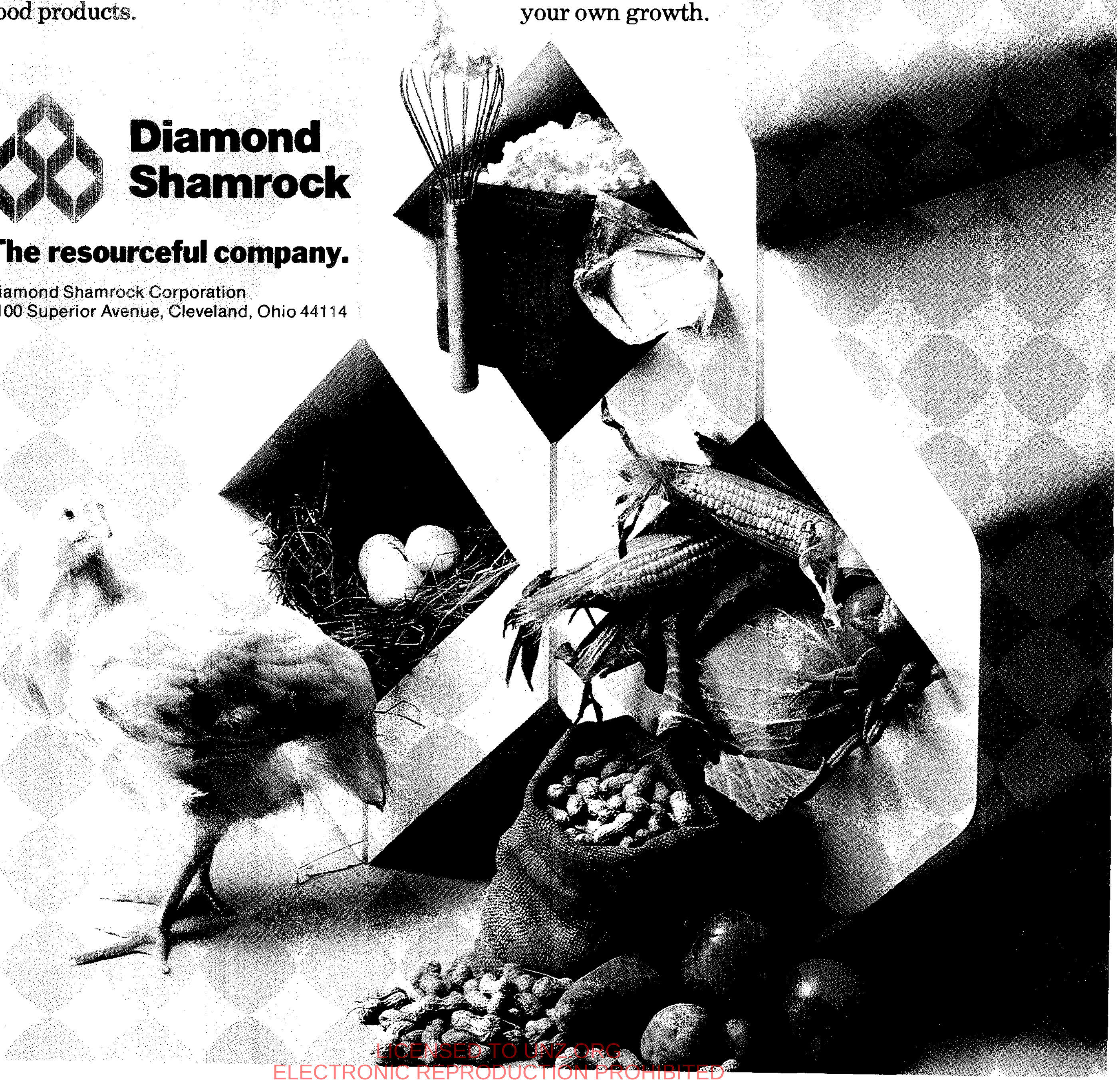

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drich, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker.

May 19-20: "The Birds" (1963), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tippi Hedren; and "Young and Innocent" (1937), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

May 21-22: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, Jack Buchanan, and Oscar Levant; and "Cover Girl" (1944), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers.

May 23: "Desire" (†) and "Midnight." (†)

May 24-25: "Kiss of Death" (†) and "Pickup on South Street." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 17: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself.

May 18: "Ben-Hur" (1925), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman, Betty Bronson, and May McAvoy; and "King of Kings" (1927), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with H. B. Warner.

May 19-20: "League of Frightened Men" (1937), directed by Alfred Greene, with Walter Connolly, Lionel Stander, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "The Lone Wolf in Paris" (1938), directed by Albert Rogell, with Francis Lederer, Walter Kingsford, and Frances Drake.

May 21-22: "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (1935), directed by William Seiter, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.

May 23: "State of the Union" (†); and "This Day and Age" (1933), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Charles Bickford, Judith Allen, and Richard Cromwell.

May 24: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

May 25: "Reunion in Vienna" (†) and "Devil May Care." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 18 at 2:30: A program of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "Dyn Amo" (1972), directed by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 18 at 8:30: "Times For" (1970), directed by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "Dyn Amo.". . . ¶ May 19 at 6: "Just Imagine" (1930), directed by David Butler, with El Brendel, John Garrick, and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ May 20 at noon: "I Am Suzanne" (1934), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Lilian Harvey, Gene Raymond, and Podrecca's Piccoli Marionettes. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2:30: "Times For.". . . ¶ May 20 at 5: "Death and Devil" (1973), in German, directed by Steve Dwoskin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 21 at noon: "I Am Suzanne.". . . ¶ May 21 at 2:30: A program of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 21 at 5: "Baptism of Fire" (1940), directed by Fritz Hippler, with an English narration; and "Why We Fight, No. 2: The Nazis Strike" (1943), directed by Frank Capra and Anatole Litvak. . . . ¶ May 22 at noon: "How the Myth Was Made" (1978), directed by George C. Stoney and James B. Brown. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2:30: "Hindered" (1974), in German, directed by Steve Dwoskin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 22 at 6: "Central Bazaar" (1976), directed by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 23 at noon: "How the Myth Was Made.". . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30: "The Princess and the Plumber" (1930), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ May 23 at 6: "The Sixth Week" (1978), directed by John Block; "It's Not a One Person Thing" (1977), directed by Sally Heckel; and "I'm Alive" (1977), directed by Julius Kohanyi. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Central Bazaar.". . . ¶ May 25 at 6: A program of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 25 at 8:30: "Hindered." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—May 17: "Caught in the Act" (1973) and "The Little Match Girl Ballet" (1975), both videotapes by Eleanor Antin. . . . ¶ Starting May 19: A program by Alfons Schilling. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 on Tuesday evenings). On Saturdays at 3 and Tuesday, May 23, at 7, Mr. Schilling will project slides and comment on them. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Smith, Vertov, Vigo, Reynal, Sonbert, Bouhours, and others. Showings May 17 at 7 and 8:30; May 18-19 at 7 and 9; May 20 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8; May 21 at 8; May 23 at 7 and 9; May 24 at 7; and May 25 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"How Much Wood Would a Woodchuck Chuck: Observations on a New Language" (1978) and "La Soufrière" (1977), both films directed by Werner Herzog. ("La Soufrière" is reviewed in this issue.) Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"The White Dawn" (1974), directed by Philip Kaufman, with Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:15; and Sundays at 3, 6, and 8.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of films directed by Ernst Lubitsch. May 18: "Design for Living" (1933), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ May 23: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), with Carole Lombard and Jack Benny. . . . ¶ May 25: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. Showings Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8.

BEACON THEATRE, B'way at 74th St. (874-1717)—A series of films from Cuba, in Spanish, with English subtitles, through May 21. For information about film titles and time schedules, our best advice is to phone the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO—An animated film by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Quad Cinema.)

BIRD MAN OF ALCATRAZ (1962)—Intelligent, affecting, clearly well-meaning—too well-meaning as it drones on and on, unliftingly. The director, John Frankenheimer, and the scenarist, Guy Trosper, are so sympathetic and discreet in their near-documentary approach to Robert Stroud (who was still in prison, at seventy-five, when the film was made) that they never solve the problem of how to dramatize the life of a convicted killer who spent more than forty years in solitary confinement, with birds as his only companions. We don't get enough understanding of Stroud (Burt Lancaster) to become involved in how he is transformed over the years. (Stroud wrote a book on bird diseases.) And though Lancaster has to get points for his willingness to tackle the difficult role, he doesn't have much expressive range, and when he's cooped up like this and can't use his intense physicality he seems numb—half dead. With Karl Malden, Thelma Ritter, Betty Field, Edmund O'Brien, Neville Brand, and Telly Savalas. Based on the book by Thomas E. Gaddis. (Regency; starting May 25.)

BLUME IN LOVE (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Paul Mazursky directed. (Cinema Village; May 19-20.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Loews Tower East, and Waverly.)

CAT AND MOUSE—With Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

THE CHESS PLAYERS—With Richard Attenborough and Saeed Jaffrey, directed by Satyajit Ray. In English and Urdu. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie.)

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through May 18.)

COMA—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (72nd Street East; through May 23.)

COME BACK, AFRICA (1960)—Cinema journalism on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers on a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (New Yorker; starting May 25.)

COMING HOME—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

CROSS OF IRON (1977)—Sam Peckinpah dealing with Second World War Germans, played by James Mason, James Coburn, David Warner, and Maximilian Schell. All are *good* Germans, because they are played by Americans and Englishmen, except Maximilian Schell, who is Swiss and therefore a rotter. The goodest guy escapes the beastly Russian enemies because, after all, there is going to have to be a Cold War and a Common Market. (5/23/77) (Olympia; through May 23.)

DEAR DETECTIVE—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

DESIRE (1936)—Ernst Lubitsch produced this Frank Borzage picture, and freed Dietrich from von Sternberg's melodramatic clutch. The film was known as "The Pearl Necklace" when it was incubated at Paramount. Dietrich swipes a pearl necklace from a Paris jewelry shop and races for the Spanish border; Gary Cooper, as a Detroit engineer,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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drives laconically in the same direction. (Thalia; May 23.)

Devil May Care (1929)—One of those tumultuous romantic costume dramas with musical numbers added, like the one satirized in "Singin' in the Rain." The source is a Scribe and Legouvé play about the Napoleonic period, centering on Armand, a gallant, loyal Bonapartist (Ramon Novarro) who has the misfortune to fall in love with an equally fervid loyalist (Dorothy Jordan). She never seems to be able to get to bed without a troop of soldiers crashing into her bedroom in pursuit of someone or other, who always turns out to be her impetuous suitor, in or out of disguise. It's while he's pretending to be a groom that he sings his best song, "Charming." Novarro is indefatigably agreeable; it really is impossible to dislike him. Sidney Franklin directed; with John Miljan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 25.)

Diabolique (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. It sounds simple, but the characters seem fearfully knowing, and there are undertones of strange, tainted pleasures and punishments. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.' " Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster, and Charles Vanel, Noel Roquevert, and Michel Serrault. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

Electra (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting, with an authentic solemn grandeur, and with the handsome young Irene Papas as his heroine. Still, trying to show how vividly modern this classic drama is, he produces discomfort: we're neither quite here nor quite back there. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as Bible Belt evangelists in the twenties, in a loud, striking, big-scale melodrama based on the Sinclair Lewis novel about con artists, adapted and directed by Richard Brooks. The movie cheats on the issues, but it's coarsely compelling and never boring. When Lancaster plays a kinetic, broadly exaggerated character like the lecher Gantry, you can't take your eyes off him, and Simmons is one of the most quietly commanding actresses Hollywod has ever trashed. With Shirley Jones as Lulu Bains, Edward Andrews as George Babbitt, and Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, Patti Page, John McIntire, Rex Ingram, Hugh Marlowe, and Philip Ober. (Regency; starting May 25.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Baronet.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and the film—a grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film, because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Music Hall; starting May 18.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Johnny Kovak's corruption grows with his power, and he is eventually brought to trial by Rod Steiger, as a senator whose social concerns seem preening. There is a charming performance by Elena Karam as Johnny's Lithuanian mother-in-law-to-be. We should be grateful, heaven knows, for any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

For the Love of Benji—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild; through May 23.)

The Fury—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting May 24.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Gramercy; through May 18.)

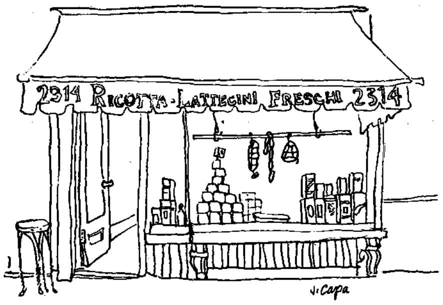
The Greek Tycoon—With Anthony Quinn and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Here Come the Tigers—With Richard Lincoln, directed by Sean S. Cunningham. (Guild; starting May 24.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Art, Gramercy, 68th St. Playhouse, and U. A. East; starting May 19.)

Inherit the Wind (1960)—In 1925, in Dayton, Tennessee, John T. Scopes, a young high-school biology teacher, taught Darwin's theory of evolution to his class in order to test a state law forbidding such teaching. At his trial—the famous Monkey Trial—the great orator William Jennings Bryan, a Bible-thumping fundamentalist who had three times been a candidate for the U.S. Presidency, served as prosecutor; the famous criminal lawyer and agnostic Clarence Darrow represented the defense; H. L. Mencken reported the case. In 1960, Stanley Kramer produced and directed this semi-fictionalized version, based on the Broadway play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Padded and heavily made up, Fredric March does a rather embarrassing imitation of the portly Bryan; it's all externals. Spencer Tracy, whose girth made him the more likely candidate for the role, is cast instead as the lean Darrow; he plays the part in his patented wise, humane, meant-to-be-irresistible manner. The film diminished the stature of both Bryan and Darrow; what is meant to be a courtroom drama of ideas comes out as a caricature of a drama of ideas. The fundamentalists are presented as foolish bigots, Scopes (Dick York) is presented as a man torn between his principles and his love for the local preacher's daughter (Donna Anderson), and Mencken (Gene Kelly) becomes a brash, hollow, lip-curling villain. The movie, it turns out, is against Mencken's satirical outlook (which is equated with cynicism), and he is denounced—"Where will your loneliness lead you? No one will come to your funeral!" With Florence Eldridge, Harry Morgan, and Norman Fell. (Regency; May 21-22.)



It Lives Again—With Frederic Forrest and Kathleen Lloyd; directed by Larry Cohen. (U. A. East; through May 18.)

Jennifer—With Lisa Pelikan, Bert Convy, and Nina Foch; directed by Brice Mack. (Loews Orpheum; through May 18.)

Joseph Andrews—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor, and Michael Hordern plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager. (4/24/78) (New Yorker; through May 24.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 23.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location, in such places as a Harlem night club, a house in Queens, the Criminal Courts Building, the Tombs, Sing Sing. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice, and when he grins his white teeth are more alarming than fangs. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With the talented, refreshingly unactressy Coleen Gray as the hero's new wife, and Brian Donlevy, Taylor Holmes, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, and Robert Keith. In the night-club sequence, it's Jo Jones on drums. (Remade in 1958 as "The Fiend Who Walked the West.") (Thalia; May 24-25.)

The Last Supper—A few years back, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's oddly quizzical "Memories of Underdevelopment," made in Fidel's Cuba, startled dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries. Now, he has made "The Last Supper," set on a Cuban sugar plantation in the late eighteenth century in Holy Week. In an expression of fake camaraderie and bland religiosity, a bewigged white count, who casts himself as Jesus, invites twelve of his black slaves to an enactment of Christ's feast. A frail, overdecorated man, the count is one of Cuba's biggest sugar-growers and unable to absorb the changes of the Industrial Revo-

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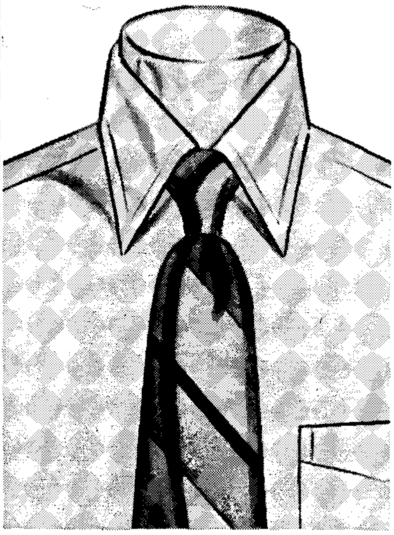

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lution; the slaves are a threat, yes, but they are more familiar than the strange machines he is getting from England. The feast of Maundy Thursday, filmed in brownish black and filled with the clattering of knives and forks used by people more accustomed to eating with their fingers, begins in nervous conviviality and ends with the count asleep and the slaves reverting to happy Africanism. The familiarity of that Thursday is one for which the slaves pay dearly as Easter goes on. A remarkable film from Fidel's Cuba—or, indeed, from anywhere else; it says a great deal about élitism and revolution. In Spanish. (5/15/78) (68th St. Playhouse; through May 18.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as latter-day—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The picture is too drawn out, the staging is often suffocating, and the score is rotten, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Cinema Village; May 23.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 24.)

Midnight (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Actually, Ameche has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Thalia; May 23.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Cinema Village; May 23.)

Nunzio—With David Proval, directed by Paul Williams. (Cinema II.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers' film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography fuses political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic—and the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Art; through May 18.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the benumbed Jewish survivor of the concentration camps who lives on in Harlem running a pawnshop—fat, sagging, past pain, past caring. Adapted from the Edward Lewis Wallant novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film is trite, and you can see the big pushes for powerful effects, yet it isn't negligible. It wrenches audiences, making them fear that they, too, could become like this man. And when events strip off his armor, he doesn't discover a new, warm humanity, he discovers sharper suffering—just what his armor had protected him from. Most of the intensity comes from Steiger's performance and from the performance of the great old Juano Hernandez, as a man who comes into the shop to talk. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

Pickup on South Street (1953)—Richard Widmark as a scroungy petty gangster who sneaks a look into a woman's handbag, turns up some microfilm, and finds himself dealing with Communist agents. Samuel Fuller wrote the script (adapted from Dwight Taylor's story treatment) and directed, in his fast, flashy, essentially empty-minded style. The film isn't boring—there's always something going on—but you come away with nothing. With Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, Richard Kiley, Murvyn Vye, Milburn Stone, and George E. Stone. (Thalia; May 24-25.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

Reunion in Vienna (1933)—John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard in the vehicle that Robert E. Sherwood wrote for the Lunts to do their stylish romping in. The play has more vitality and spirit than most of Sherwood's work, and Barrymore seizes his chances for comedy. With Frank Morgan and May Robson; Sidney Franklin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 25.)

Sally of the Sawdust (1925)—D. W. Griffith directed W. C. Fields in this film, which was Fields' first success with the movie public. It's an adaptation of Fields' stage hit "Poppy," and he plays Professor Eustace McGargle, the con man with a heart of gold. (Fields appeared in a sound version of the same material in 1936.) Griffith was working for a studio and didn't have control of this production (nor much dexterity at this type of comedy). It doesn't have a great deal to recommend it besides Fields, although the cast includes Alfred Lunt. Sally is the unexciting Carol Dempster. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 25.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Sea Gypsies—With Robert Logan and Mikki Jamison-Olsen, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Music Hall; May 17.)

The Sentinel (1977)—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (Olympia; starting May 24.)

The Shop on Main Street (1964)—An apocalyptic folk tale set in a German-occupied Slovakian village in 1942. A simple, poor carpenter (Josef Kroner) with a nagging wife is appointed by his brother-in-law to be the "Aryan controller" of a button shop run by an aged Jewish woman (Ida Kaminska), and he expects to make his fortune. But the old woman is penniless, has nothing to sell, and is so deaf she doesn't understand that he has come to take over. She assumes he has been sent to be her assistant; he slips into that role, and the two innocents become friends. The story deals with his confusion and spiritual crisis when the Jews are deported. This film has been much honored, though it pulls at the viewer's emotions and its folkishness is laboriously whimsical. Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, who co-directed, allow us to be too aware of the acting; Kroner's impersonation of a "little man" looks like hard work—in the Paul Muni tradition. In Czech. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

State of the Union (1948)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a large, expensive political melodrama with satirical and romantic overtones, based on the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, and directed by Frank Capra. Tracy is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and she's his estranged wife, who agrees to come home for appearance's sake to help him win the election. It's a shallow but generally entertaining show, with lots of devious characters (such as Angela Lansbury and Adolphe Menjou) doing dirty deeds. Hepburn is wasted in her pillar-of-rectitude role, but she's still a dervish of a performer, and more fun to watch than just about anybody else who might have played it. Van Johnson, Lewis Stone, and Raymond Walburn are in the cast, along with such troupers as Marion Martin and Tom Pedi. If you want to see what Arthur O'Connell looked like when he was younger, watch for the reporter who turns up. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 23.)

Straight Time—Dustin Hoffman as a newly released convict with six years of San Quentin behind him, a long history of juvenile delinquency, and a strong wish to get back into jail. The wish is abetted by the unbearable complacency of a parole officer, admirably played by M. Emmet Walsh. Under Ulu Grosbard's direction, Hoffman's performance is as sharp as a diamond cutter. (4/3/78) (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; through May 23.)

Thank God It's Friday—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum; starting May 19.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . .¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 24.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Cinema Village; May 19-20.)

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 23.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 22 through the afternoon of May 23.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—An existential thriller—the most original and shocking French melodrama of the fifties. The opening sequence shows us a verminous South American village and the Europeans trapped in it; they will risk everything to get out. Four of them take the job of driving two truckloads of nitroglycerine over three hundred miles of primitive roads. Their varied responses to the gruelling test of driving the trucks reveal their characters, but when you can be blown up at any moment only a fool believes that character determines fate. In this situation, courage and caution are almost irrelevant, and ordinary human responses are futile and archaic—yet nothing else is left. If this isn't a parable of man's position in the modern world, it's at least an illustration of it. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed his own adaptation of Georges Arnaud's novel. His most controversial film, it is also his most powerful; the violence is not used simply for excitement—it's used as in Eisenstein's and Buñuel's films: to force a vision of human experience. With Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, Peter Van Eyck, Vera Clouzot, and William Tubbs. The music is by Georges Auric. Grand Prix at Cannes. (Remade by William Friedkin in 1977, under the title "Sorcerer.") In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

We Will All Meet in Paradise—With Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Yves Robert. (Columbia I.)

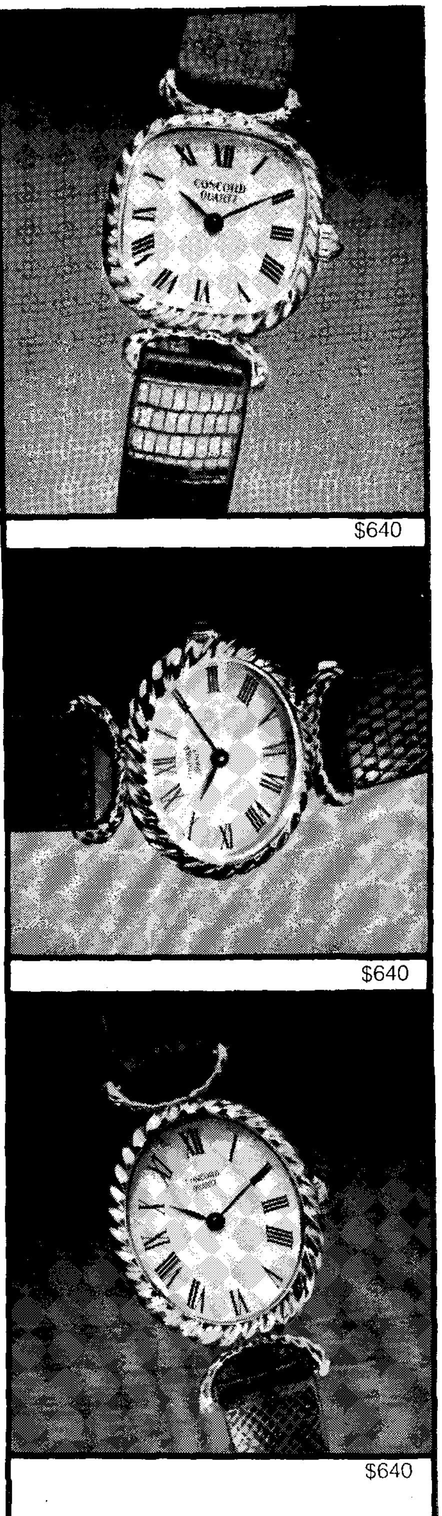
The Whisperers (1967)—This story—essentially a character portrait of a lonely old pensioner (Edith Evans) in a grimy English industrial town who chats to herself and has moved into a fantasy world—should seem loose, discovered. The director, Bryan Forbes, is talented, yet everything—the furniture, the streets, the people's expressions—looks planned for the camera, and we are led to see things in such a limited way that even what is intelligent and well acted seems false. Not Edith Evans, however. Her performance is so varied—so commanding and noble even when she's rummaging around in old newspapers or talking paranoid nonsense—that she transcends the melodramatic incidents involving a criminal son (Ronald Fraser), a seedy husband (Eric Portman) who deserted her, and a sympathetic social worker (Leonard Rossiter, so conscious of playing kindness you want to smack him). Evans' full-scale performance—the creation of a senile woman's inner life—confers greatness on this otherwise mediocre film. Forbes wrote the screenplay, from Robert Nicolson's novel. With Nanette Newman, Avis Bunnage, Margaret Tyzach, and Kenneth Griffith. (Regency; May 23-24.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naiveté and obviousness were rather too glaring at the time. The picture is so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems much older than it is. Tough-guy James Cagney sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and goes berserk in prison when he learns of her death. This is Cagney's most operatic performance, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 25.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Regency; May 21-22.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The film has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. (4/17/78) (Cinema Studio.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Quad Cinema.)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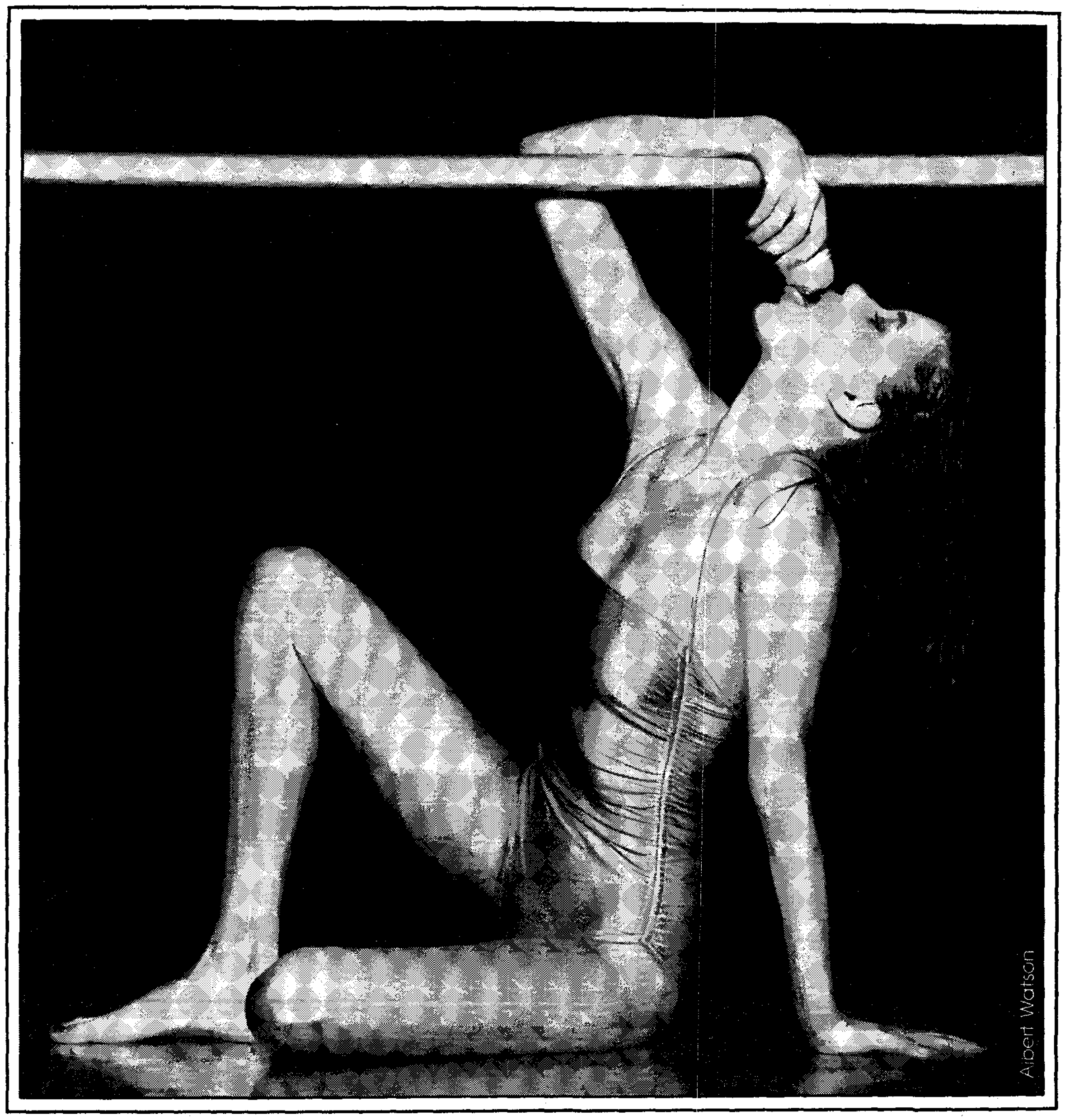

Albert Watson

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THE
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

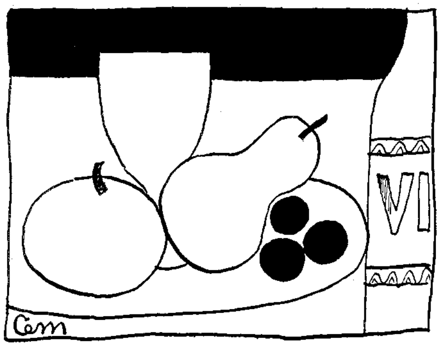
Notes and Comment

"EQUALITY of Rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex." People are debating this plain statement of principle, and the idea of putting it into the Constitution as the Twenty-seventh Amendment, as if it might be so loaded with legal and moral booby traps that the average person cannot hope to judge it by ordinary standards of right and wrong. The debate is therefore paralyzing. It is also loud and buttonholing, as if to say that although people are incompetent to judge they had better hurry up and judge anyhow. Thus stunned and shouted at, many fair-minded people have retreated into a kind of numb prudence. Isn't it wiser, they say, not to tinker with the Constitution? But this fear has been trumped up by those against the amendment—not just the few unreasoning bigots but the thinking people who have reasoned only so far. They are failing, or refusing, to see and distinguish between two different kinds of mess.

The first mess—call it Mess A—is the legal situation of women now. While one might suppose that the Fourteenth Amendment already gives women, like all other citizens, the "equal protection of the laws," it isn't working quite like that. The Supreme Court has ruled that race, creed, and national origin are "suspect" ways of classifying people, but it hasn't said that about sex. Different, looser criteria suffice to defend classifications by sex, so the defense is easier to make. As a result, a mess of inconsistent laws and court rulings still discriminate against women. (So as not to add too much to the ruckus, let's take just two of hundreds of examples: a Louisiana law known as the "head-and-master" law says that a husband controls his wife's half of their community property and can sell it without her consent, even when she supports the family; in 1977, the Supreme Court let stand a ruling that upheld Philadelphia's separate and unequal public high schools for gifted boys and gifted girls.) In this kind of situation, the next step is a constitutional amendment. Under the Equal Rights Amendment, many sex-biassed laws will be voluntarily changed, because they will be so clearly unconstitutional. Women will have to fight the rest, but the courts will have to be as suspicious of sex classifications as they are of other kinds.

There are people, however, who fear that the broom will be worse than the debris. These people may admit that Mess A is wrong, but they fear that the E.R.A. will cause a worse mess—call it Mess B: unisex public bathrooms; women forced to join the infantry, lift heavy industrial equipment, and support husbands who lie around in housecoats eating chocolates; lawsuits costly to corporations; the wiping out of "affirmative action" programs and other attempts to make up for past discrimination against women; and general social and sexual pandemonium.

Though the details are still hypothetical, some sort of Mess B is sure to accumulate. The E.R.A. will raise questions of interpretation and enforcement, and those questions cannot be answered now, nor can they ever be answered easily or to everybody's liking. But this is no reason to argue that the E.R.A. is an unprecedented and frightening risk. That argument presumes that a principle is the same thing as a reckless generalization. To worry about what might happen if "equality" were read in a perversely literal way is to see equality not as a guiding ideal but as a mere legalistic trap, which, once on paper, will snap shut and force everyone to live with whatever bizarre conclusions can be drawn from it.



The argument against the E.R.A. also presumes that when judges, legislators, and administrators apply the principle of equality, they will be more than normally incompetent and criminal, and will bungle the job. There is even, in some quarters, a suspicion that the government plays arbitrary games with constitutional principles, pouncing on them at will, like a malicious book reviewer: "Ms. Webley writes on page 123 that 'words are sacred.' She must, then, agree that Hitler's ravings are to be worshipped by, etc." There is no reason to believe that a statement of principle is an invitation to this kind of thing, or that the government would accept such an invitation. The Supreme Court, for instance, has taken pains to draw subtle distinctions about equality and the promotion of equality, as it must now do in the case of the Regents of the University of California v. Allan Bakke.

The Bakke case is a mess of the sort that the E.R.A. will probably cause. The case raises confusing and unpleasant questions, and it has brought out the worst in a lot of people. The Court's decision may be wrong. Even so, it would not have been fair to say in the eighteen-sixties, "We'd better not have the Fourteenth Amendment, because what if 'equal protection of the laws' is eventually applied to education, and what if colleges then have to make a special effort to admit blacks, and what if a white man then claims he is being discriminated against? Some mess that would be!” A mess like the Bakke case is a price we have to pay for not having treated blacks right in the first place.

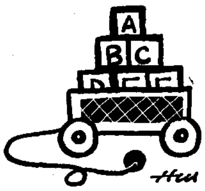
Still, many people seem to rest easier with Mess A, the junk of inaction and wrongdoing: old newspapers, empty whiskey bottles and beer cans filled with cigarette butts, and, in a corner, a few cartons half full of stolen property, which has started to seem vaguely shaming. Certainly there will always be people and institutions that thrive on Mess A, finding it a handy setting for the pursuit of their own privileges and rackets. And perhaps people who are already frightened and insecure take comfort in familiar mess, the way shopping-bag people on the streets seem to take comfort in the layers of rags and the bags of trash that insulate them from the pain of life. But Mess B—the mops and buckets, the paint-spattered drop cloths, the carpenters’ tools and papers covered with calculations, the occasional tumble from the stepladder—is different and much better. It is the kind of mess that accompanies the work of progress.

The E.R.A. is a right and necessary statement of national principle. Shrinking from it for fear it will be stupidly applied, or will be too much trouble, is not an act based on some opposing principle but a non-act based on irrationality, laziness, and mistrust.

• •

Club

“Europe’s Wonderful Little Hotels and Inns,” recently published by E. P. Dutton, is a potpourri of word-of-mouth-made-print recommendations of hotels by people who have stayed in them. A recommendation appearing over two signatures—those of Patrick Hughes, the fashionable Magritte-like artist, and Molly Parkin, the writer of sex-obsessed novels—reads, in part, “When we lived in W 10 we spent our wedding anniversaries in W 11 at the *Portobello*. The attraction was the *round*, really round, bed in the round room; all-white, the ideal Honeymoon Suite. Now they have a new novelty, a romantic four-poster—and an exotic, multi-mirrored, adjoining bath and shower room. We give our unhesitating and rapturous seal of approval.” An eleven-year-old girl, Catherine Wainwright, recommends The Goathland Hydro, in Goathland, near Whitby, in North Yorkshire, in these terms: “The reason I prefer *The Hydro* to other hotels is that you can always get lost in it. Also, one of the most important things—food! The food at *The Hydro* is marvellous, stupendous, and not ‘fancy,’ and the afternoon teas are unspeakably good. I must warn you that unless you miss out some of the meals you will most certainly put on weight. Children are welcomed (or else I would not have gone there) and the atmosphere is very friendly, though some (one) of the waiters, well . . . you don’t feel they are the ‘servants.’ ” A woman named Valerie Neill writes this, among other things, about the Lanteglos Farmhouse Hotel, in Camelford, Cornwall: “*Lanteglos* is a place which, when one thinks of it, one smiles. It is so full of friendship. Within twenty-four hours of your arrival you know people and you relax. It is Christmas and Bonfire night, homecoming and reunions and heartwarming laughter. PS: Do not expect your children to be fussed over after 9 P.M. They are all tucked away for the night—a law which suits everyone!”



As can be seen, contributors to the book seem chatty, genial, jolly, enthusiastic, and very British. So does the editor of the book, Hilary Rubinstein—as we can testify after an encounter with him at the home of *his* editor, Thomas Congdon, in the West Eighties. We spoke to Mr. Rubinstein in the middle of a publication party for him, which was unusual in that more publishers than critics attended it—perhaps creating a natural environment for the guest of honor, who is a literary agent in London.

Mr. Rubinstein told us that he was born in London in 1926, just a few steps from where he lives today, with his wife, Helge, and four children; that he attended Cheltenham College and Oxford; and that he worked as editorial director at the publishing house of Victor Gollancz (the late Sir Victor was his uncle) for thirteen years, and as an editor at the London *Observer* for two years, and has been a partner in the hundred-and-three-year-old literary agency A. P. Watt for the last thirteen years.

“How did you get the idea for the hotel book?” we asked.

“Helge and I love to take holidays together,” he said, over the din of the party. “She writes cookbooks, and I moonlight by writing travel articles. That is how we justify our gluttony and our enormous appetite for travel and holidays. Some years back, Helge had an operation. Afterward, I took her away on a week’s holiday to an island off Malta called Gozo. We stayed at a little hotel that turned out to be my own Platonic idea of a holiday hotel. I came back to London and wrote a piece about it in which I mentioned casually that only twice before had I stayed in a hotel of such character—once in Sardinia and once in Crete—and that was many years before Gozo. Within a week, about fifty people got in touch with me, directly or indirectly, asking for the names of the hotels. Their interest gave me the idea that there was a great hunger for a sort of personal guide to hotels. I suppose I had the example of ‘The Good Food Guide’ in mind, except that ‘The Good Food Guide’ is mean-spirited and I wanted my guide to be generous-spirited—life-enhancing. I thought I could write the book—or, rather, non-book—from my son Jonathan’s bedroom (Jonathan is away at university), working mostly off-hours and at night. I am an insomniac, and I had already written one other non-book that way—on insomnia. I wrote a launch article in the *Observer*, in October, 1976, and then I got in touch with travel editors, many of whom I knew personally or because of my agenting. Either they wrote articles about my idea or they allowed me to write articles about it. I think that by the end all the posh national papers and magazines—*Vogue*, *Harpers & Queen*, *Cosmopolitan*, the *New Statesman*—ran something.”

“What was in all these articles?” we asked.

“I announced the idea of the book and asked readers to write in about a hotel where they had had an exceptionally good experience in the last eighteen months, and tell why that hotel was so special,” Mr. Rubinstein explained. “I asked them to give as much detail as possible, and, if the hotel was in an unfamiliar area, to write something about the area, too. Altogether, I must have got about a thousand letters in response. Some letters were obviously from professional travellers, hotel owners, and hotel watchers, but many of them were just from wholehearted participants in a communal exercise to broadcast news about holiday hotels. A lot of these people wrote me very generous letters, packed with details, hotel bills, hotel brochures. I started an extensive correspondence with many of them, because one of my reasons for compiling the book in this way was to give hotel enthusiasts the feeling that they belonged to a club. I felt that they would then have a stake in bringing the book about and helping it to flourish. As I was collating and editing the comments, I stuck pins in a map to see if I was getting a sufficient spread of hotels."

We said we had wondered why roughly fifty per cent of the entries were in Britain and Scotland, and roughly fifty per cent were in Western Europe but mostly in France, Spain, and Italy.

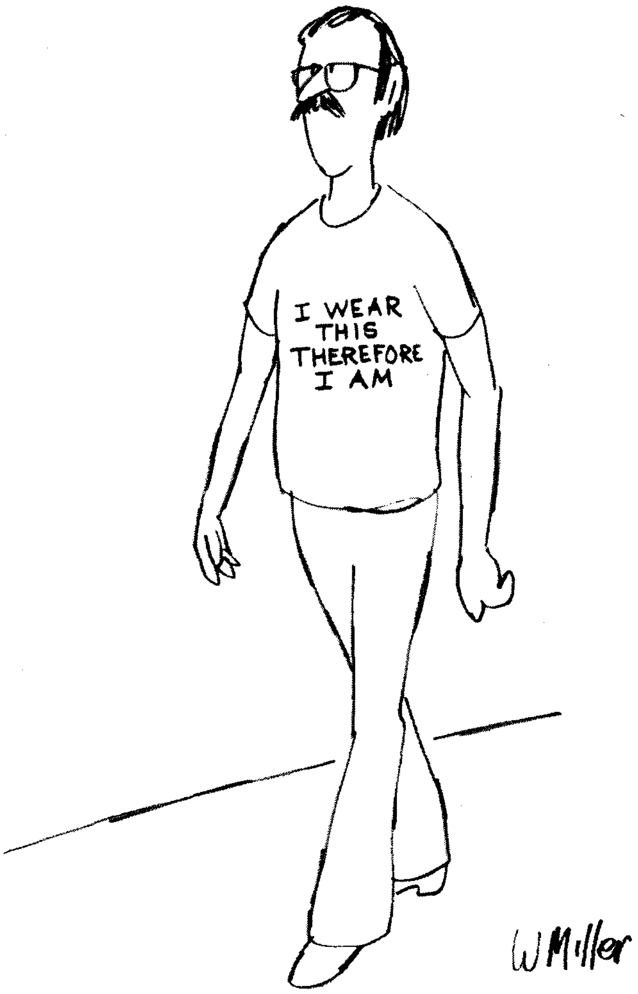
"It's because the pattern of recommendations in the book represents British tastes in going abroad, or staying at home, for holidays," Mr. Rubinstein said. "Thus, the entries for Britain and Scotland concentrate on the major tourist areas, such as the Lake District, the Cotswolds, and the West Country, and the entries in Europe concentrate on France, Spain, and Italy. The entries for West Germany are very sparse and the entries for Scandinavia even sparser, because West Germany and Scandinavia are both very expensive for British holiday-goers. There is no entry at all for Greece, because I didn't receive a single good one—perhaps there are not many hotels of special character in Greece. My book is essentially a holiday-hotel guide. Consequently, there are also no entries for cities like Frankfurt, Manchester, and Birmingham—places that are most likely to be visited by businessmen."

We asked Mr. Rubinstein if he thought that the hotels listed in his book would be spoiled by public attention.

"The hotels in the book are not dependent on the package trade, which has ruined travel in our times," he said. "They are the kind of hotels that have always depended on individual support and recommendation. When they lose that individual support and recommendation, they usually die. But if success should go to the head of one of the hotels in the book, I will drop it in my next edition. My publishers are very optimistic, and we are planning to publish an annual edition. They have also planned what I call second-generation books, to be entitled 'America's Wonderful Little Hotels and Inns' and 'Wonderful Little Hotels and Inns of Central America, the Caribbean, and Mexico.' People here will be doing the work on these sons of my 'Europe's Wonderful Little Hotels and Inns,' but I will be advising them. I like to think that these books will be not part of a new industry but part of a family. I'm getting worried, though—I may have climbed onto a treadmill for life. By the way, I should very much like a contribution from you. But I must warn you, in my capacity as literary agent, that contributors to my book are not paid a fee of any kind."

Inspired by Mr. Rubinstein and his book, we went home and typed out this contribution:

> The Upanishads define reality in terms of what it is not. Similarly, we can define a good hotel—which we consider *Durrants* in London, where we stayed recently, to be—by what it is not. It does not seem to have undergone remodelling, which these days usually means doubling the prices and halving the rooms. It does not have a big lobby, where you can't be sure whether the people jostling you are bona-fide guests. It is not overrun by guests of any one affluent nationality—American, Japanese, Arab. It does not have a room—characterless and box-shaped—that makes you feel that every hotel in every country is the same and you might be in any one of them. It does not have a damp, musty-smelling room that makes you feel colder than you are. It does not have a dialless telephone that puts you at the mercy of an operator who can keep you waiting twenty minutes for an outside line. It does not have a shower that scalds you or floods the bathroom. It does not have a too soft or too hard or too squeaky bed. It does not have a Continental breakfast masquerading as a proper English breakfast. And it does not have maids who bang at the door with their key early in the morning, ostensibly to find out if you are there.

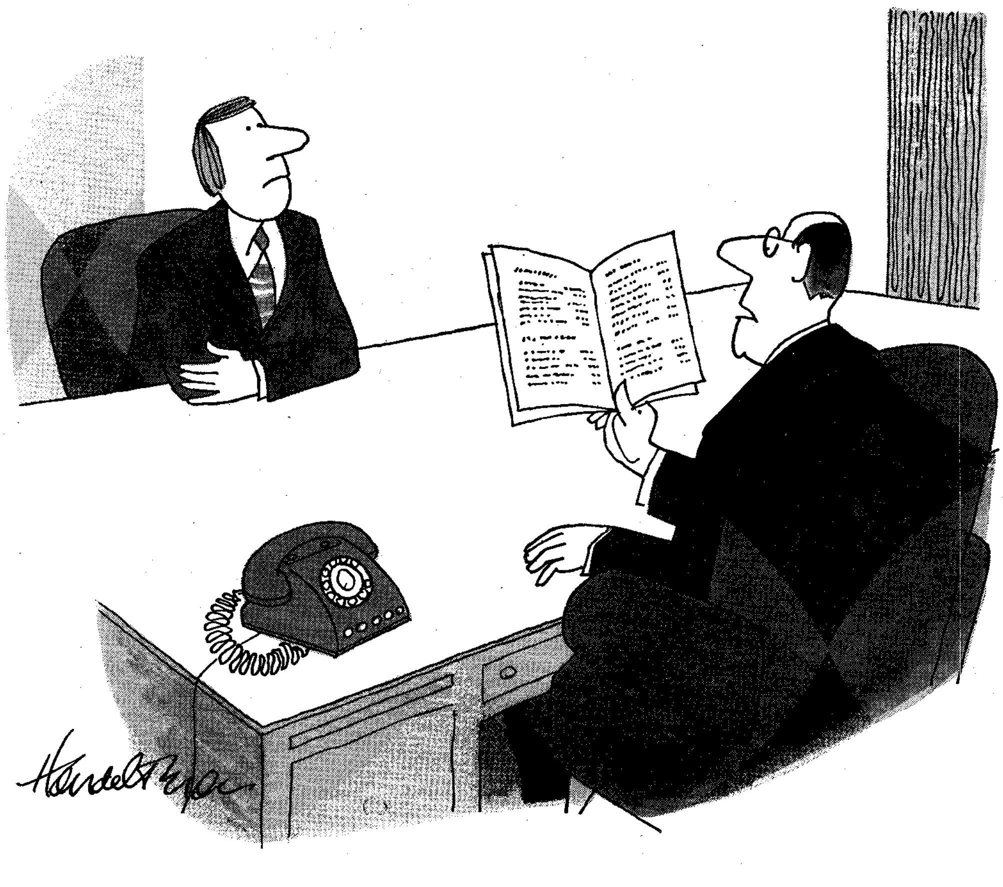


Stepping Down

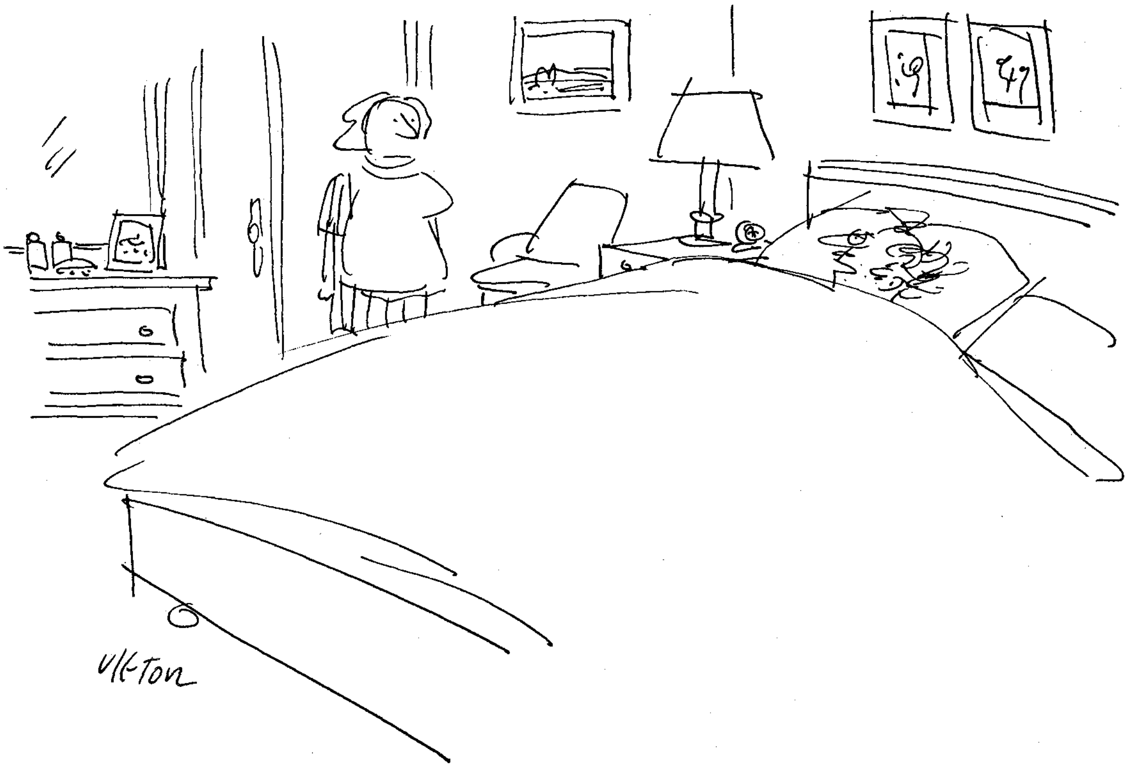
JOHN JOSEPH DELURY, who founded the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association, now one of the strongest unions in the city, in 1935, and who retired as its president on April 30th—and was the most powerful labor leader in New York over the years—was born in 1904 in Irishtown, near the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a neighborhood that was then just on the turn from Irish to Italian. His father worked for the city as a rodman—a surveyor—and John had one older sister, two younger sisters, and nine younger brothers. He quit school in the tenth grade to go to work, and he worked on Wall Street for fifteen years as a messenger and odd-job man for a number of brokerage houses and banks. He gave whatever money he could to his family, but he didn't feel that he made enough to be able to help them adequately. In 1932, he started taking extension courses at St. John's College (now St. John's University) in labor relations and public speaking. In 1935, in the middle of the Depression, he got a job as a dump laborer for the Sanitation Department (then the Bureau of Street Cleaning) at one of twenty-six incinerators that the city maintained at the time. A couple of months later, he brought five fellow dump laborers together. They put up six dollars each, and that was the beginning of the union. In the next forty-three years, under DeLury's leadership, the union achieved a great deal for the Sanmen—as Sanitation Department men call themselves—in terms of both pay and self-respect. There are more than eight thousand Sanmen, some three thousand of whom work at collecting garbage in any given twenty-four-hour period. The garbage collectors have one of the toughest jobs in the city: such a Sanman walks as much as fourteen miles a day behind a sanitation truck, and lifts as much as six tons of garbage a day, in all kinds of weather. Sanmen get more on-the-job injuries than either policemen or firemen. Many of them strain their backs, undramatically but painfully, because, being so strong, they may forget to bend their knees when they're hoisting a garbage can. A lot of them get arthritis, and, as the Sanmen see it, fifteen years as a Sanman takes the same toll that twenty-five years as a policeman or a fireman does. The union got the city to extend civil-service classification to Sanmen in 1939, and at the same time the job title of those who collected garbage was changed from "garbage man" to "sanitation man." ("Nobody wants to be a garbage man," DeLury says.) Since 1939, base pay has gone up from two thousand dollars a year to almost sixteen thousand. The work week has been reduced from forty-eight hours to forty. And Sanmen, who had no benefits before DeLury organized the union, now have a pension after twenty years, life insurance, medical and dental insurance for themselves and their families both before and after their retirement, overtime, unlimited sick time, a five-week vacation, an allowance for uniforms, and the services of a chiropractic clinic in the basement of the union headquarters, at 25 Cliff Street, near the Fulton Fish Market. DeLury even negotiated a union-scale pension for his men's boss, the Commissioner of Sanitation. When city contracts ran out, the policemen and firemen often used to hang back, waiting to see what the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association got for its men before pressing their own demands. It has been said that DeLury never liked strikes, because he thought you just could not make up in pay boosts what you had lost in days off the job. In 1968, however, when his men voted to reject a contract he had negotiated for them, he went to jail for fifteen days rather than desert them.

The day before DeLury retired, there was a big party for him in the union meeting hall on the ground floor of 25 Cliff Street. (The whole building has since been renamed John DeLury Union Hall.) At the far end of the hall, which was jammed with union members, office-staff members, associates from over the years, all standing around and talking, DeLury, wearing a black suit and a white carnation, sat at a small, round table with his fourteen-year-old grandson, also named John Joseph DeLury, in front of a big, square white cake decorated with strawberries and blue and yellow icing roses and inscribed "SALUTE JOHN J. DELURY WITH LOVE AND AFFECTION." Framed copies of eighteen bills passed by the New York State Legislature—many of them signed by Nelson Rockefeller—and one bill passed by the New York City Council, each of which extended a different benefit to sanitationmen, hung side by side on the wall behind him. There were red and green crêpe-paper decorations on the fluorescent ceiling fixtures; a bar; a buffet with veal and peppers, steak and mushrooms, and a giant clamshell full of shrimp salad; and, in one corner, a five-piece Sanman band. John Lindsay, who as mayor jailed DeLury, and who later became a friend of his, sat down at DeLury's table and put an arm around his shoulders. A few minutes later, Paul O'Dwyer, who represented the union in court during the 1968 strike, came over to the table and presented his compliments. And, one by one, so did a number of other guests: Joey Adams, Victor Gotbaum, Lewis Rudin (chairman of the Association for a Better New York), the Broadway producer Joe Kipness, Albert Shanker, Herman Badillo, Abe Beame, and DeLury's two sons—Bernard, director of labor relations for Sea-Land Service, Inc., who was an Assistant Secretary of Labor in the Ford Administration, and John Joseph DeLury, Jr., a civil-court judge in Brooklyn. At the end of the party, as DeLury walked slowly out of the meeting hall, a number of grizzled old sanitation men came over to him, put their arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek.

The day before the party, we went up to the fourth floor of the union hall for a talk with John DeLury. He received us in his official office, an imposing room with a big wooden desk and with a beautifully written scroll on one wall which states, in Japanese, that he is an honorary member of the Tokyo Cleaning Workers Union. After greeting us, DeLury summoned an associate and asked him to show us around the building. We saw the desks where benefit claims are handled; the hall where on-the-job complaints are handled; the file of all present and past union members, which the union uses when it wants to get out the vote; the chiropractic clinic in the basement, complete with ultrasound machines, whirlpool baths, and sauna; and the



"Well, if this is your résumé, why is there a section headed 'Seafood'?"



"Wake me up when the Dow hits a thousand."

ground-floor meeting hall, where two building superintendents were putting up the crêpe paper for the party. When we got back upstairs, we found DeLury, with his jacket off, at a much smaller, metal desk—the one he usually works at—in his secretary's office, eating a couple of hard-boiled eggs and drinking a carton of milk. We sat down and talked. DeLury sits quietly. He has a strong voice and a nice command of language. He is a neat and careful dresser, and he unexpectedly reminded us a lot of Charles Coburn, having very much the same benign, slightly battered, and impish look.

DeLury asked us if we'd like a cup of coffee, and when we said we would, his secretary brought us one.

"Everything I ever did, I did out of sheer necessity, to protect myself and my family," he said as we sipped our coffee. "And necessity sure as hell produces a lot of interesting things. Wall Street scared the hell out of me, it was so unstable—even before the crash. I had just got married, I had one kid, and when an opening came up in the Sanitation Department I left the Public National Bank and jumped to take it. But there was no job security in the Sanitation Department—you weren't on a guaranteed wage, and they could lay you off whenever they wanted. If they brought you in at seven in the morning, they could send you home at ten. And during a big snowstorm nothing was brought in to the incinerators and there was no work at all. You might get a vacation, but it would be in the winter, and only if the foreman liked you. There was a union, but it existed only to make no-show jobs for Tammany people. Legally, you could get fired for organizing a union without the commissioner's approval. So when my five friends and I got started with our thirty-six dollars, we called ourselves an association of the employees of the incinerator. The thirty-six dollars we used for carfare and lunch money when we went around talking to the men at their homes. They were fearful—organizing might get them fired—but then one of the fellows got into a jam with the department and we were able, somehow or other, to get him out. That gave us the edge, got our foot in the door. The dump laborers were the smallest end of the department—only about four hundred men—and we organized them first. It went fast—men who work with their hands respond physically and make decisions immediately. They're a lot easier to organize than clerks and bookkeepers, who want to mull it over and mull it over and mull it over. I knew that the need was there, and I knew that the people were ready. The city wasn't, but we kept at it and kept at it and kept at it, and chipped away, and finally broke the resistance. The only reason I got to be president was that all the other men were Italians and they thought I was, because I had the name of my half-French, half-Irish grandfather, from Cork. The department is still about seventy, eighty per cent Italian—originally because the Italians couldn't get the élite jobs like policeman and fireman, now because they want these jobs. You can see the bills we got passed hanging on the wall in the meeting hall—what you can't see is how many years' work went into each one of them. And everything we've ever achieved has been touch and go all the way. A lot of the early organizers were fired—I survived by resigning from the department and living off the fifty-cents-a-month union dues. But the union worked, because it gave the men dignity and protection, and that's all they were really concerned with. This building—an old insurance building—we bought in 1965 for four hundred thousand. It was built during the Depression, and it's a goddam good, solid building. We paid for it in cash, and we don't owe a penny on it. We've been offered a million for it. And we've made sure we can't be dispossessed. There's a law in Albany that says a building can't be torn down if it's a school or a hospital or a clinic, and we've got a clinic. I started it out of desperation, because the city didn't recognize the need for treatment of on-the-job injuries in the department."

Judge John DeLury stopped in during his lunch hour to say hello to his father. "How're you doing today, Pop?" he asked.

"I'm sitting here remembering everything and seeing faces I haven't seen in years," DeLury said. "Did you eat?"

"Yeah, thanks, I just ate."

They started talking about old friends and old times over the long span. "I remember during the '68 strike the papers said you were wrecking the city," the Judge said, with a smile. "What do you think? Do you think you wrecked the city, Pop?"

"No," DeLury said. "No, I don't. Never. But anyway all I did with the union was give the men stability and a focal point. The men did the rest themselves."

MAY QUEEN

"I SEE her skirt, Denise," Mickey said to his wife. "It's blue. I can't see her face because her head's lowered, but the two attendants with her are wearing gloves, right?"

He was standing on the hood of his new tan Lincoln Continental, in a parking space behind the crowds of parents outside St. Rose of Lima Church, in Indianapolis. He had one hand over his eyebrows, explorer style, against the brilliant noonday sun. He was trying to see their daughter, Riva, who had been elected May Queen by her senior-high-school class, and who was leading students from all the twelve grades in a procession around the school grounds.

"There's a guy with balloons over there," Mickey said.

Denise stood with the small of her back leaning against one of the car headlights. Around her there were a good three or four hundred people, scattered in the parking lot and on some of the school's athletic fields. They held mimeographed hymn sheets, loose bunches of garden flowers, little children's hands. Some of the women wore straw hats with wide brims and some of the men wore visored golf hats, against the sun, which was cutting and white, gleaming on car chrome and flattening the colors of clothes.

Mickey and Denise had been late getting started, and then Mickey had had trouble parking. "It's a damn good thing that the nuns picked Riva up this morning," Denise had said. "We'd have fritzed this whole thing."

Mickey moved cautiously along the hood of the Lincoln and jumped to the ground. "They're headed our way," he said. "They're past the elementary annex and rounding the backstops."

Denise said, "How does she look, Mick? Scared?"

"Sharp," Mickey said. "Right in step."

"I know," Denise said, clapping her hands. "I love that dress, if I do say so."

"I keep forgetting it was your handiwork," Mickey said.

Denise pushed her glasses up on her nose and made a mad face. Her glasses had lenses that magnified her eyes. "So is this, you forget," she said, pinching the bodice of her dress. She stood away so Mickey could admire her sleeveless green shift and the matching veil pinned in her shining gray hair.

After a while she said, "You know, three other parishes are having May processions today. I don't care. Ours is best. Ours is always the best, though I do like the all-men's choir at St. Catherine's."

"Mi-mi-mi," Mickey sang, and Denise elbowed him.

"Sh-h-h," she said. "There they are."

"So grownup," Mickey said. "I ought to be hanged for leaving the movie camera at work Friday."

Altar boys with raised crucifixes headed the march, and behind them came a priest in a cassock and surplice, swinging a smoking bulb of incense. Riva came next, flanked by two boy attendants, who held the hem of her short cape. Beneath the cape Riva wore a blue bridesmaid's frock. She carried a tiny wreath of roses and fern, on a satin pillow. Her face was lifted in the white light. Her throat moved as she sang the Ave Maria.

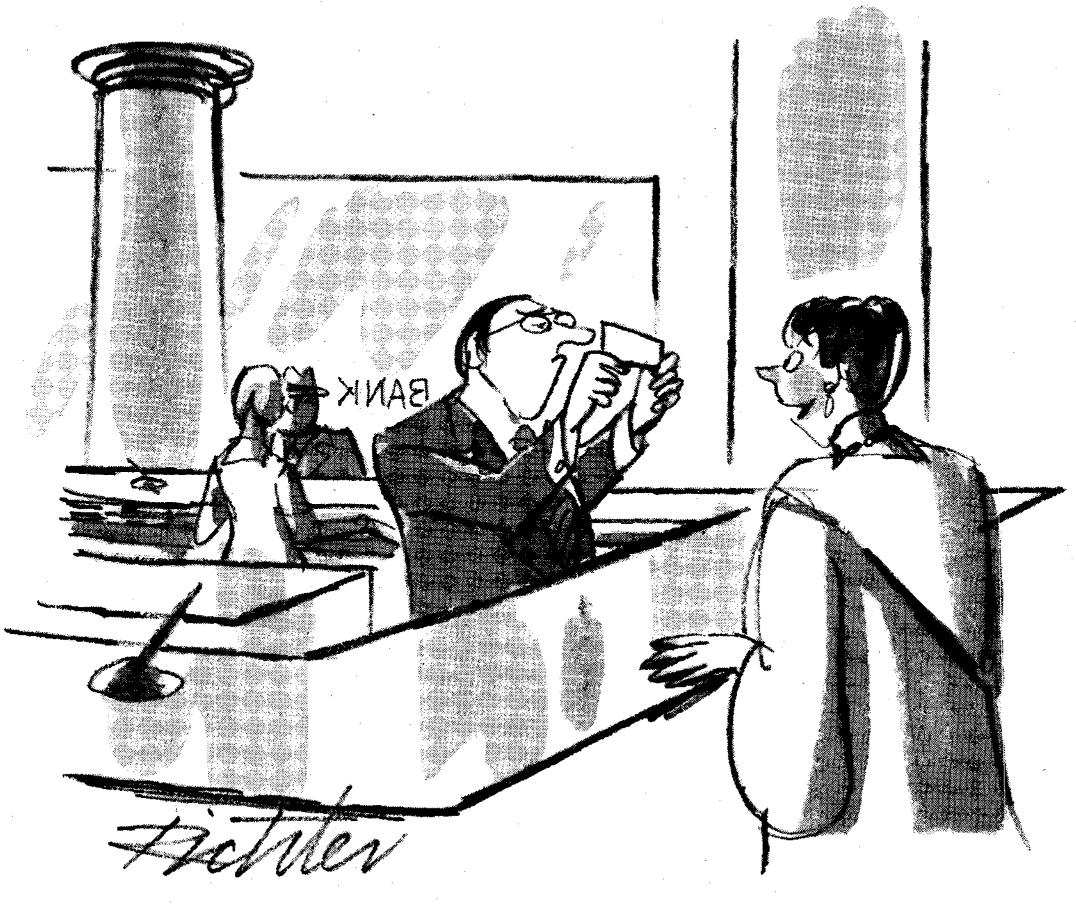
A family of redheads who were grouped ahead of Denise and Mickey turned around and grinned. Mickey wagged his head left and right. "Great!" he said.

Denise slipped a miniature bottle of spray perfume from her pocketbook. "One of us smells like dry-cleaning fluid," she said. She wet her wrists with the perfume. "Unless I'm reacting to the incense."

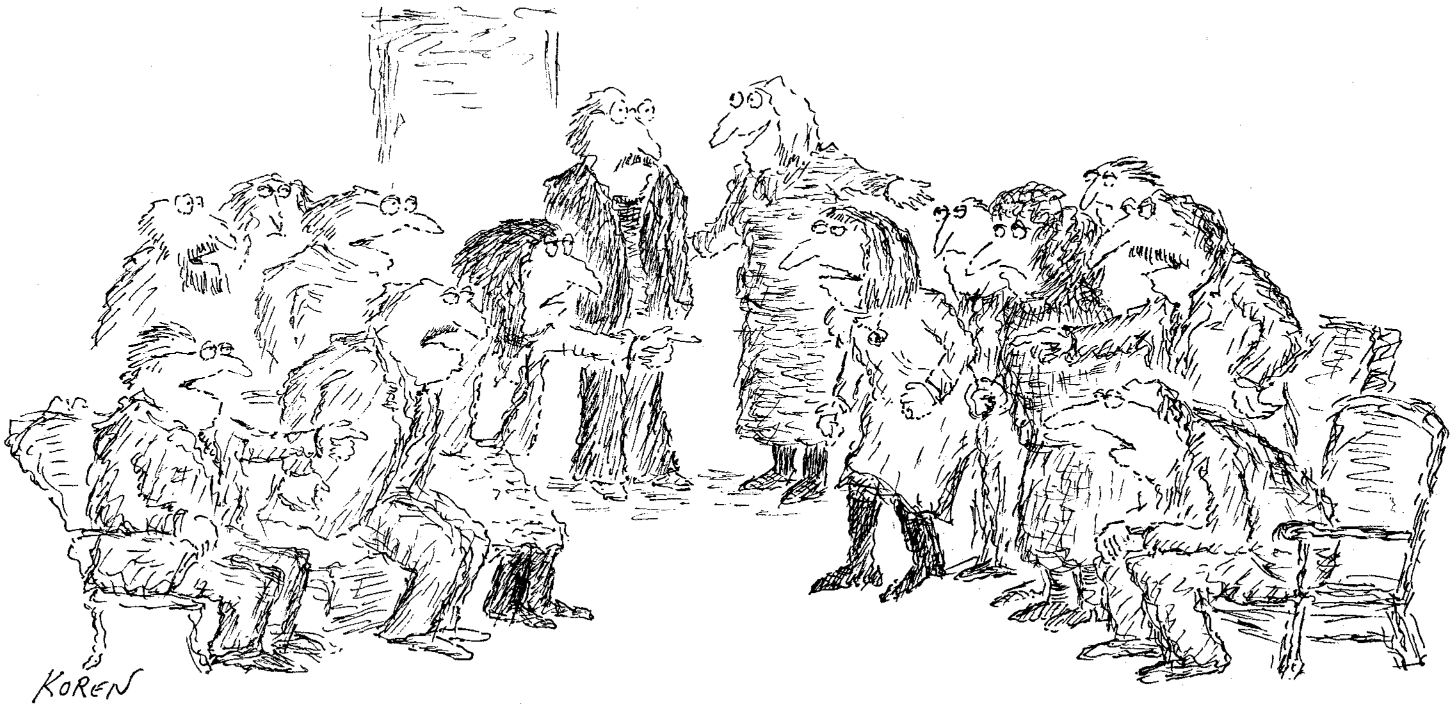
"It's me, I'm afraid," Mickey said. "This suit's been in storage nine months." He brought his coat sleeve to his face and sniffed. "Maybe not. I don't know. Who cares? Let's enjoy the damn ceremony."

The procession had moved into the church and most of the people went in, too. Mickey and Denise threaded quickly through the crowd to the church doors. Mickey took the handle of Denise's pocketbook and guided her skillfully, but when they got inside the church all the pew seats had been taken. They stood in back, in the center aisle, directly in front of the tabernacle. Riva was way up in front, kneeling between her attendants at the altar railing. The children's choir began a hymn about the month of May and the mother of Christ.

When the hymn was over, a young boy all in white got up on a stool near the front of the church and sang alone. Riva and her attendants got off their knees and moved to the left of the altar, where a stepladder, draped in linen and hung with bouquets, had been



"He always signs his name like that when he's angry."



"The people who admire and appreciate you are on this side, and the ones who don't care so much for you are on the other."

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positioned next to a statue of the Virgin Mary. The arms of the statue extended over a bay of burning candles in supplication.

Riva climbed the stepladder, still carrying the wreath on the satin pillow. She faced the church crowd and held the wreath high. Mickey and Denise grabbed hands. Riva's eyes were raised. She turned and began to place the wreath over the Virgin's head.

"Am I right?" a man standing next to Mickey said. "Her dress looks like it's caught fire."

"Dress is on fire!" someone said loudly. There was quiet, and then there was noise in the church. People half stood in their pews. A young priest hurried to Riva. She was batting at her gown with the satin pillow. The fern wreath wheeled in the air. Her attendants pulled her down the steps of the ladder.

Mickey shouted, "Stop!" and ran for the altar. He pushed people out of the way. "I'm her dad," he said.

The priest had Riva by both shoulders, pressed against him. He folded her in the apron of his cassock, and a white flame broke under his arm.

"They *both* caught," a woman in front of Mickey said.

The priest smothered Riva's flaming skirt. He looked left and right and said, "Everybody stay back." Riva collapsed on the priest's arm and slid toward the floor.

Mickey vaulted over a velvet cord in front of the altar. He and the priest picked up Riva and between them carried her quickly across the altar and through a doorway that led into the sacristy.

An usher with a lily dangling from the lapel of his suit jacket came into the room with a folded canvas cot. "Put her here," he said. "Just a minute. Just one minute." He unfolded the cot, yanking at the stiff wooden legs. "There she goes," he said.

When they got Riva lying down, an older priest, in vestments, began sending people away from the room. Denise was allowed in. She helped Mickey cover Riva's charred dress with a blanket.

"That leg is burned," the first priest said. "Don't cover it up."

"I'm sorry," Denise said.

The two priests sat facing each other in metal chairs, as if they were playing a card game.

"We called for an ambulance, Father," the usher said to both of them.

"It doesn't look too terrible," Mickey said as he folded the burned skirt back and examined his daughter's leg. He glanced around at the priests. "I think we're going to be O.K. here," he said. Riva was sobbing softly.

Denise stood at the base of the cot and clutched each of Riva's white slippers.

"Listen, sweetheart," Mickey said. "Your parents are right here. It's just a little burn, you know. What they call first degree, maybe."

Riva said nothing. "When this thing is over," Mickey said, "and you're taken care of—listen to me, now—we'll go up to Lake Erie, O.K.? You hear me? How about that? Some good friends of mine, Tad Austin and his wife—you never met them, Riva—have an A-frame on the water there. We can lie around and bake in the sun all day. There's an amusement park, and you'll be eighteen then. You'll be able to drink, if you want to."

The priests were looking at Mickey. He blotted perspiration from his forehead with his coat sleeve.

Denise said, "I'm surprised they are not here yet." Her glasses had fallen off and she was crying with her mouth open, still holding Riva's feet.

"Give them a little longer," one of the priests said.

"You know," Mickey said to Riva, "something else I just thought of. Tad's wife will be at Erie some of the time. Remember how I told you about her? She's the one who went on television and won a convertible."

"Will you shut up?" Riva said.

—MARY ROBISON

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The ballast (lead shot) and helium heating are the only controls on a soaring balloon. There is no steerage.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

No, but there's first class and tourist class.

THE MOONS OF JUPITER

I FOUND my father in the heart wing, on the eighth floor of Toronto General Hospital. He was in a semi-private room. The other bed was empty. He said that his hospital insurance covered only a bed in the ward, and he was worried that he might be charged extra.

"I never asked for a semi-private," he said.

I said the wards were probably full.

"No. I saw some empty beds when they were wheeling me by."

"Then it was because you had to be hooked up to that thing," I said. "Don't worry. If they're going to charge you extra, they tell you about it."

"That's likely it," he said. "They wouldn't want those doohickeys set up in the wards. I guess I'm covered for that kind of thing."

I said I was sure he was.

He had wires taped to his chest. A small screen hung over his head. On the screen a bright jagged line was continually being written. The writing was accompanied by a nervous electronic beeping. The behavior of his heart was on display. I tried to ignore it. It seemed to me that paying such close attention—in fact, dramatizing what ought to be a most secret activity—was asking for trouble. Anything exposed that way was apt to flare up and go crazy.

My father did not seem to mind. He said they had him on tranquillizers. You know, he said, the happy pills. He did seem calm and optimistic.

It had been a different story the night before. When I brought him into the hospital, to the emergency room, he had been pale and closemouthed. He had opened the car door and stood up and said quietly, "Maybe you better get me one of those wheelchairs." He used the voice he always used in a crisis. Once, our chimney caught on fire; it was on a Sunday afternoon and I was in the dining room pinning together a dress I was making. He came in and said in that same matter-of-fact, warning voice, "Janet. Do you know where there's some baking powder?" Afterward he said, "I guess it was your fault—sewing on Sunday."

I had to wait for over an hour in the emergency waiting room. They summoned a heart specialist who was in the hospital, a young man. He called me out into the hall and explained to me that one of the valves of my father's heart had deteriorated so badly that there ought to be an immediate operation.

I asked him what would happen otherwise.

"He'd have to stay in bed," the doctor said.

"How long?"

"Maybe three months."

"I meant, how long would he live?"

"That's what I meant, too," the doctor said.

I went to see my father. He was sitting up in bed in a curtained-off corner. "It's bad, isn't it?" he said. "Did he tell you about the valve?"

"It's not as bad as it could be," I said. Then I repeated, even exaggerated, anything hopeful the doctor had said. "You're not in any immediate danger. Your physical condition is good, otherwise."

"Otherwise," said my father, gloomily.

I was tired from the drive—all the way up to Dalgleish, to get him, and back to Toronto since noon—and worried about getting the rented car back on time, and irritated by an article I had been reading in a magazine in the waiting room. It was about another painter, a woman younger, better-looking, probably more talented than I am. I had been in England for two months and so I had not seen this article before, but it crossed my mind while I was reading that my father would have. I could hear him saying, Well, I didn't see anything about you in *Maclean's*. And if he had read something about me he would say, Well, I didn't think too much of that writeup. His tone would be humorous and indulgent but would produce in me a familiar dreariness of spirit. The message I got from him was simple: Fame must be striven for, then apologized for. Getting or not getting it, you will be to blame.

I was not surprised by the doctor's news. I was prepared to hear something of the sort and was pleased with myself for taking it calmly, just as I would be pleased with myself for dressing a wound or looking down from the frail balcony of a high building. I thought, Yes, it's time; there has to be something, here it is. I did not feel any of the protest I would have felt twenty, even ten, years before. When I saw from my father's face that he felt it—that refusal leapt up in him as readily as if he had been thirty or forty years younger—my heart hardened, and I spoke with a kind of badgering cheerfulness. "Otherwise is plenty," I said.

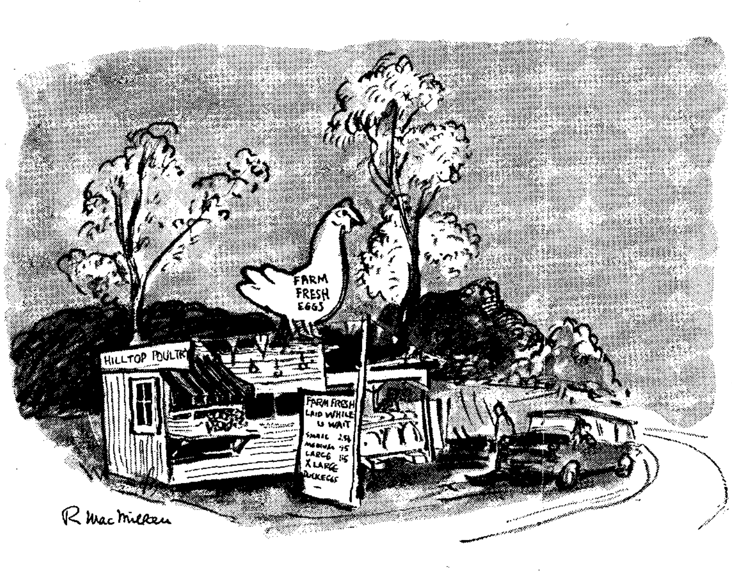
THE next day he was himself again.

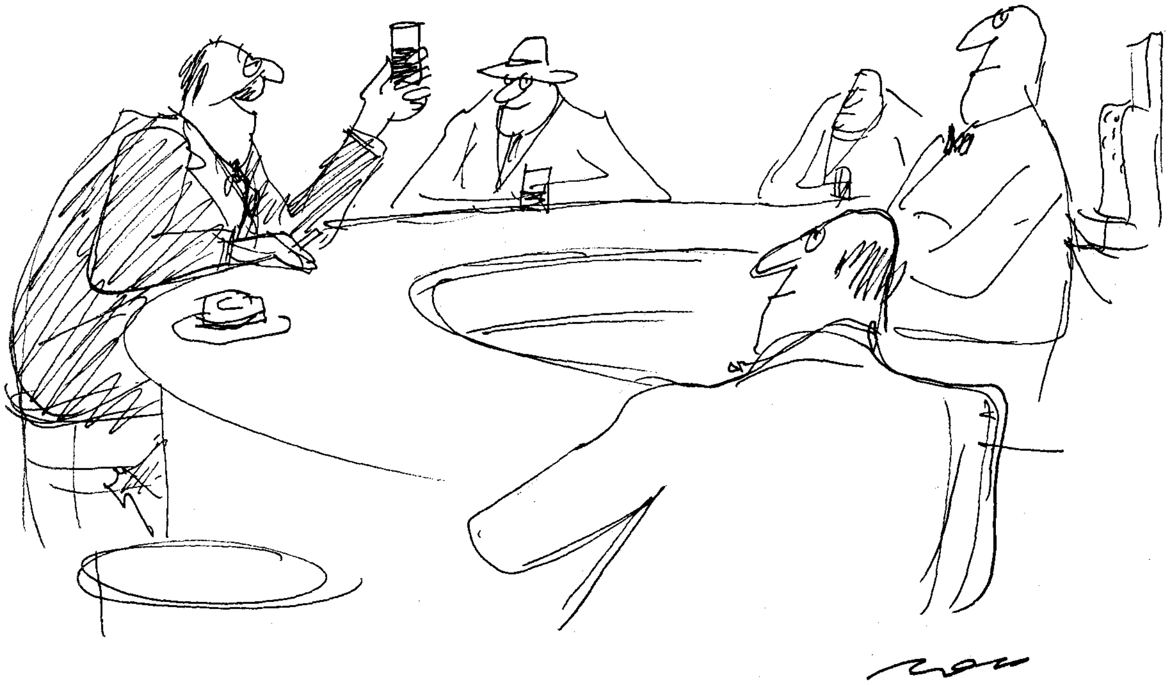
That was how I would have put it. He said it appeared to him now that the young fellow, the doctor, might have been a bit too eager to operate. "A bit knife-happy," he said. He was both mocking and showing off the hospital slang. He said that another doctor had examined him, an older man, and had given it as his opinion that rest and medication might do the trick.

I didn't ask what trick.

"He says I've got a defective valve, all right. There's certainly some damage. They wanted to know if I had rheumatic fever when I was a kid. I said I didn't think so. But half the time then you weren't diagnosed what you had. My father was not one for getting the doctor."

The thought of my father's childhood, which I always pictured as bleak and dangerous—the poor farm, the scared sisters, the harsh father—made me less resigned to his dying. I thought of him running away to work on the lake boats, running along the railway tracks, toward Goderich, in the evening light. He used to tell about that trip. Somewhere along the track he found a quince tree. Quince trees are rare in our part of the country; in fact, I have never seen one. Not even the one my father found, though he





"To women, as we once knew them."

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once took us on an expedition to look for it. He thought he knew the crossroad it was near, but we could not find it. He had not been able to eat the fruit, of course, but he had been impressed by its existence. It made him think he had got into a new part of the world.

The escaped child, the survivor, an old man trapped here by his leaky heart. I didn't pursue these thoughts. I didn't care to think of his younger selves. Even his bare torso, thick and white—he had the body of a workingman of his generation, seldom exposed to the sun—was a danger to me; it looked so strong and young. The wrinkled neck, the age-freckled hands and arms, the narrow, courteous head, with its thin gray hair and mustache, were more what I was used to.

"Now, why would I want to get myself operated on?" said my father reasonably. "Think of the risk at my age, and what for? A few years at the outside. I think the best thing for me to do is go home and take it easy. Give in gracefully. That's all you can do, at my age. Your attitude changes, you know. You go through some mental changes. It seems more natural."

"What does?" I said.

"Well, death does. You can't get more natural than that. No, what I mean, specifically, is not having the operation."

"That seems more natural?"

"Yes."

"It's up to you," I said, but I did approve. This was what I would have expected of him. Whenever I told people about my father I stressed his independence, his self-sufficiency, his forbearance. He worked in a factory, he worked in his garden, he read history books. He could tell you about the Roman emperors or the Balkan wars. He never made a fuss.

JUDITH, my younger daughter, had come to meet me at Toronto Airport two days before. She had brought the boy she was living with, whose name was Don. They were driving to Mexico in the morning, and while I was in Toronto I was to stay in their apartment. For the time being, I live in Vancouver. I sometimes say I have my headquarters in Vancouver.

"Where's Nichola?" I said, thinking at once of an accident or an overdose. Nichola is my older daughter. She used to be a student at the Conservatory, then she became a cocktail waitress, then she was out of work. If she had been at the airport, I would probably have said something wrong. I would have asked her what her plans were, and she would have gracefully brushed back her hair and said, "Plans?"—as if that was a word I had invented.

"I knew the first thing you'd say would be about Nichola," Judith said.

"It wasn't. I said hello and I—"

"We'll get your bag," Don said neutrally.

"Is she all right?"

"I'm sure she is," said Judith, with a fabricated air of amusement. "You wouldn't look like that if I was the one who wasn't here."

"Of course I would."

"You wouldn't. Nichola is the baby of the family. You know, she's four years older than I am."

"I ought to know."

Judith said she did not know where Nichola was exactly. She said Nichola had moved out of her apartment (that dump!) and had actually telephoned (which is quite a deal, you might say, Nichola phoning) to say she wanted to be incommunicado for a while but she was fine.

"I told her you would worry," said Judith more kindly on the way to their van. Don walked ahead carrying my suitcase. "But don't. She's all right, believe me."

Don's presence made me uncomfortable. I did not like him to hear these things. I thought of the conversations they must have had, Don and Judith. Or Don and Judith and Nichola, for Nichola and Judith were sometimes on good terms. Or Don and Judith and Nichola and others whose names I did not even know. They would have talked about me. Judith and Nichola comparing notes, relating anecdotes; analyzing, regretting, blaming, forgiving. I wished I'd had a boy and a girl. Or two boys. They wouldn't have done that. Boys couldn't possibly know so much about you.

I did the same thing at that age. When I was the age Judith is now I talked with my friends in the college cafeteria or, late at night, over coffee in our cheap rooms. When I was the age Nichola is now I had Nichola herself in a carry-cot squirming in my lap, and I was drinking coffee again all the rainy Vancouver afternoons with my one neighborhood friend, Ruth Boudreau, who read a lot and was bewildered by her situation, as I was. We talked about our parents, our childhoods, though for some time we kept clear of our marriages. How thoroughly we dealt with our fathers and mothers, deplored their marriages, their mistaken ambitions or fear of ambition, how competently we filed them away, defined them beyond any possibility of change. What presumption.

I looked at Don walking ahead. A tall ascetic-looking boy, with a St. Francis cap of black hair, a precise fringe of beard. What right did he have to hear about me, to know things I myself had probably forgotten? I decided that his beard and hairstyle were affected.

Once, when my children were little, my father said to me, "You know those years you were growing up—well, that's all just a kind of a blur to me. I can't sort out one year from another." I was offended. I remembered each separate year with pain and clarity. I could have told how old I was when I went to look at the evening dresses in the window of Benbow's Ladies' Wear. Every week through the winter a new dress, spotlit—the sequins and tulle, the rose and lilac, sapphire, daffodil—and me a cold worshipper on the slushy sidewalk. I could have told how old I was when I forged my mother's signature on a bad report card, when I had measles, when we papered the front room. But the years when Judith and Nichola were little, when I lived with their father—yes, blur is the word for it. I remember hanging out diapers, bringing in and folding diapers; I can recall the kitchen counters of two houses and where the clothesbasket sat. I remember the television programs—Popeye the Sailor, The Three Stooges, Funorama. When Funorama came on it was time to turn on the lights and cook supper. But I couldn't tell the years apart. We lived outside Vancouver in a dormitory suburb: Dormir, Dormer, Dormouse—something like that. I was sleepy all the time then; pregnancy made me sleepy, and the night feedings, and the West Coast rain falling. Dark dripping cedars, shiny dripping laurel; wives yawning, napping, visiting, drinking coffee, and folding diapers; husbands coming home at night from the city across the water. Every night I kissed my homecoming husband in his wet Burberry and hoped he might wake me up; I served up meat and potatoes and one of the four vegetables he permitted. He ate with a violent appetite, then fell asleep on the living-room sofa. We had become a cartoon couple, more middle-aged in our twenties than we would be in middle age.

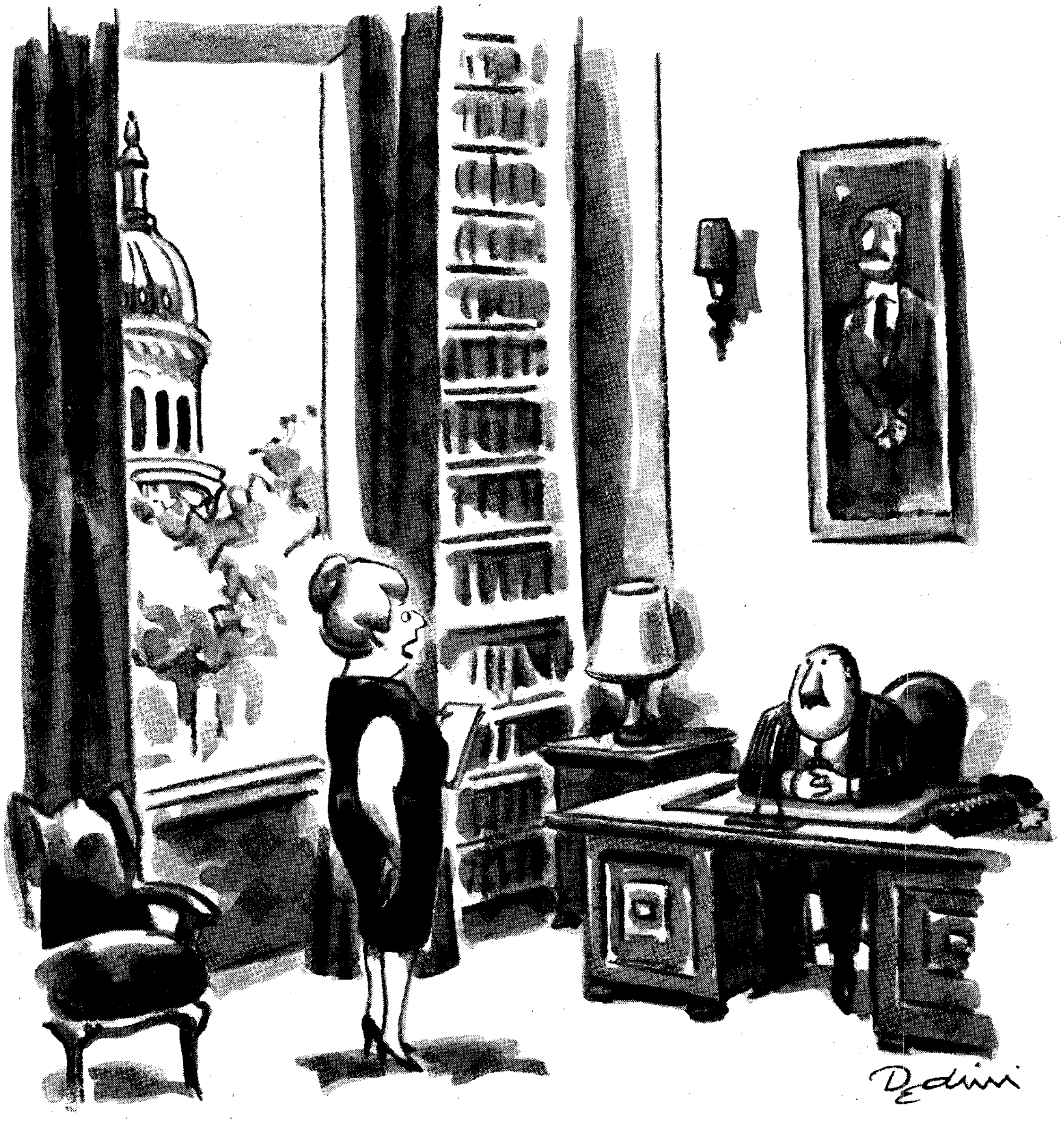
Those bumbling years are the years our children will remember all their lives. Corners of the yards I never visited will stay in their heads.

"Did Nichola not want to see me?" I said to Judith.

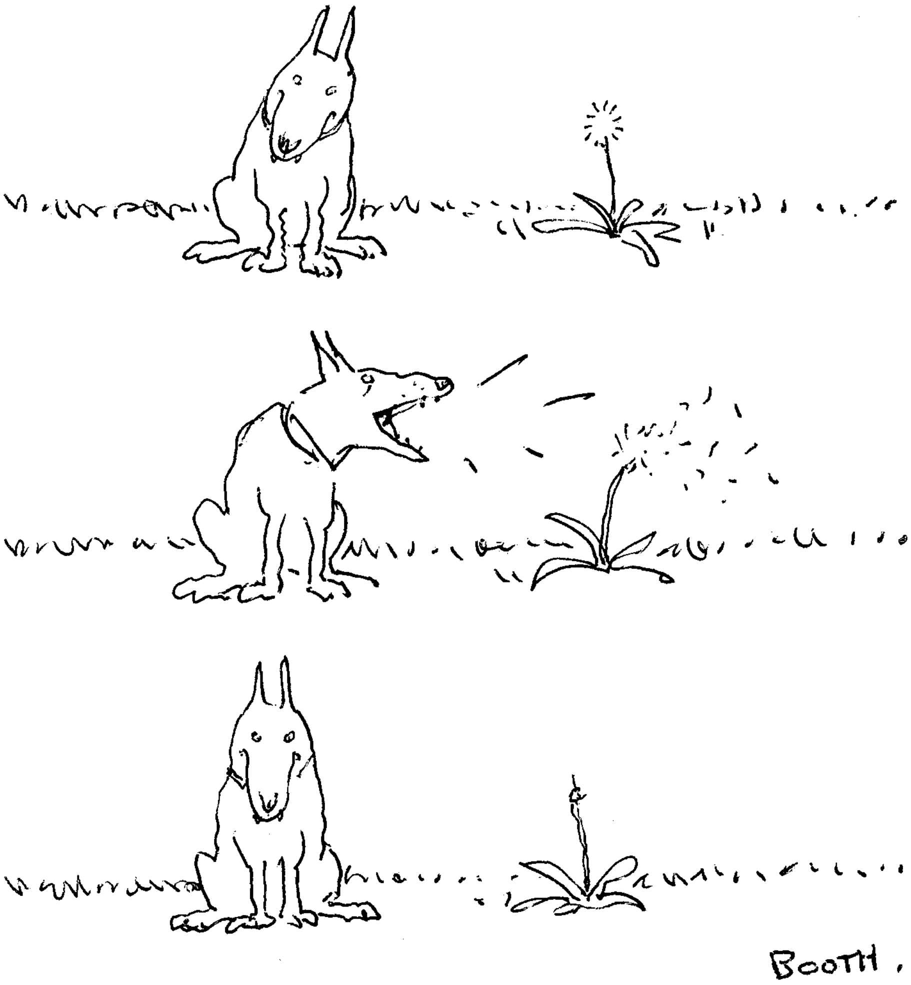
"She doesn't want to see anybody, half the time," she said. Judith moved ahead and touched Don's arm. I knew that touch—an apology, an anxious reassurance. You touch a man that way to remind him that you are grateful, that you realize he is doing for your sake something that bores him or slightly endangers his dignity. It made me feel older than grandchildren would to see my daughter touch a man—a boy—this way. I felt her sad jitters, could predict her supple attentions. My blunt and stocky, blond and candid child. Why should I think she wouldn't be susceptible, that she would always be straightforward, heavy-footed, self-reliant? Just as I go around saying that Nichola is sly and solitary, cold, seductive. Many people must know things that would contradict what I say.

In the morning Don and Judith left for Mexico. I decided I wanted to see somebody who wasn't related to me, and who didn't expect anything in particular from me. I called an old lover of mine, but his phone was answered by a machine: "This is Tom Shepherd speaking. I will be out of town for the month of September. Please record your message, name, and phone number."

Tom's voice sounded so pleasant and familiar that I opened my mouth to ask him the meaning of this foolishness. Then I hung up. I felt as if he had deliberately let me down, as



"Are you ready for about six sobering experiences?"



if we had planned to meet in a public place and then he hadn't shown up. Once, he had done that, I remembered.

I got myself a glass of vermouth, though it was not yet noon, and I phoned my father.

"Well, of all things," he said. "Fifteen more minutes and you would have missed me."

"Were you going downtown?"

"Downtown Toronto."

He explained that he was going to the hospital. His doctor in Dalgleish wanted the doctors in Toronto to take a look at him, and had given him a letter to show them in the emergency room.

"Emergency room?" I said.

"It's not an emergency. He just seems to think this is the best way to handle it. He knows the name of a fellow there. If he was to make me an appointment, it might take weeks."

"Does your doctor know you're driving to Toronto?" I said.

"Well, he didn't say I couldn't."

The upshot of this was that I rented a car, drove to Dalgleish, brought my father back to Toronto, and had him in the emergency room by seven o'clock that evening.

Before Judith left I said to her, "You're sure Nichola knows I'm staying here?"

"Well, I told her," she said.

Sometimes the phone rang, but it was always a friend of Judith's.

"WELL, it looks like I'm going to have it," my father said. This was on the fourth day. He had done a complete turnaround overnight. "It looks like I might as well."

I didn't know what he wanted me to say. I thought perhaps he looked to me for a protest, an attempt to dissuade him.

"When will they do it?" I said.

"Day after tomorrow."

I said I was going to the washroom. I went to the nurses' station and found a woman there who I thought was the head nurse. At any rate, she was gray-haired, kind, and serious-looking.

"My father's having an operation the day after tomorrow?" I said.

"Oh, yes."

"I just wanted to talk to somebody about it. I thought there'd been a sort of decision reached that he'd be better not to. I thought because of his age."

"Well, it's his decision and the doctor's." She smiled at me without condescension. "It's hard to make these decisions."

"How were his tests?"

"Well, I haven't seen them all."

I was sure she had. After a moment she said, "We have to be realistic. But the doctors here are very good."

When I went back into the room my father said, in a surprised voice, "*Shore*-less seas."

"What?" I said. I wondered if he had found out how much, or how little, time he could hope for. I wondered if the pills had brought on an untrustworthy euphoria. Or if he had wanted to gamble. Once, when he was talking to me about his life, he said, "The trouble was I was always afraid to take chances."

I used to tell people that he never spoke regretfully about his life, but that was not true. It was just that I didn't listen to it. He said that he should have gone into the Army as a tradesman—he would have been better off. He said he should have gone on his own, as a carpenter, after the war. He should have got out of Dalgleish. Once, he said, "A wasted life, eh?" But he was making fun of himself, saying that, because it was such a dramatic thing to say. When he quoted poetry, too, he always had a scoffing note in his voice, to excuse the showing-off and the pleasure.

"Shoreless seas," he said again. " 'Behind him lay the gray Azores,/ Behind the Gates of Hercules;/ Before him not the ghost of shores,/ Before him only shoreless seas.' That's what was going through my head last night. But do you think I could remember what kind of seas? I could not. Lonely seas? Empty seas? I was on the right track but I couldn't get it. But there now when you came into the room and I wasn't thinking about it at all, the word popped into my head. That's always the way, isn't it? It's not all that surprising. I ask my mind a question. The answer's there, but I can't see all the connections my mind's making to get it. Like a computer. Nothing out of the way. You know, in my situation the thing is, if there's anything you can't explain right away, there's a great temptation to—well, to make a mystery out of it. There's a great temptation to believe in— You know."

"The soul?" I said, speaking lightly, feeling an appalling rush of love and recognition.

"Oh, I guess you could call it that. You know, when I first came into this room there was a pile of papers here by the bed. Somebody had left them here—one of those tabloid sort of things I never looked at. I started reading them. I'll read anything handy. There was a series running in them on personal experiences of people who had died, medically speaking—heart arrest, mostly—and had been brought back to life. It was what they remembered of the time when they were dead. Their experiences."

"Pleasant or un- ?" I said.

"Oh, pleasant. Oh yes. They'd float up to the ceiling and look down on themselves and see the doctors working on them, on their bodies. Then float on further and recognize some people they knew who had died before them. Not see them exactly but sort of sense them. Sometimes there would be a humming and sometimes a sort of—what's that light that there is or color around a person?"

"Aura?"

"Yes. But without the person. That's about all they'd get time for; then they found themselves back in the body and feeling all the mortal pain and so on—brought back to life."

"Did it seem—convincing?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's all in whether you want to believe that kind of thing or not. And if you are going to believe it, take it seriously, I figure you've got to take everything else seriously that they print in those papers."

"What else do they?"

"Rubbish—cancer cures, baldness cures, bellyaching about the younger generation and the welfare bums. Tripe about movie stars."

"Oh, yes. I know."

"In my situation you have to keep a watch," he said, "or you'll start playing tricks on yourself." Then he said, "There's a few practical details we ought to get straight on," and he told me about his will, the house, the cemetery plot. Everything was simple.

"Do you want me to phone Peggy?" I said. Peggy is my sister. She is married to an astronomer and lives in Victoria.

He thought about it. "I guess we ought to tell them," he said finally. "But tell them not to get alarmed."

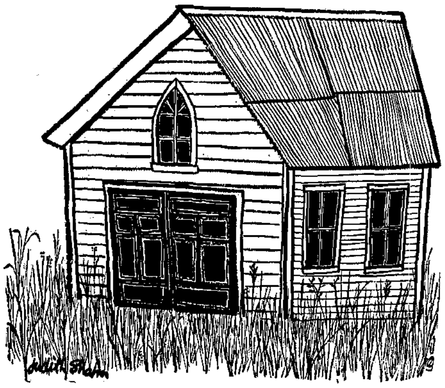
"All right."

"No, wait a minute. Sam is supposed to be going to a conference the end of this week, and Peggy was planning to go along with him. I don't want them wondering about changing their plans."

"Where is the conference?"

"Amsterdam," he said proudly. He did take pride in Sam, and kept track of his books and articles. He would pick one up and say, "Look at that, will you? And I can't understand a word of it!" in a marvelling voice that managed nevertheless to have a trace of ridicule.

"Professor Sam," he would say. "And the three little Sams." This is what he called his grandsons, who did resemble their father in braininess and in an almost endearing pushiness—an innocent energetic showing-off. They went to a private school that favored old-fashioned discipline and started calculus in Grade Five. "And the dogs," he might enumerate further, "who have been to obedience school. And Peggy . . ."



But if I said, "Do you suppose she has been to obedience school, too?" he would play the game no further. I imagine that when he was with Sam and Peggy he spoke of me in the same way—hinted at my flightiness just as he hinted at their stodginess, made mild jokes at my expense, did not quite conceal his amazement (or pretended not to conceal his amazement) that people paid money for things I had painted. He had to do this so that he might never seem to brag, but he would put up the gates when the joking got too rough. And of course I found later, in the house, things of mine he had kept—a few drawings, things I had never bothered about.

Now his thoughts travelled from Peggy's family to mine. "Have you heard from Judith?" he said.

"Not yet."

"Well, it's pretty soon. Were they going to sleep in the van?"

"Yes."

• •

PENTIMENTO

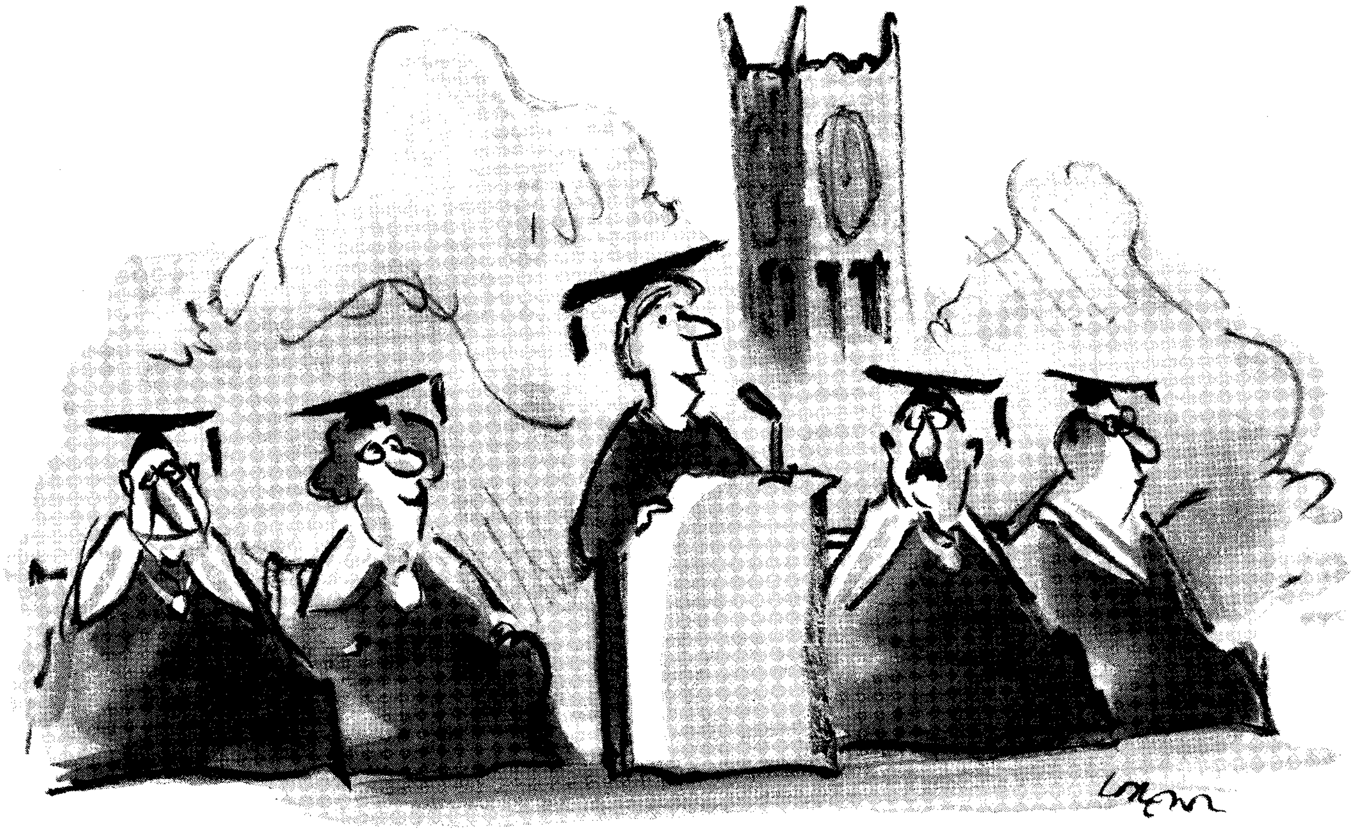
Old paint on canvas, as it ages, sometimes becomes transparent. When that happens it is possible, in some pictures, to see the original lines: a tree will show through a woman's dress, a child makes way for a dog, a large boat is no longer on an open sea.—*Lillian Hellman.*

Across the meadow a change of cloud comes
and, looking up, you see what you can't hear,
a whiteness falling, filling the cracks
in the old scenery, icing the aviary
and the stuffed bird on a summer hat.
Someone wearing white gloves
plays the white keys of a piano,
unaware that she is overheard. Caution,
that crumpled handkerchief,
is thrown to what wind there is.
The white creatures begin to appear:

The floury hands of your mother.
The clouds of her breath around your name.
The white shoes of summer.
The white arms of the tree you loved
and fell from. The white hair
of a girl you covered with leaves
under that tree. The white breast
hidden in the white dress.

A varying hare ventures into this
softened landscape, feeling safe
from the snowy owl. This is its error.
Yours is of a different order.
These things you had forgotten
have nothing to tell you.
You open the door to see more clearly.
There is the field, green,
and dark birds breaking into flight.

—Debora Greger



"First of all, I'd like to say I really feel I got my thirty-two thousand dollars' worth."

• •

"I guess it's safe enough, if they stop in the right places."

I knew he would have to say something more and I knew it would come as a joke.

"I guess they put a board down the middle, like the pioneers?"

I smiled but did not answer.

"I take it you have no objections?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I always believed that, too. Keep out of your children's business. I tried not to say anything. I never said anything when you left Richard."

"What do you mean, 'said anything'? Criticize?"

"It wasn't any of my business."

"No."

"But that doesn't mean I was pleased."

I was surprised—not just at what he said but at his feeling that he had any right, even now, to say it. I had to look out the window and down at the traffic to control myself.

"I just wanted you to know," he added.

A long time ago, he said to me in his mild way, "It's funny. Richard when I first saw him reminded me of what my father used to say. He'd say if that fellow was half as smart as he thinks he is, he'd be twice as smart as he really is."

I turned to remind him of this, but found myself looking at the line his heart was writing. Not that there seemed to be anything wrong, any difference in the beeps and points. But it was there.

He saw where I was looking. "Unfair advantage," he said.

"It is," I said. "I'm going to have to get hooked up, too."

We laughed, we kissed formally; I left. At least he hadn't asked me about Nichola, I thought.

THE next afternoon I didn't go to the hospital, because my father was having some more tests done, to prepare for the operation. I was to see him in the evening instead. I found myself wandering through the Bloor Street dress shops, trying on clothes. A preoccupation with fashion and my own appearance had descended on me like a raging headache. I looked at the women in the street, at the clothes in the shops, trying to discover how a transformation might be made, what I would have to buy. I recognized this obsession for what it was but had trouble shaking it. I've had people tell me that waiting for life-or-death news they've stood in front of an open refrigerator eating anything in sight—cold boiled potatoes, chili sauce, bowls of whipped cream. Or have been unable to stop doing crossword puzzles. Attention narrows in on something—some distraction—grabs on, becomes fanatically serious. I shuffled clothes on the racks, pulled them on in hot little changing rooms in front of cruel mirrors. I was sweating; once or twice I thought I might faint. Out on the street again, I thought I must remove myself from Bloor Street, and decided to go to the museum.

I remembered another time, in Vancouver. It was when Nichola was going to kindergarten and Judith was a baby. Nichola had been to the doctor about a cold, or maybe for a routine examination, and the blood test revealed something about her white blood cells—either that there were too many of them or that they were enlarged. The doctor ordered further tests, and I took Nichola to the hospital for them. Nobody mentioned leukemia but I knew, of course, what they were looking for. When I took Nichola home I asked the babysitter who had been with Judith to stay for the afternoon and I went shopping. I bought the most daring dress I ever owned, a black silk sheath with some laced-up arrangement in front. I remembered that bright spring afternoon, the spike-heeled shoes in the department store, the underwear printed with leopard spots.

I also remembered going home

from St. Paul's Hospital over the Lions Gate Bridge on the crowded bus and holding Nichola on my knee. She suddenly recalled her baby name for bridge and whispered to me, "Whee—over the whee." I did not avoid touching my child—Nichola was slender and graceful even then, with a pretty back and fine dark hair—but realized I was touching her with a difference, though I did not think it could ever be detected. There was a care—not a withdrawal exactly but a care—not to feel anything much. I saw how the forms of love might be maintained with a condemned person but with the love disciplined, because you have to survive. It could be done so discreetly that the object of such care would not suspect, any more than she would suspect the sentence of death itself. Nichola did not know, would not know. Toys and kisses and jokes would come tumbling over her; she would never know, though I worried that she would feel the wind between the cracks of the manufactured normal days. But all was well. Nichola did not have leukemia. She grew up—was still alive, and possibly happy. Incommunicado.

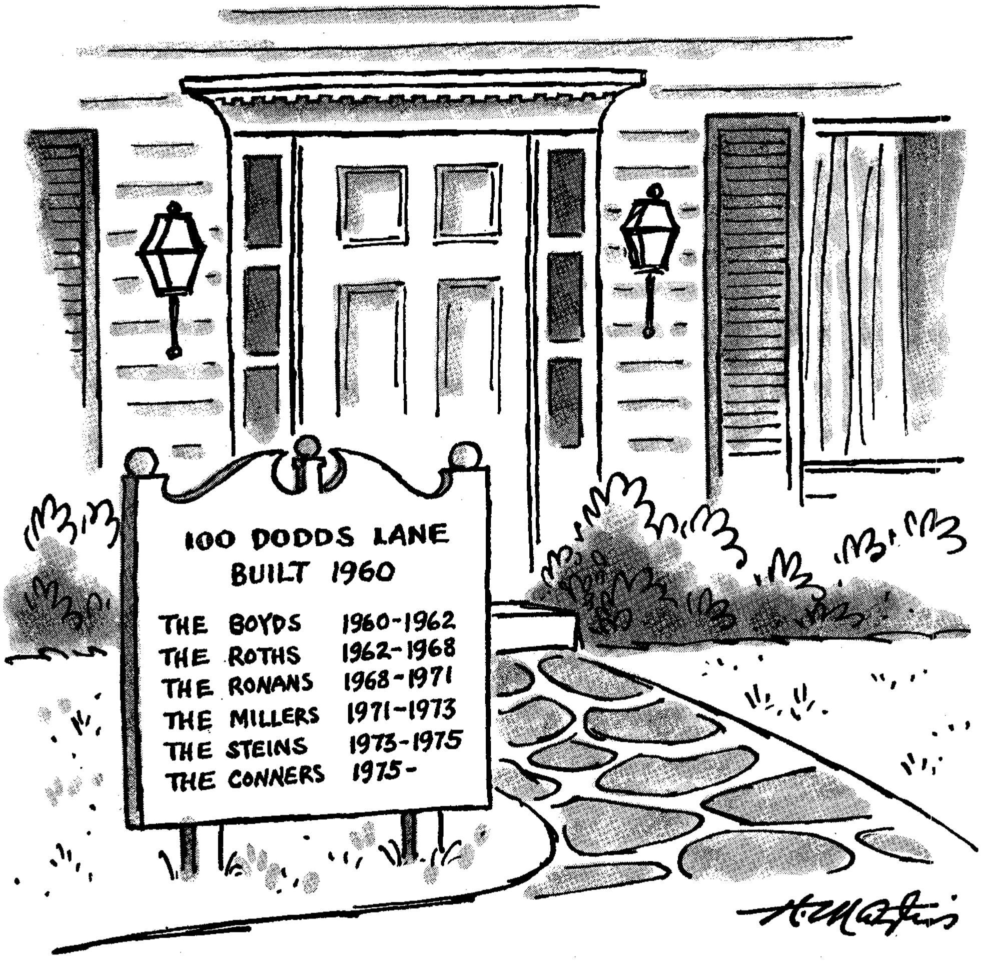
I could not think of anything in the museum I really wanted to see, so I walked past it to the planetarium. I had never been to a planetarium. The show was due to start in ten minutes. I went inside, bought a ticket, got in line. There was a whole class of schoolchildren, maybe a couple of classes, with teachers and volunteer mothers riding herd on them. I looked around to see if there were any other unattached adults. Only one—a man with a red face and puffy eyes, who looked as if he might be here to keep himself from going to a bar.

Inside, we sat on wonderfully comfortable seats that were tilted back so that you lay in a sort of hammock, attention directed to the bowl of the ceiling, which soon turned dark blue, with a faint rim of light all around the edge. There was some splendid, commanding music. The adults all around were shushing the children, trying to make them stop crackling their potato-chip bags. Then a man's voice, an eloquent professional voice, began to speak slowly, out of the walls. The voice reminded me a little of the way radio announcers used to introduce a piece of classical music or describe the progress of the Royal Family to Westminster Abbey on one of their royal occasions. There was a faint echo-chamber effect.

The dark ceiling was filling with stars. They came out not all at once but one after another, the way the stars really do come out at night, though more quickly. The Milky Way appeared, was moving closer; stars swam into brilliance and kept on going, disappearing beyond the edges of the sky-screen or behind my head. While the flow of light continued, the voice presented the stunning facts. A few light-years away, it announced, the sun appears as a bright star, and the planets are not visible. A few dozen light-years away, the sun is not visible, either, to the naked eye. And that distance—a few dozen light-years—is only about a thousandth part of the distance from the sun to the center of our galaxy, one galaxy, which itself contains about two hundred billion suns. And is, in turn, one of millions, perhaps billions, of galaxies. Innumerable repetitions, innumerable variations. All this rolled past my head, too, like balls of lightning.

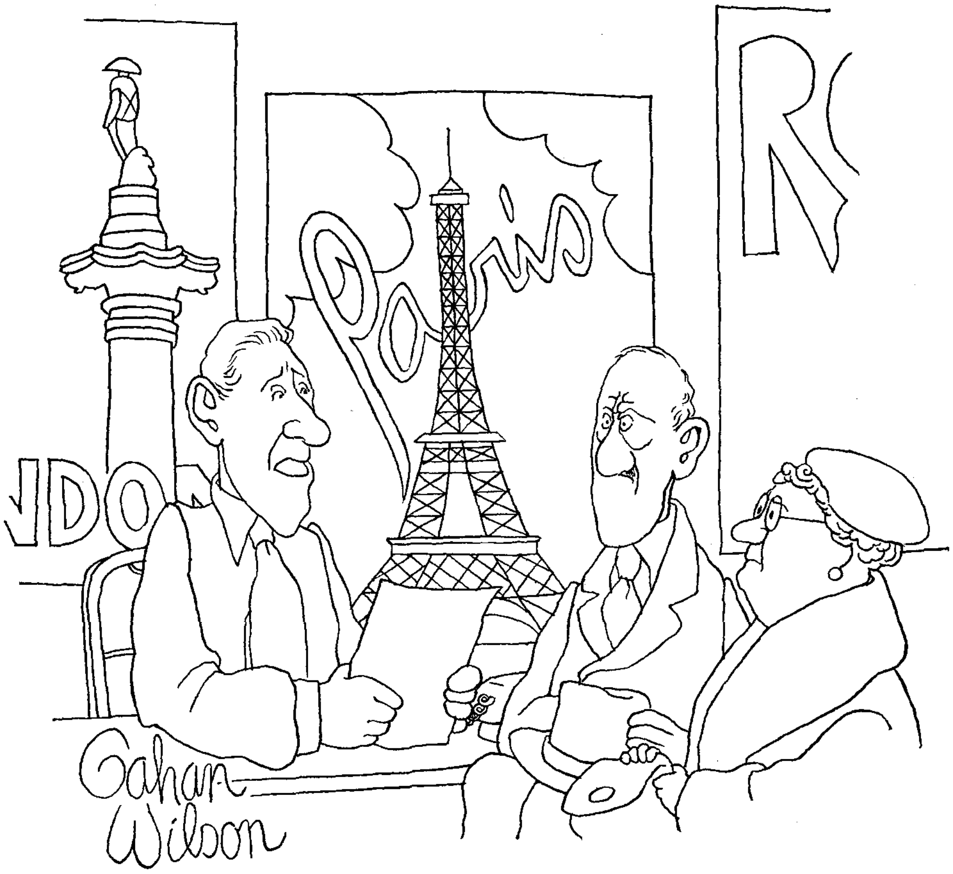
Now realism was abandoned for familiar artifice. A model of the solar system was spinning away in its elegant style. A bright bug took off from the earth, heading for Jupiter. I set my dodging and shrinking mind sternly to recording facts. The mass of Jupiter two and a half times that of all the other planets put together. The Great Red Spot. The thirteen moons. Past Jupiter, a glance at the eccentric orbit of Pluto, the icy rings of Saturn. Back to Earth and moving in to hot and dazzling Venus. Atmospheric pressure ninety times ours. Moonless Mercury rotating three times while circling the sun twice; an odd arrangement, not as satisfying as the old one, for once. No perpetual darkness after all. Why did they give out such confident information, only to announce later that it was quite wrong? Finally, the picture already familiar from magazines: the red soil of Mars, the blooming pink sky.

When the show was over I sat in my seat while the children clambered across me, making no comments on anything they had just seen or heard. They were pestering their keepers for eatables and further entertainments. An effort had been made to get their attention, to take it away from canned pop and potato chips and fix it on various knowns and unknowns and horrible immensities, and it seemed to have failed. A good thing, too, I thought. Children have a natural immunity, most of them, and it shouldn't be tampered with. As for the adults who would deplore it, the ones who promoted this show, weren't they immune themselves to the extent that they could put in the echo-chamber



effects, the music, the churchlike solemnity, simulating the awe that they supposed they ought to feel? Awe—what was that supposed to be? A fit of the shivers when you looked out the window? Once you knew what it was, you wouldn't be courting it.

Two men came with brooms to sweep up the debris the audience had left behind. They told me that the next show would start in forty minutes. In the meantime, I had to get out.



"But I take it a canoe trip along the lower Amazon does not appeal."

• •

"I WENT to the show at the planetarium," I said to my father. "It was very exciting—about the solar system." I thought what a false and silly word I had used: "exciting." "It's like a slightly phony temple," I added.

He was already talking. "I remember when they found Pluto. Right where they thought it had to be. Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars," he recited. "Jupiter, Saturn, Nept— no, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto. Is that right?"

"Yes," I said. I was just as glad he hadn't heard what I said about the phony temple. I had meant that to be truthful, but it sounded slick and superior. "Tell me the moons of Jupiter."

"Well, I don't know the new ones. There's a bunch of new ones, isn't there?"

"Two. But they're not new."

"New to us," said my father. "You've turned pretty cheeky now I'm going under the knife."

" 'Under the knife.' What an expression."

He was not in bed tonight, his last night. He had been detached from his apparatus, and was sitting in a chair by the window. He was bare-legged, wearing a hospital dressing gown, but he did not look self-conscious or out of place. He looked thoughtful but good-humored, an affable host.

"You haven't even named the old ones," I said.

"Give me time. Galileo named them. Io."

"That's a start."

"The moons of Jupiter were the first heavenly bodies discovered with the telescope." He said this gravely, as if he could see the sentence in an old book. "It wasn't Galileo named them, either; it was some German. Io, Europa, Ganymede, Callisto. There you are."

"Yes."

"Io and Europa, they were girlfriends of Jupiter's, weren't they? Ganymede was a boy. A shepherd? I don't know who Callisto was."

"I think she was a girlfriend, too," I said. "Jupiter's wife—Jove's wife—changed her into a bear and stuck her up in the sky. Great Bear and Little Bear. Little Bear was her baby."

The loudspeaker said that it was time for visitors to go.

"I'll see you when you come out of the anesthetic," I said.

"Yes."

When I was at the door, he called to me, "Ganymede wasn't any shepherd. He was Jove's cupbearer."

WHEN I left the planetarium that afternoon, I had walked through the museum to the Chinese garden. I saw the stone camels again, the warriors, the tomb. I sat on a bench looking toward Bloor Street. Through the evergreen bushes and the high grilled iron fence I watched people going by in the late-afternoon sunlight. The planetarium show had done what I wanted it to after all—calmed me down, drained me. I saw a girl who reminded me of Nichola. She wore a trenchcoat and carried a bag of groceries. She was shorter than Nichola—not really much like her at all—but I thought that I might see Nichola. She would be walking along some street maybe not far from here—burdened, preoccupied, alone. She was one of the grownup people in the world now, one of the shoppers going home.

If I did see her, I might just sit and watch, I decided. I felt like one of those people who have floated up to the ceiling, enjoying a brief death. A relief, while it lasts. My father had chosen and Nichola had chosen. Someday, probably soon, I would hear from her, but it came to the same thing.

I meant to get up and go over to the tomb, to look at the relief carvings, the stone pictures, that go all the way around it. I always mean to look at them and I never do. Not this time, either. It was getting cold out, so I went inside to have coffee and something to eat before I went back to the hospital.

—ALICE MUNRO

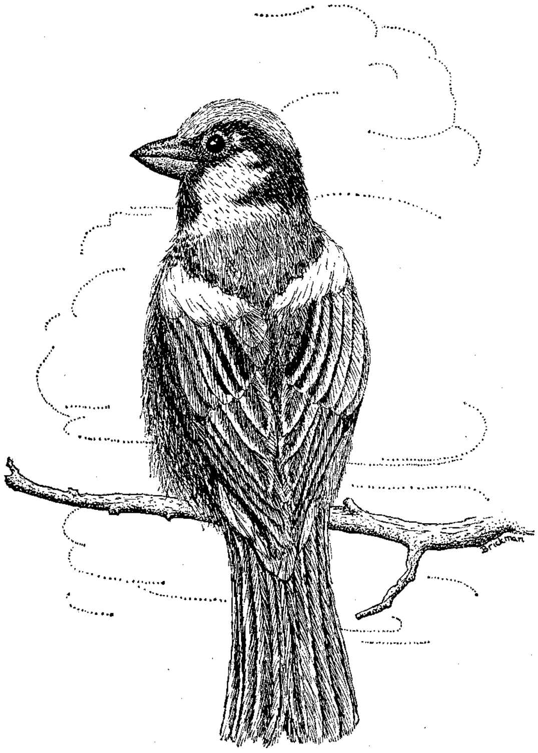
•

Judge Bolgert, who served as master of ceremonies at the retirement dinner at the Grand Executive Inn, observed that in his nine years on the bench he'd never seen a Sheboygan police officer in his court who wasn't well dressed, well prepared and unable to do a good job of presenting his testimony.—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

And nine years is a long time.

PROFILES

IN NUMBERS TOO GREAT TO COUNT



THE house sparrow, in this country almost universally and quite erroneously known as the English sparrow, has, by its own single-minded intention at present and throughout recorded history, linked itself so closely to man as to be justifiably termed a commensal—defined by the dictionary as "an organism, not truly parasitic, which lives in, with, or on, another, partaking usually of the same food." In this role, it has been and continues to be crafty, tenacious, and eminently successful. It probably occupies the most extensive range of any terrestrial wild bird in the world, the only possible exception being the barn owl, that nocturnal and generally unobserved predator. Of the planet's fifty-eight million square miles of land, one-tenth lies in the relatively birdless region of Antarctica. All six of the other continents, however, have an abundance of house sparrows. In fact, zoologists have calculated that the bird is to be found in a quarter of all the inhabitable land in the world. In the Northern Hemisphere, it is found between latitudes six and seventy degrees, and in the Southern, where land is scarcer, between latitudes twelve and fifty-five degrees. It lives at sea level and, just as happily, on the slopes of mountains at heights of up to fifteen thousand feet. In Europe, it is found north of the Arctic Circle, and in this country in deserts where daytime temperatures may exceed a hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. It is, in fact, present in almost every region on earth that is heavily populated by man except for the Japanese archipelago—and ornithologists acquainted with the ingenuity and the past proliferation of the bird feel that it may turn up there in a few more decades.

The bird measures a mere six and a third inches from beak point to tail tip, the male sporting a conspicuous black bib, the female clad demurely in shades of buff and brown. Its scientific name is "*Passer domesticus.*" "*Passer*" is the noun used by Catullus, Cicero, and Pliny for sparrow; "*domesticus*" refers to the bird's habit of living around man's dwellings and his nearby cultivated fields. *Passer domesticus* was introduced into this country around the middle of the last century, and for some years Americans were enchanted with the bird. Eventually, however, its proliferation gave rise to a nationwide tumult whose length and sustained volume exceeded by far those occasioned by, say, the Whiskey Rebellion or our initial landing on the moon. A generation after the sparrow's arrival, a sober scientist, writing from ample proof at the behest of Congress in a document that came to be known as the Barrows report, said that never before had a country been so thoroughly and adversely affected by one bird.

Members and directors of the Brooklyn Institute (now the Brooklyn Institute of Arts & Sciences) were responsible for the sparrow's arrival. On the basis of the testimony of the Honorable Nicholas Pike—one of the Institute's directors—which appeared in the Barrows report, official records of ornithology for nearly a century placed the sparrow's arrival in the year 1850. Now, however, a newly discovered unpublished history of the Institute seems to indicate a somewhat earlier date. Included in that history is the following statement, given in Brooklyn on April 30, 1918, by David Salmon Skinner, D.D.S.:

> My Father, Dr. Salmon Skinner, was born in Coeymans, N.Y., March 6th, 1818. He became a leading dentist in Brooklyn, having an office before 1845 at 57 Hicks St. and after 1845 at the corner of Montague Place (now Street) and Henry Street. He was an early member of the Brooklyn Institute. His membership ticket of about 1844 was given by me a few years ago to Professor Franklin W. Hooper for preservation by the Institute....
>
> In 1848 he was visited professionally by an old Sea Captain from England who as he took the Chair found some of the so-called measuring worms (then a pest in the City) on his clothing. He remarked that such a thing could not occur in London as the English sparrows would exterminate them. Dr. Skinner became interested and offered to defray the expenses if the Captain would bring over a lot of the sparrows on his return trip, which he did, bringing one hundred or more.
>
> They came in a large crate which was carried directly to Dr. Skinner's house at the corner of Montague and Henry Streets where half of them were liberated. Then Dr. Skinner and the Captain took the remainder in the crate over to the then vacant area which is now Madison Square in the Borough of Manhattan, N.Y., and there set them free.

Since measuring worms appear in the spring, and since in the mid-nineteenth century a vessel's round trip between New York and London took about a month, the chances are better than even that the sparrows arrived before the end of 1848. Presumably, however, they did not survive. Neither did the sparrows, hitherto believed to have been the first, that came in 1850. They, too, were introduced in an attempt to control measuring worms and other troublesome city insects. Nicholas Pike gave this version of the admission of the species:

> It was not till 1850 that the first eight pairs were brought from England to the Brooklyn Institute.... We built a large cage for them, and cared for them during the winter months. Early in the spring of 1851 they were liberated, but they did not thrive.
>
> In 1852 a committee of members of the Institute was chosen for the re-introduction of these birds, of which I was chairman.
>
> Over $200 was subscribed for expenses. I went to England in 1852, on my way to the consul-generalship of Portugal. On my arrival in Liverpool I gave the order for a large lot of Sparrows and song birds to be purchased at once. They were shipped on board the steam-ship *Europa*, if I am not mistaken, in charge of an officer of the ship. Fifty Sparrows were let loose at the Narrows, according to instructions, and the rest on arrival were placed in the tower of Greenwood Cemetery chapel. They did not do well, so were removed to the house of Mr. John Hooper, one of the committee, who of-

> fered to take care of them during the winter.
>
> In the spring of 1853 they were all let loose in the grounds of Greenwood Cemetery, and a man hired to watch them. They did well and multiplied, and I have original notes taken from time to time of their increase and colonization over our great country.

To the end of his life, more than fifty years after the house sparrow took hold here, Pike, who had scientific knowledge in several fields, continued to observe its progress, and he remained to the last a firm believer in the bird's value to man, especially as a destroyer of insect pests. He was not alone in this opinion.

Elias Lewis, Jr., in a paper read before the Natural History Section of the Long Island Historical Society, on September 26, 1872, gave a vivid account of a middle-of-the-century caterpillar plague in Brooklyn and its eventual remedy: "Previous to the introduction of sparrows in Brooklyn the foliage of several species of trees was annually destroyed in June by an obnoxious and offensive worm or caterpillar, *Ennomos subsignaria*, and . . . on account of their hanging by webs from the branches and falling in great numbers upon the pavements, some streets having rows of beautiful shade trees were made almost impassable for pedestrians." The mischief was "speedily checked and is now entirely removed by the introduction of the sparrows," Lewis continued. "They are the chief and probably the only means by which the nuisance has abated." The abatement resulted, he said, from the birds' "use of the eggs, the young larvae, and the moths of the inchworm measuring worm as food for their young."

Apparently encouraged by the belief that the birds were nonpareil bug destroyers, people in other parts of the country soon followed Brooklyn's lead. In 1854, only a year after the successful Brooklyn importation, Portland, Maine, received its first shipment of sparrows. Around 1858, a number of pairs were brought to Peace Dale, Rhode Island. Two years later, twelve birds were set free in Manhattan—again in Madison Square. In 1864, others were loosed in Central Park, which was then not entirely finished, and two years after this a major contingent of two hundred was released down in Union Park. Word came from the city of Quebec in 1864 that house sparrows were comfortably in residence there, and in the following decade it was reported that the birds had settled successfully in Halifax, Nova Scotia; in Hamilton, Oshawa, Ottawa, Strathroy, and Toronto, Ontario; and in Montreal, Quebec.

In 1867, forty pairs of house sparrows were brought to New Haven, Connecticut, and others were taken to Galveston, Texas. A year later, twenty were released on the Boston Common and another twenty freed a mile or two away in Charlestown, Massachusetts. In 1869, officials of the city of Philadelphia, hoping to make wholesale inroads into the objectionable local inchworms, brought in no fewer than a thousand of the birds. That year, too, twenty pairs of sparrows came from Europe to Cleveland, and sixty-six pairs went from New York City to Cincinnati, whose German residents were particularly happy to meet again a bird so common in their homeland. In the next several years, house sparrows were brought by ship to San Francisco and by unrecorded means to various points in Michigan, Wisconsin, and the territory of Utah. Everywhere, the birds were warmly welcomed. People provided nesting boxes by the thousands, and food by the barrel, and wanted to make the bird a legally protected species. It was a joyous time for the house sparrow.

To add to the favorable impression it had made, the importation of *Passer domesticus* by the town fathers of Philadelphia did indeed eliminate inchworms in that city. In 1874, five years after the birds' arrival, Dr. John L. LeConte, a Philadelphian, published this statement in the Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science: "In Philadelphia, and probably in other cities, the Geometride (*Ennomos subsignaria*), which was very injurious to the shade trees growing in the streets, has been exterminated by the European Sparrows, introduced for that purpose." Dr. LeConte continued, however, "With the disappearance of the Geometride, a Noctuide (*Orgyia leucostigma*) commenced to increase, and has now in some streets become almost as great a nuisance as the *Ennomos* had been. The larvae of the *Orgyia*, whether protected by some disagreeable odor, or more probably by the stiff hairs with which they are covered, are not eaten by the Sparrows, and therefore increase without molestation." This was a matter that was to surface again, years later, to the sparrows' discredit.

It was not only officials of local government who brought in the birds. Many were imported by interested citi-

"Oh, nonsense—hundreds of people have exhausted their grants and gone on to live happy, productive lives."

zens. In the middle-to-late decades of the nineteenth century, recent European immigrants—particularly those from Great Britain and Germany—missed the birds they were accustomed to seeing, and sought to have them around once again. And members of older-established families, conscious that house sparrows were an exotic novelty, considered them a status symbol. Elements of both groups joined so-called acclimatization societies that were formed around the country during this period. Altogether, the organizations imported more than thirty species of European birds, which were carefully watched, protected, and fed. None except the house sparrow, the European tree sparrow (a close relative), and the starling survived, however.

In New York City, some of the social élite went out of their way to welcome the house sparrow. Around Madison Square, in the eighteen-sixties, lived a number of cousins and brothers named Schieffelin, members of a family that owned a prosperous drug business which has since become a wine-and-spirits concern, but which still carries on under the family name. In 1864, the year that sparrows were introduced to Central Park, one of the Schieffelins, not to be outdone by the uptown importation, brought more sparrows into Madison Square to join those already introduced there four years earlier. On and off, to the end of his life some years later, he continued to release new batches in the square. Another sparrow fancier was the patrician lawyer George Templeton Strong. Then a political, religious, and artistic leader in the life of the city, and a trustee of Columbia University, he is best remembered today for the diaries he kept from 1835 until his death, forty years later. They are a mine of information about the moods and local doings of those times, touching on everything from such trivial matters as the food at Delmonico's, the town's best restaurant, to such weighty ones as the treatment of Civil War wounded in the field. Strong lived in a mansion, now demolished, at the northwest corner of Gramercy Park, and took great pleasure in watching the antics of the sparrows that had spread to the park's trees and shrubbery from other parts of the city. An 1870 entry in his diary says, "I feed our dear little Gramercy Park sparrows every afternoon now from the library windows."

But perhaps the best illustration of enthusiastic upper-class championing of the birds is provided by Arthur Cleveland Bent, in a chapter about the sparrow in U. S. National Museum Bulletin No. 211, published in 1958. Bent recalled that when he was a small boy, in the late eighteen-sixties or early seventies, his uncle brought the first house sparrows into Taunton, Massachusetts, where the gentleman lived in some affluence. He constructed in his garden a large flying cage, roofed over at the top and draped with netting on the four sides. The interior was fitted out with perches, nesting boxes, and well-filled food trays. In these plush circumstances, the occupants soon

EAST FINCHLEY

Evening. A bulky body moves quietly along a narrow
walk, with brush-cut hedges and rows of fuchsias
and geraniums, like a dreadnought on a country canal.
His right jacket sleeve, heavily chalk-dusted, betrays
the way he makes his living, as does his very voice:
"You can get away with watering roses and gladioli
somewhat less than dahlias or hyacinths—once or
twice a week." And he quotes me figures from
"The Amateur Gardener's Handbook"
and a line from Vergil. The ground swallows the water
with unexpected haste, and he hides his eyes. In the living room,
sparely furnished, deliberately bare,
his wife—he's been married twice—as befits wives,
lays out, humming, John Galsworthy's favorite patience,
"Spider." On the wall a watercolor: in a river
a bridge is reflected, who knows where.

Anyone living on an island is aware that sooner
or later all this ends: the water in the tap
ceases to be fresh, tastes salty; the foot,
crunching through the gravel and straw, senses
a sudden chill inside the toe end of the boot.
In music there's that place when the record
starts to spin against the moving needle.
On the mantelpiece a stuffed quail looms
that once relied on an infinity of forest,
a vase with a sprig of silver birch,
and a postcard of an Algerian bazaar: heaps
of multicolored stuffs, bronze vessels,
camels somewhere at the back—or is it hills?—
men in turbans. Not like us.
An allegory of memory, embodied in a hard
pencil poised in the air above the crossword.
A house, on a deserted street laid out on a slope,
in whose identical windows the setting sun
reflects as if on those of an express train
heading for an eternity where wheels are not required.
The sweet bedroom (a doll between the pillows)
where she has her "nightmares." The kitchen,
where the gas stove's humming chrysanthemum gives out
the smell of tea. And the outlines of the body
sink into an armchair the way sediment settles in liquid.
Amid the absurdity, horror, ennui of life,
beyond the windows stand the flowers, like tiny
apparel somehow inside out—a rose, symbol
of infinity with its clustered eights,
a dahlia's wheel, spinning between its bamboo bars
like Boccioni's dishevelled locomotive,
fuchsia dancers, and, not yet fully open,
irises. Floating in peace, a world
where no one asks, "What's that? What did you say?
Would you repeat that?"—for here the echo
sends the word back unfailingly to the ear
even from as far as the Chinese Wall. Because you
uttered just one word: "flowers."

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Alan Myers.*)

• •

"EXPLOSIVE"...
N.Y. TIMES
"DYNAMITE"...
THE POST
"A REAL BLAST"...
NEWSWEEK
"WILL KNOCK YOU OFF YOUR SEAT"...
TIME

began to breed. Because of the overcrowding that ensued, the owner ordered his coachman to install numerous additional nesting boxes around his property and to turn the sparrows loose. They were soon occupying these boxes, too, and reached a sizable population. At this point, the cats of the neighborhood moved in. They were seen to catch one or two of the young sparrows. This so infuriated the householder that one morning he ordered his coachman to kill every cat in the vicinity. In the evening, when the gentleman drove his trap into the stable, he found his coachman standing over the bodies of nine cats laid out on the floor.

ALAS for *Passer domesticus!* The halcyon days were numbered. By the middle of the eighteen-eighties, the general attitude toward it had altered drastically. Most citizens, both rural and urban, had come to think of the sparrow as a national calamity, and were loudly demanding that it be eliminated as quickly and ruthlessly as any inchworm. In some places, such as Michigan, sparrow bounties were introduced. The fact is that this reaction should have been easily foreseen. In England, its earlier home, the sparrow's deplorable habits were well known. A nurseryman and fruit grower of Centralia, Illinois, who had travelled in Britain, wrote, "I found that intelligent agriculturists and horticulturists everywhere I went were astonished that the American people should have introduced so destructive and worthless a bird into their country. One gentleman in the county of Norfolk said that in that county they had been spending money to destroy Sparrows for fifty years, and still had to spend money." Anti-sparrow organizations existed in England as early as 1744. Almost every parish supported one or more of them, which paid for the destruction of sparrows and their eggs, because the species threatened crops.

But by the mid-eighteen-eighties it was a little late for a change of heart. The sparrow had enlarged its range enormously, in an expansion that has rarely been equalled by any bird in history. During the third quarter of the nineteenth century, while the early arrivals were being pinpointed at various sites around the country, the area that the sparrows inhabited increased very slowly. Between 1870 and 1875, they invaded only five hundred square miles of new territory. By 1880, this figure had increased, thirtyfold, to 15,640 square miles, and by 1885 that new figure had itself increased thirtyfold, and the birds had taken over 500,760 square miles of new territory. And just one year later they occupied a range of eight hundred and eighty-five thousand square miles in this country and nearly a hundred and forty-eight thousand square miles in Canada—a total of more than a million square miles of the North American continent.

Even more impressive—and disturbing—than the sparrow's territorial conquests was its staggering fecundity. Wherever it went, it filled the whole territory with members of its kind. A recent example may give an idea of the bird's success as a breeder. In December a few decades back, a pair of birds took nesting materials into a bird box in Utah and mated. By the first of January, the nest contained five naked, newly hatched young. At the time, the temperature was near zero Fahrenheit. It descended to minus fourteen degrees in the period before the young left the nest. During the first eighteen days following the hatching, one or both adults almost constantly covered the young. (During the night, both parents stayed in the box.) Probably because of the wintry circumstances, the young were practically full grown before they left the nest and began to fly. One of them, shot in February for scientific examination, was found to be fat and in perfect physical shape. Normally, young sparrows are fed on animal matter, chiefly insect material. Very little of that, if any, could have been available in Utah in midwinter, so other food must have been provided. Yet the young prospered. Small wonder that a bird with such extraordinary procreational drive was able to populate the land in businesslike fashion as it advanced.

Man himself unwittingly contributed a great deal to the bird's spread by making a sudden technological break-

Welcome
National
Association
Hello
STEVENSON

"That's E. W. Feesley. He's got all the moves."

• •

through in farm machinery. Only a few years before the sparrows came, agricultural life had not changed much since the days of Piers Plowman. Oxen pulled a plow, grain was cut with a scythe, threshing was done on the floor of the barn by a man wielding a flail. In 1831, however, Cyrus McCormick invented a practical reaping machine—an achievement that touched off a boom in the production of other mechanized agricultural aids. New plows and harrows, for use by the horse rather than the slow ox, were developed. And in 1834 a really successful thresher—one that far outdistanced earlier models—was constructed by John and Hiram Pitts, of Winthrop, Maine. Together, these machines put an end to the time-consuming practices of cutting and threshing by hand. Now large tracts of land could be farmed by a single family. The period of peace that followed the Civil War threw open the huge virgin territories of the West. The farmer, with his new machinery, moved into them. So, in short order, did the house sparrow.

The public outcry against the birds caused Congress to direct the Department of Agriculture in 1886 to look into the effect that all wildlife, and especially the house sparrow, had on the nation's economy. In 1885, the Department had formed a new branch, the Division of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy. More than five thousand questionnaires, containing sixteen queries, were sent out to people in every settled region of the country. Farmers and naturalists were prominent among these, and so were postmasters, who were considered likely to know the sparrow situation in their areas. Requests for information were also published in numerous agricultural and scientific publications and in newspapers throughout the country. The objectives were to get not only an account of the sparrows' activities but knowledge of where the birds were and what the population density was. Counting statements from all sources, thirty-three hundred persons replied. (In addition, about a hundred and ten had responded to a circular on the sparrow sent out in 1883 by the American Ornithologists' Union.) The data were arranged and forwarded to the Agriculture Department by Dr. F. H. Hoadley, who had volunteered his help.

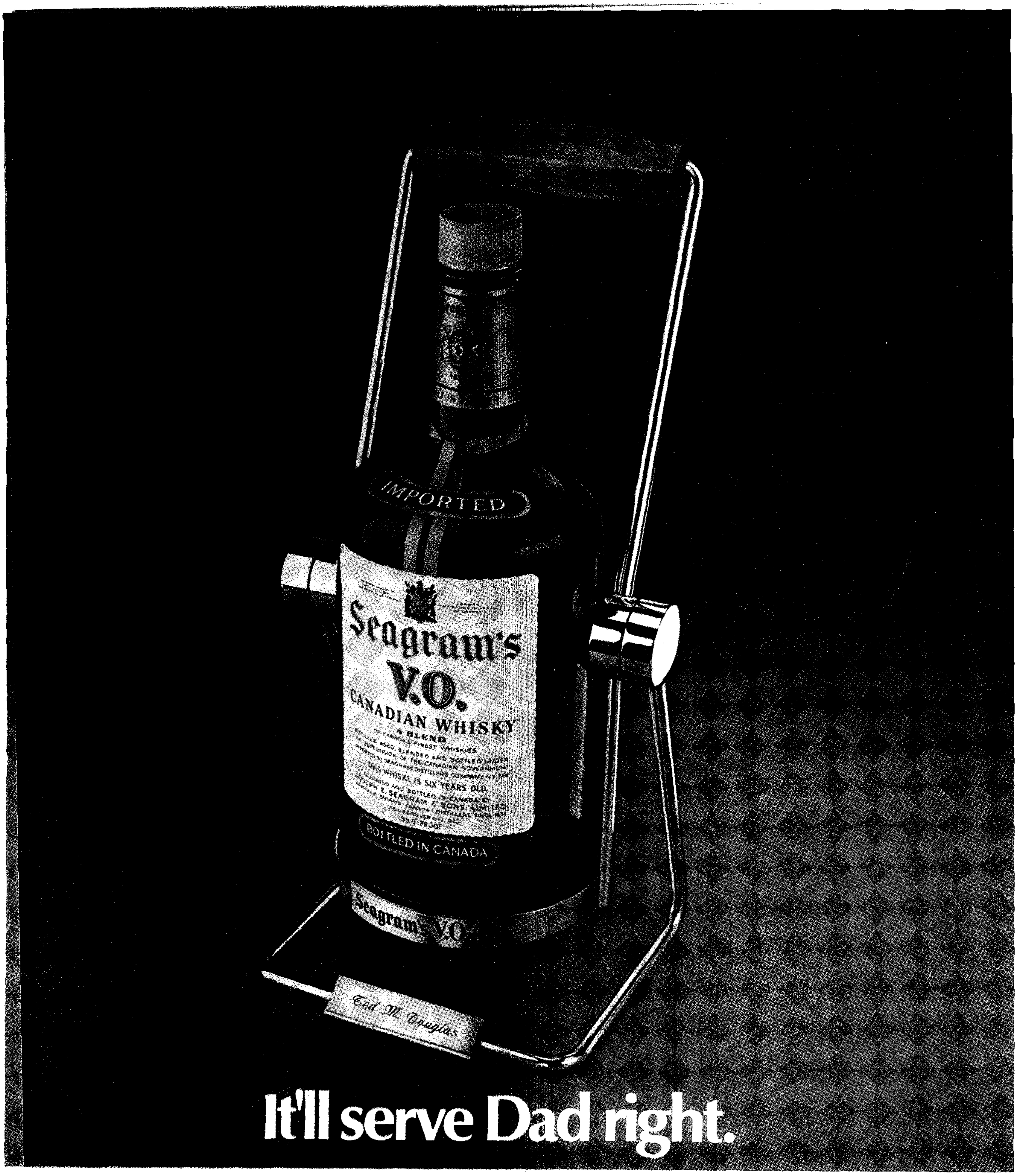
Over the next two years, a report was prepared. On April 14, 1888, it was submitted by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, ornithologist of the Department, under whose direction the investigation had taken place, to the head of the Department, the Honorable Norman J. Colman, whose title then was Commissioner of Agriculture. (Less than a year later, on February 9, 1889, Colman became our first Secretary of Agriculture, when the Department, formed twenty-seven years earlier, was advanced to Cabinet rank—promotions that in all likelihood were in no wise hindered by the impact of the voluminous sparrow report, which had meanwhile been circulating at high government levels.)

The report was published by the Government Printing Office, in Washington, D.C., as Bulletin No. 1 of the Division of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy, the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Its principal author was Walter B. Barrows, assistant ornithologist of the Department, after whom the work is generally called. The title page read:

THE
ENGLISH SPARROW
(PASSER DOMESTICUS)
IN NORTH AMERICA

ESPECIALLY IN ITS RELATIONS TO
AGRICULTURE

The document ran to four hundred and five printed pages, and Dr. Merriam wrote in a Prefatory Letter that the work "is believed to be the most systematic, comprehensive, and important treatise ever published upon the economic relations of any bird"—a claim that may well be valid to this day. The use of the bird's incorrect common name "English sparrow" was not an ornithological blunder. Barrows stated in a footnote: "The true name of this bird is the 'House Sparrow.' The name 'English Sparrow' is a misnomer, as the species is not confined to England, but is native to nearly the whole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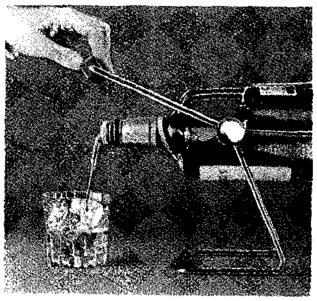

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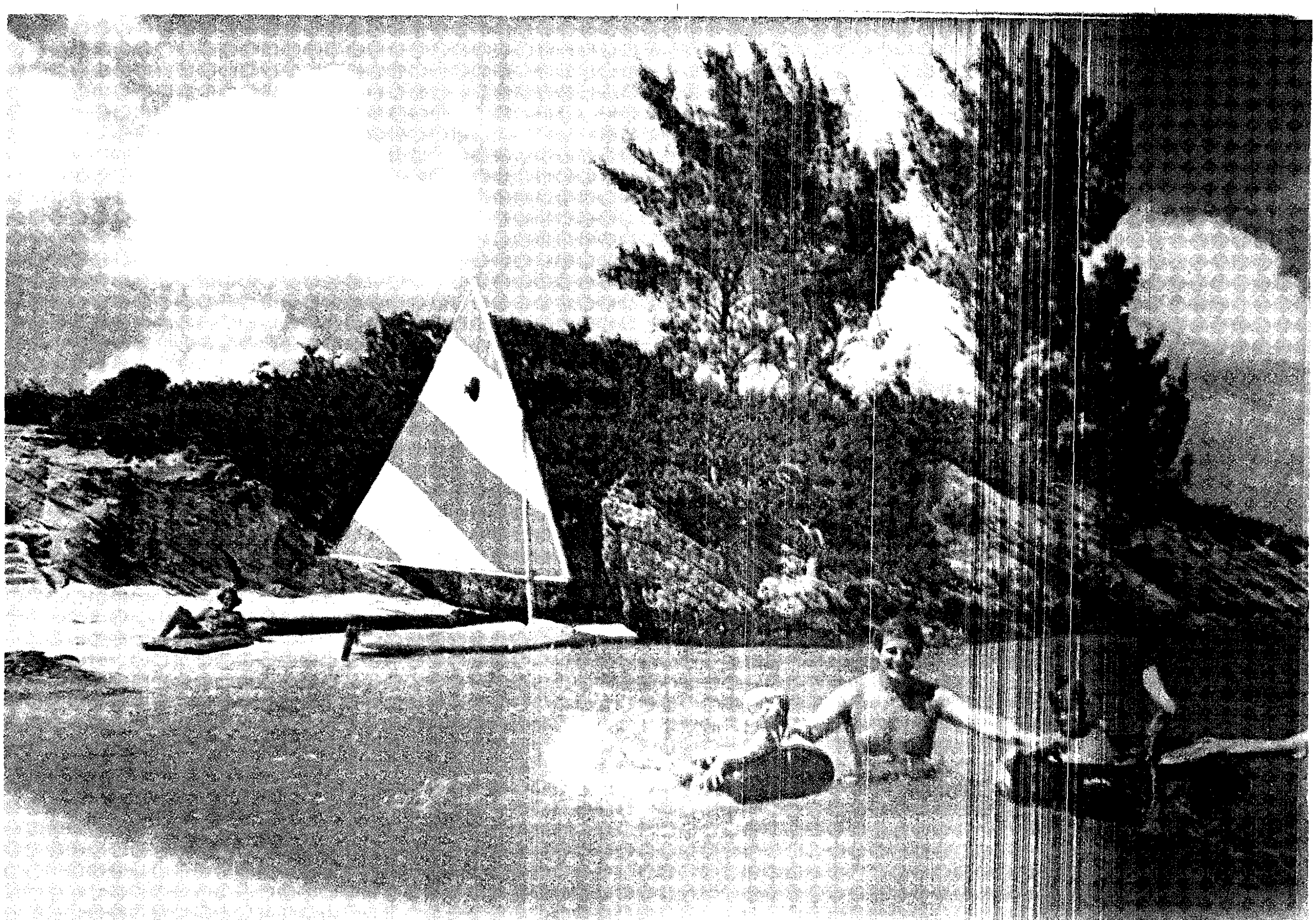

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Doug and Gail Coupe on the Coupes' fourth visit to Bermuda.

"We visited the old print shop on Featherbed Alley in St. George's. It's a town that gives you a feeling of history. Of things past."

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of Europe. The fact that most of the birds brought to America came from England explains the origin of the misleading name by which it is now so widely known that any attempt to change it would be futile." This opinion is shared in part by the editors of many modern guides, which list both names in their indexes.

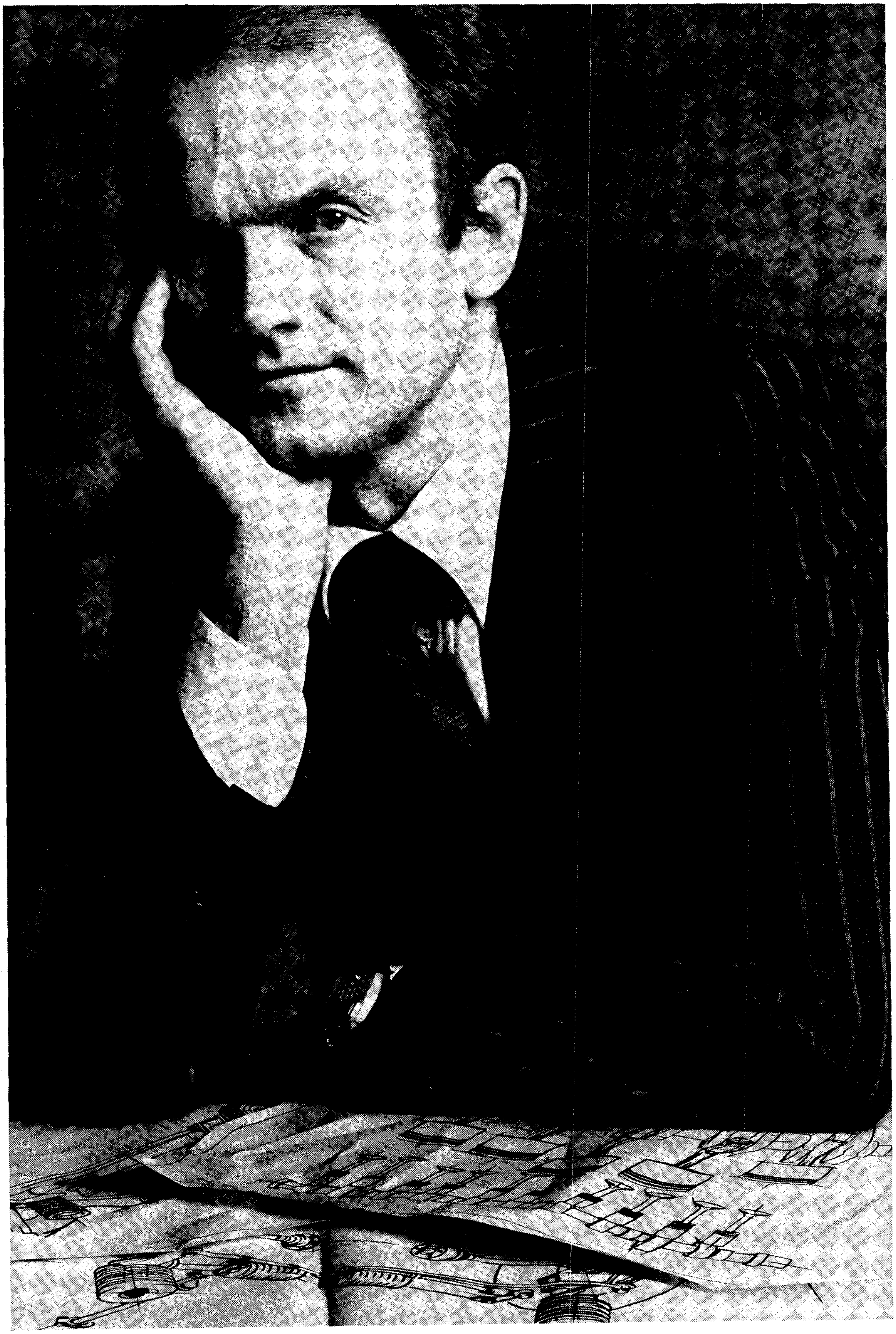
Barrows said he believed that the deductions drawn at the conclusion of the report were the result of conscientious weighing of the whole body of acquired facts, which had themselves been put down "with perfect fairness to all sides of the question." However that may be, the conclusions reached told heavily against the house sparrow. Convinced by the data before him that the bird was a major evil, Barrows expressed the hope that the information and recommendations of the report would finally lead to "the extermination of the European House Sparrow in America."

Rural inhabitants were concerned largely with the sparrow's effect on their crops, and also with its effect on both beneficial and harmful insects. City people were interested in the insect question, too, but their other principal concern was, instead of crops, damage to ornamental flora of all kinds, the soilage of buildings and other city objects, noise, and the strenuous mating habits of the species. Of the last, Arthur Cleveland Bent quotes one of his correspondents: "The incredible English sparrow is the best illustration of *furor amatorius*. The male suffers from satyriasis, the female from nymphomania." This sort of thing, publicly exhibited for much of the year by the droves of birds living in cities at the end of the eighteen-eighties, must have been an unbearable affront to the world of Victorian manners. Both rural and urban respondents were worried about the sparrow's impact on native birds. Indeed, well before the issuance of the report, this consideration had caused Bent's hot-tempered uncle in Taunton, who had vented his wrath on the neighborhood cats, to change his mind abruptly. Before he acquired the sparrows, many of the nesting boxes on his property had been intended for martins, swallows, and wrens. However, the new arrivals soon occupied not only their own boxes but those of the other birds as well, driving the tenants away unceremoniously. When the gentleman realized this, he flew into another rage, and ordered the elimination of the sparrows forthwith. The method employed was efficient. His coachman dug a trench, filled it with food, and fired raking volleys of birdshot into the sparrows that came to dinner. Eventually, he finished off the sparrows on the property. But the martins, swallows, and wrens never returned.

House Sparrows are by nature granivorous birds. The stomach contents of twenty-five hundred sparrows were examined in the Barrows report. Much of this study was carried out by Professor C. V. Riley, the Agriculture Department entomologist, for its aim was to determine whether the sparrows' stomachs contained insect material and, if so, what kind. A truer picture of the sparrow's food was obtained from the examination of the stomachs of nearly five thousand adult sparrows in a survey carried out forty years ago—also by the Department of Agriculture. It showed grain and seed—chicken feed, oats, wheat, corn, other grains, and grass and weed seeds—to constitute ninety-six and a half per cent of the year-round diet of the adult sparrow. Insects, most of them injurious to man, constituted a little more than three per cent. Miscellaneous vegetable matter made up the rest. The heavy grain consumption found in this survey had been abundantly foreshadowed, however, in personal observations, highly tinged with outrage, by the Barrows-report contributors. Many of these included references to the sparrow's arrogance while feeding. Instead of hiding in the center of fields, as blackbirds, ricebirds, and other grain damagers did, it fluttered fearlessly from stalk to stalk along the edges. (In doing so, it lived up to its name: "sparrow" comes into English from the Old High German noun "*Sparo*," which means "flutterer.")

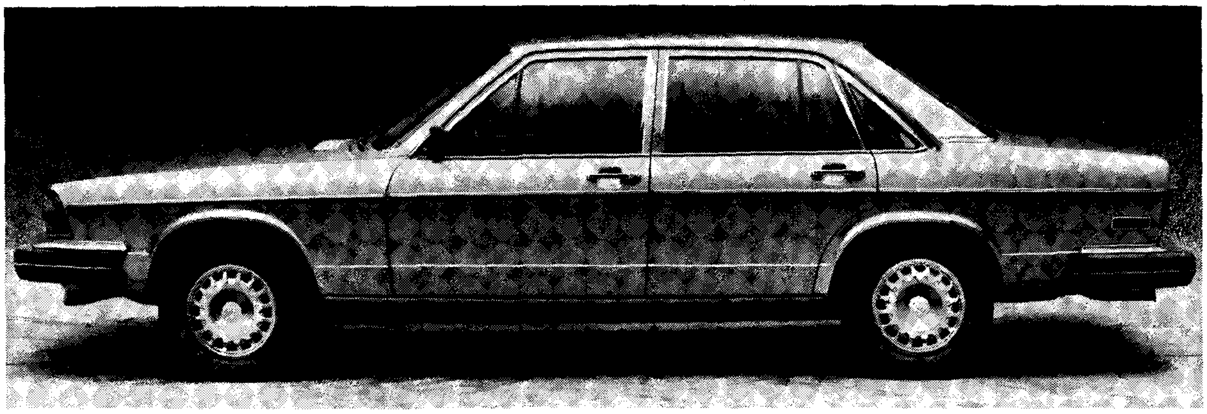
Of a total of seven hundred and fifty answers received by Barrows on the question of damage to grain crops, five hundred and sixty-two were unfavorable to the sparrow. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, field corn, sorghum, rice, and buckwheat were the cereals considered. In the matter of wheat, the report stated that the birds attacked it from the time of sowing until its storage in barn or elevator—and even then they seemed somehow able to get to it and gobble it. A typical complaint came from Dr. A. P. Sharp, of Baltimore: "Being here the year round they destroy the fall sowing of wheat and other grain, and are at work on the young grain in the spring. I have killed them in the fall up to December, and have seldom failed to find their craws full of wheat, showing that they must destroy much of the seed wheat, for I can think of no other way of getting it. I have often seen at least fifty on a shock of wheat, as they go in flocks when the young are about three-fourths grown." Dr. Sharp was evidently ignorant of the sparrow's ability to find stored wheat, but it did not escape the attention of H. H. Miller and other members of the County Farmers' Club of Sandy Spring, Maryland. There were, however, a number of reports that readily corroborated Dr. Sharp's statement about the bird's scratching up and eating seed planted in the ground. For example, Dr. George L. Andrew, of La Porte, Indiana, wrote, "It has already become a pest to the grain fields in the immediate vicinity of towns. During the last wheat harvest I rode over the country around Hamilton, Ohio, and by carriage to Cincinnati, and all the fields observed had suffered for a rod or two around the edges, in many

ACTUAL SIZE



"I USED TO DESIGN RACING CARS. BUT THE AUDI 5000 WAS A BIGGER CHALLENGE."

AN INTERVIEW WITH FERDINAND PIËCH, AUDI 5000 PROJECT DIRECTOR



Sir, how long did you design racing cars?

Piëch: Ten years in all. I brought six cars from the drawing board to the race track and all six went on to win world championships. It was all very exciting.

And you say designing a passenger car was more of a challenge?

Piëch: It was for me. A racing car can be designed to last for a few races only. But a passenger car obviously has to be designed to do much more and to last much longer. In addition to excellent performance and handling I had to consider things like room, comfort and price.

What about the price?

Piëch: I was determined from the beginning to prove that a large German luxury sedan could be produced for under $9,000.*

Well, you succeeded with price, but did that mean you had to compromise a lot?

Piëch: No. I don't think so. It was a question of eliminating unnecessary things. The greatest example of that is our five-cylinder engine. Five cylinders, because a four was too small for the weight of the car, and a six was too extreme. Designing the perfect engine for the vehicle can hardly be called making a compromise.

Your racing background? Did it come in handy?

Piëch: Yes, yes. Very much so. The way the Audi 5000 handles, for instance. The ride is not in the least bit mushy. Our suspension, our rack-and-pinion steering and our weight distribution have a lot to do with that. Which is why we suggest that people pick a rainy or snowy day to take a test drive. This car is at its best when the weather is at its worst.

Is it possible to build a car with a soft, mushy ride, and still retain great responsive handling?

Piëch: No, not at all. They are exactly opposite. Some people feel that a soft, mushy ride is luxurious. We, the engineers at Audi, do not. We think it's tiring because you seem to be correcting the car's handling so often. We believe that a truly luxurious car is one that does what you want it to do when you want it to do it. That's why we engineered the Audi 5000 to be so precise and responsive.

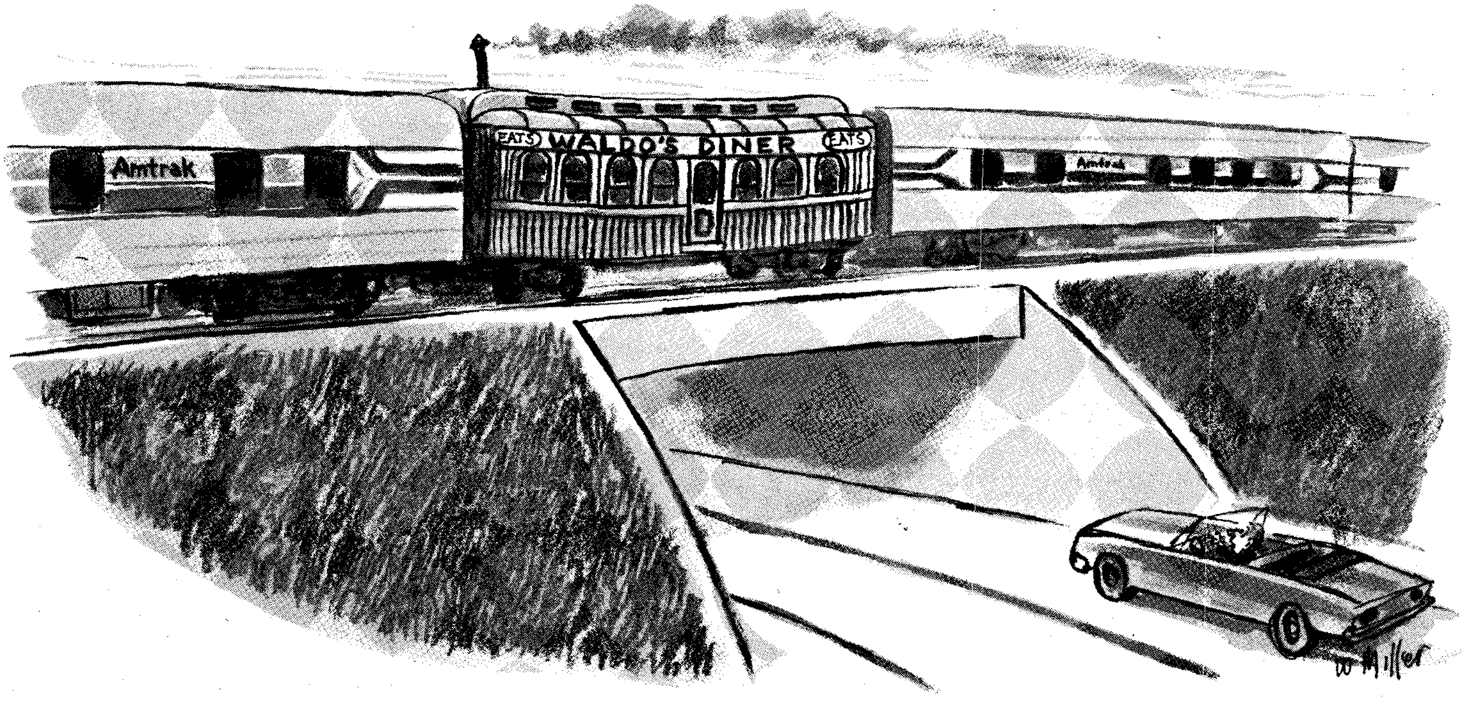
What do you think of American cars?

Piëch: Like everything else, there are good things and bad things. The good things we tried to incorporate in the Audi 5000. More comfort. More room. To be quiet. To give it cruise control as standard equipment. And you can order a powerful, American type air conditioning system for your places like Florida.

Quickly, what would you say to convince Americans to buy an Audi 5000?

Piëch: I would say they can now buy a European car that was designed with American needs in mind. What we have tried to build is the one car that's the best of both worlds. I hope that doesn't sound, ah, what do you say...corny?

*Suggested 1978 retail price under $9,000 P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional. Come test-drive the Audi 5000 at your local Porsche+Audi dealer.



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cases the grain having been 'cleaned out' entirely."

With the other grains, the story was much the same. J. N. Bagg, of West Springfield, Massachusetts, writing in September, 1886, said, "It strips down green corn in the fields, sometimes one-third or more the length of the ear, and is doing so now." And Dr. Fred Sumner Smith, of West Hartford, Connecticut, wrote, "I can speak from observation of their raids on corn, some ears being completely stripped of kernels, the little pests husking and shelling as they went along, so that not a shock in the field escaped them."

Among the forty-two responses called "favorable" were some that came from areas where the sparrow congestion, in all probability, had not yet become as great as it was farther east. John Allan Terrell, of Bloomfield, Nelson County, Kentucky, wrote, "It does not injure grain more than other birds." And Howard Kingsbury, of Burlington, Iowa, wrote, "All talks with farmers in this section failed to draw out any complaint of injury to grain crops."

While seeds, and particularly those of cereals, are the sparrow's first choice as food, at the time of the Barrows report they were not always available, and the sparrow often had to find substitute fare. A genius in coping with the unexpected, it made the switch with no perceptible strain. The bulk of this non-seed sustenance, the Barrows report found, consisted of other farm crops and, in the city, horticultural tidbits—the buds, blossoms, and foliage of urban flora, and especially of ornamental shrubs and shade trees. Of some fourteen hundred answers from town and country on this particular matter, more than seven hundred complained of the sparrow's appetite for such things.

An ornithologist in Washington, D.C., wrote:

> On the 22nd of February while crossing the grounds of the Department of Agriculture, my attention was attracted by the chattering of a large flock of Sparrows, which had gathered in a clump of shrubs, mainly the Japanese jessamine (*Forsythia viridissima*). There were thirty or more bushes, leafless as yet, but heavy with flower buds, which already began to show the yellow.
>
> The day was sunny and calm, and on walking quietly up among the bushes the Sparrows were found preening themselves and nipping off the flower buds in almost every bush. Some of the birds were giving their entire attention to their feathers, while others were equally devoted to the buds. Beneath many of the bushes the ground was thickly strewn with the green and yellow remnants of buds, and under a few of the bushes, near the center of the group, they lay so thickly as to entirely obscure the ground, while the branches above were completely stripped of buds, except near the tips.

J. Percy Moore, of Philadelphia, had this to say:

> A lady living in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, mentioned to me that she had seen the Sparrow wantonly pull off the leaves of a silver maple growing in front of her house (August 11, 1885).
>
> October 11, 1885, I saw a number of the same species pulling off the leaves of the common locust tree. They seemed to be biting off and eating the fleshy bases of the leaf stems. Large numbers of leaves were thus treated and let fall to the ground.

Addressing the questions of soilage and noise in the cities, Barrows wrote:

> No specific questions as to injury by filth were sent out by the Department, but many observers have contributed notes on the subject, and even the most superficial observer knows what endless annoyance and vexation, to say nothing of serious damage, is occasioned by the soiling of window-casings, cornice-brackets, porches, awnings, and ornamental work of every kind about dwelling-houses, business blocks, and public buildings.
>
> Wherever the Sparrow nests this trouble is observable in greater or less degree, but it is by no means limited to nesting-places. Very slight modifications in architecture will often suffice to prevent the Sparrows from nesting about a building, but it is impossible to keep them from perching and roosting everywhere. Even the plainest and barest brick front is likely to suffer, for wherever a window-cap projects a few inches the Sparrows are sure to rest, and defacement is equally sure to follow. In the city of Washington many of the statues and fountains in the public parks are more or less disfigured by the filth of the Sparrow, and in some cases the defilement is so extensive that the statues become positive eye-sores, the filth being conspicuous even at a distance.

Another problem was the blockage of roof gutters, pipes, and drains. T. J. Martin, of Waynesborough, Virginia, wrote, "During the years 1881 and 1882 I was engaged in the tin trade in Lexington, Virginia, and having considerable roofing and guttering to do, I had a chance to note the damage done

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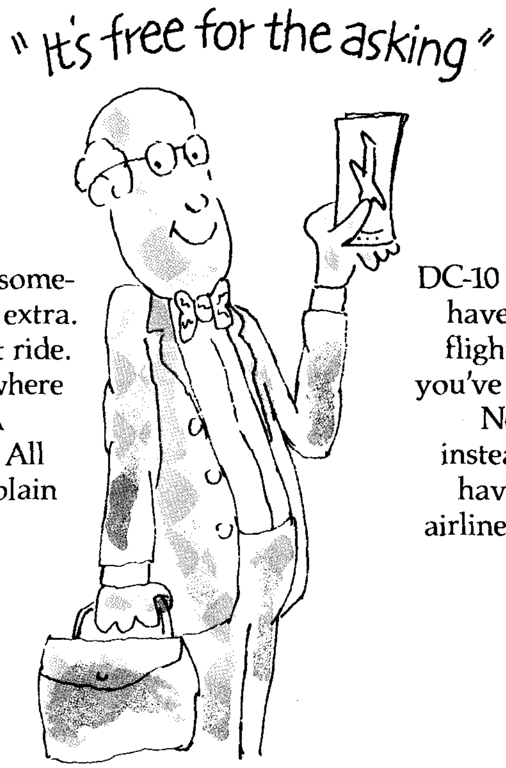
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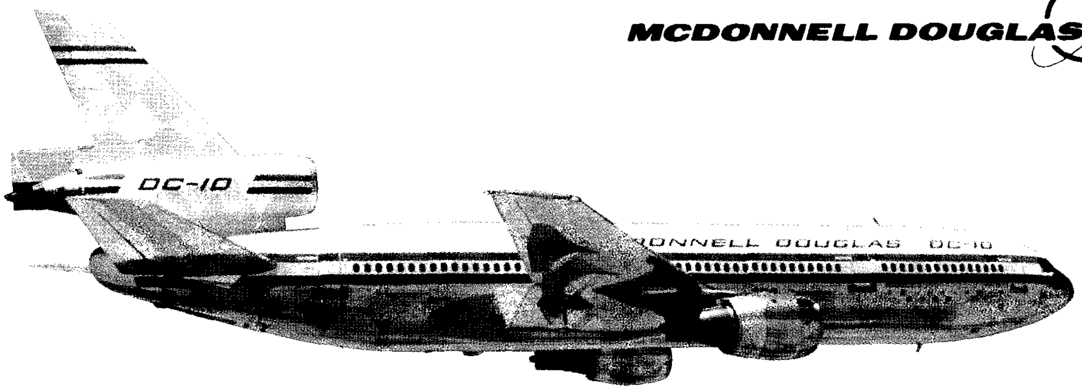

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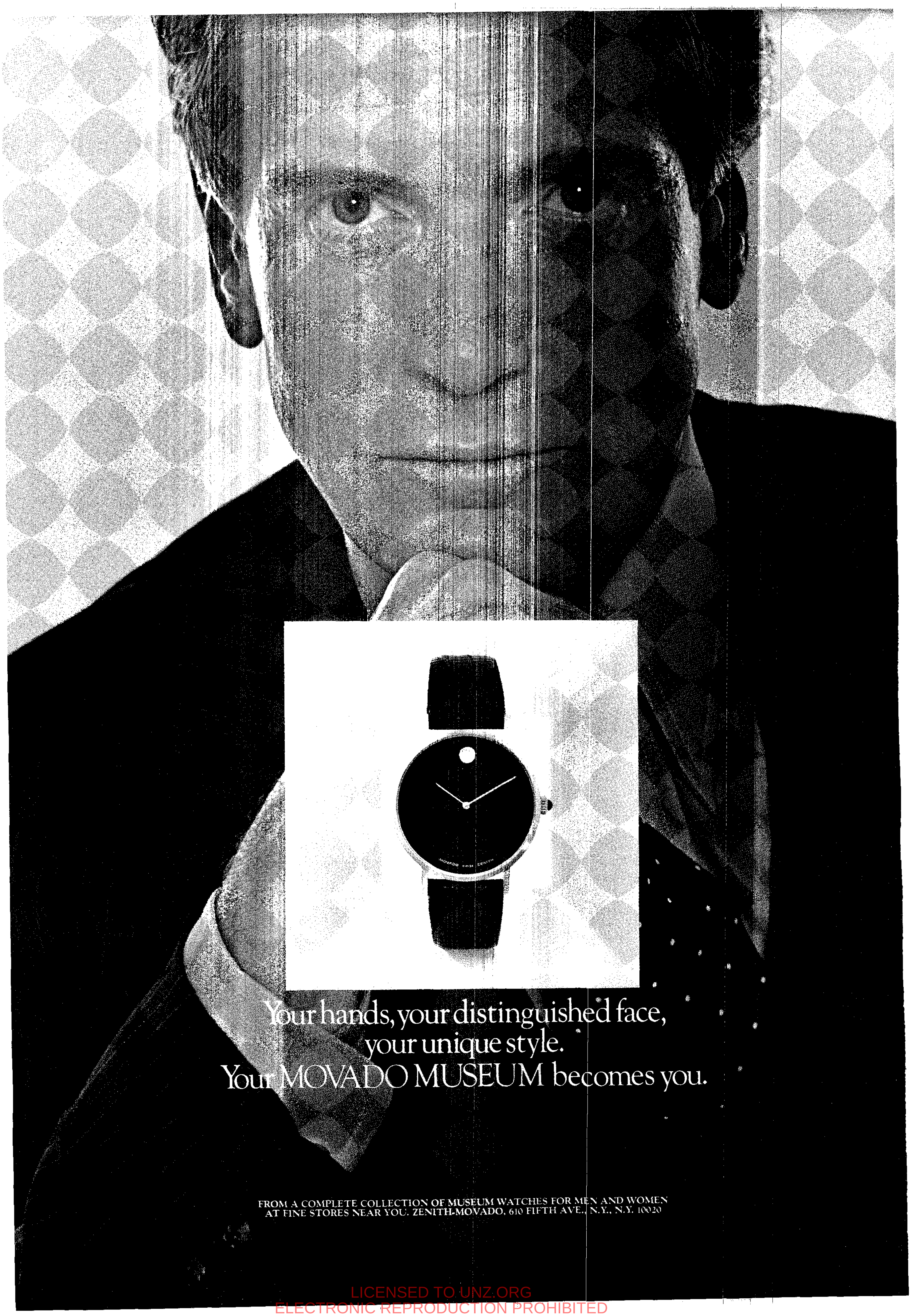
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by the English Sparrow. Formerly it had been the practice to put heads or ornamental crown-pieces to the down spouts. These heads formed convenient places for the Sparrows to build their nests, and they choked them up so completely that water could not pass down the spout at all, or only by slow percolation. In consequence these heads either had to be abandoned or completely covered, so that there was no room for the birds to get in. In some cases the Sparrows would fill the gutter and eave troughs with all manner of trash, seemingly using them for a playground and not for the purposes of nest-building."

H. H. Miller, of Sandy Spring, Maryland, said, "It has become useless to thatch roofs with rye straw here, as the Sparrow wears holes through it, apparently for 'pure devilment.' I know of several roofs that have been destroyed in this way within the last two or three years." R. W. Kear, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, portrayed the bird as a practicing arsonist: "There is a bar-iron mill situated in a neighboring town, 4 miles from here, that has been on fire three or four times, in which the English Sparrow might be called the incendiary. These sparrows pick up old pieces of cotton waste, which they build into their nests among the timbers of the roof of the mill, and in every case of the fires above mentioned these nests were the cause, either from spontaneous combustion or from sparks from the hot iron striking and lodging in the nest."

As for noise, the best indication of what city people had to endure was given in a report to an ornithological journal some years after the publication of Barrows' work. Writing of a great sparrow roost that once "existed in the King's Chapel burying ground in the center of Boston," the author stated, "On a mild pleasant day, when the sun set 5:24 P.M., the roost was studied from the near-by City Hall. The roosting trees seen from above looked as if their limbs had been whitewashed and the ground and grass beneath were similarly affected. The first arrivals appear at 3:45 P.M., about a dozen in all. At 4 the birds are coming singly and in small groups alighting in the trees but frequently changing from place to place, chirping continuously and fighting for positions. . . . At 4:15 P.M. It is now raining birds. I have seen only one alight on a building before entering the roost; they are in too much of a hurry to get there. The trees are a scene of great activity and the noise rises above the roar of the city's streets." The morning awaken-

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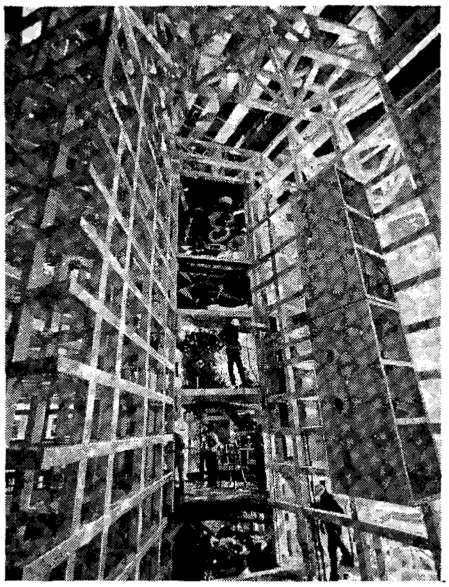

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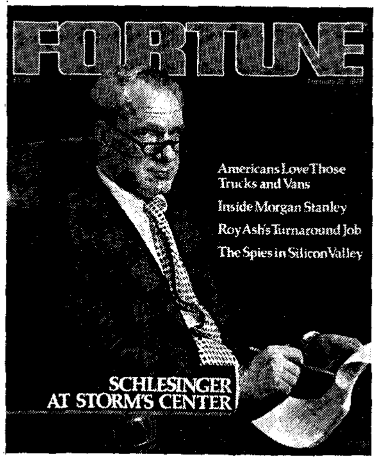
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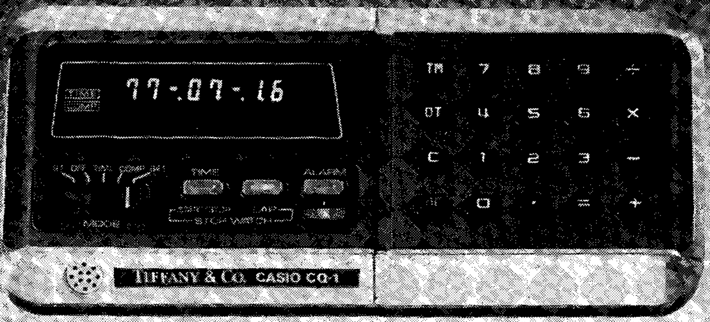
ing began, the writer continued, while the stars were still shining: "The chirping swells into a continuous volume of sound, not the chorus of the spring, but a confused conversational chirping noise as if all were talking at once." This, from shoals of birds "in numbers too great to count," continued for thirty minutes.

GETTING back to rural complaints, the Barrows report stated that, according to replies from four hundred and seventy-two of seven hundred and eighty-eight respondents, the sparrow damaged not only grains but virtually every other farm and garden crop. In the category of fruits, those mentioned were grapes, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, apples, currants, pears, plums, tomatoes, blackberries, peaches, figs, gooseberries, mulberries, wild cherries, and apricots; in the category of vegetables—green, and mostly young—peas just coming up, pea blossoms, green peas from the pod, beans, young lettuce plants or leaves, young plants and leaves of beets, turnips, radishes, and corn, young plants and seed of mustard, spinach, hemp, flax, artichoke, salsify, cauliflower, carrot, parsnip, tobacco, and pepper; and, finally in the category of newly planted seed alone, lettuce, cabbage, flower, and sunflower. Writing with ill-disguised disfavor (somewhat tinged with awe), Barrows remarked that no other undomesticated bird was known ever to touch, much less eat, tomatoes; in the presence of a bird with such a peculiar palate, he felt, the likelihood was that no fruit of any kind could be considered safe.

Better than twenty-five per cent of the complaints about fruit damage came from grape growers. One of the more incriminating arrived from F. S. Platt, seedsman and florist of New Haven, Connecticut: "Last year, when I had a large crop of very fine grapes, I found the Sparrows were destroying nearly all of them. I watched these birds and found that they would pick out a fine bunch of fruit and pick a hole in nearly every grape. This hole would be so very small that at first it would not be noticeable, but very soon the place would begin to decay, and then the grape would be ruined. I have twenty varieties of choice grapes, which they peck and ruin." And David C. Voorhees, of Blawenburg, Somerset County, New Jersey, wrote, "It attacks and devours grapes greedily. My crop was damaged 10 per cent this year. It seems to hunt up all the largest and best clusters, and when fully ripe does



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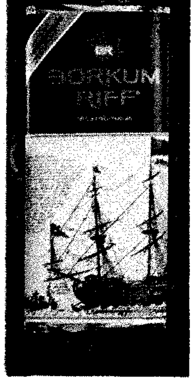
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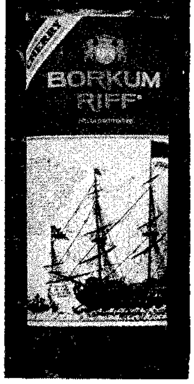
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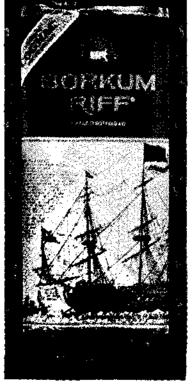
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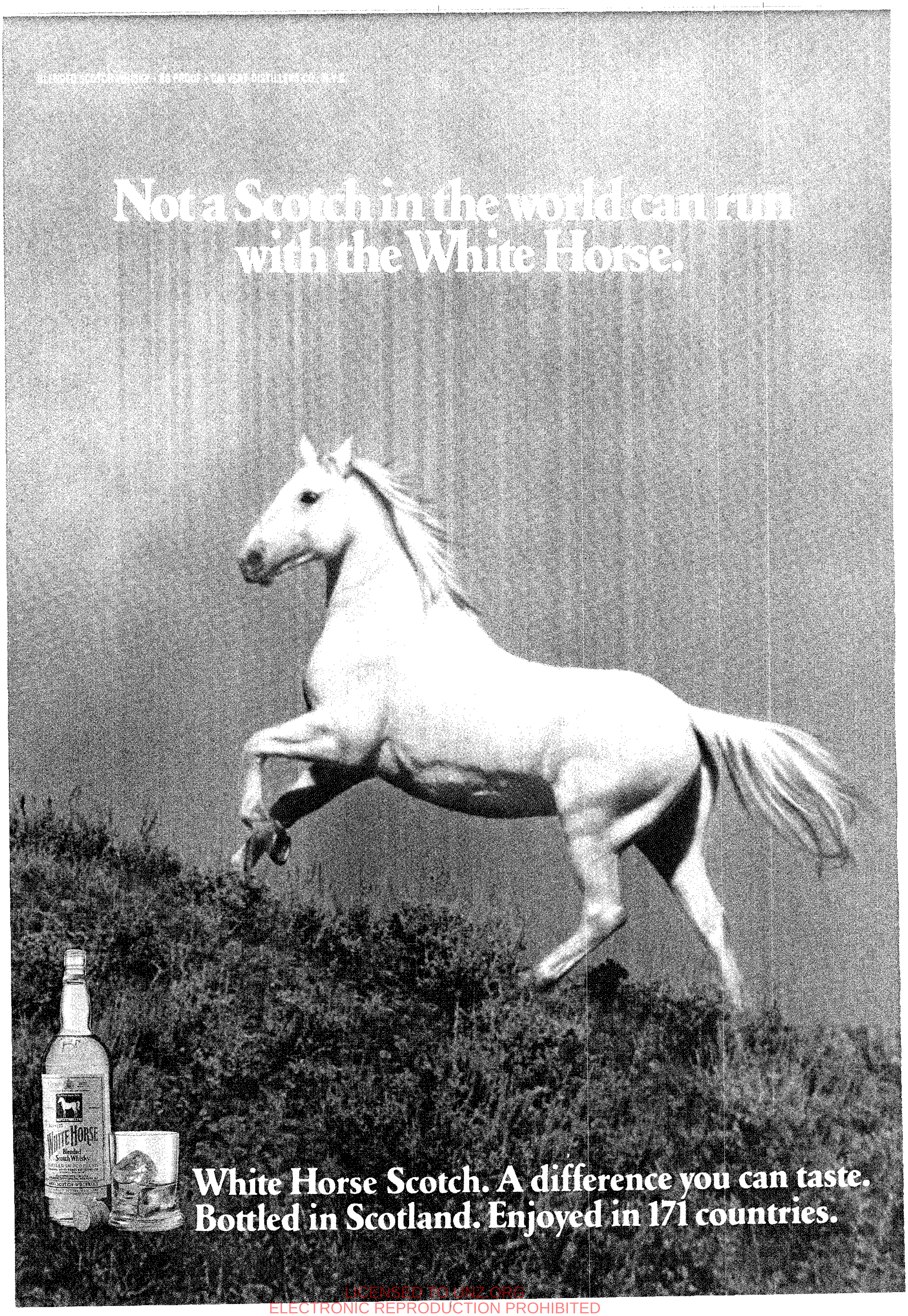
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great damage by biting through the skin. It destroys grapes by the ton." However, among reports favorable to the sparrow in this matter came one from a grape grower—that old friend of the sparrow the Honorable Nicholas Pike. "I know it to be beneficial to the grape-vines," he wrote. (Pike, earlier in his career, had devised a widely acclaimed method for checking grape fungus.)

One of those noting the consumption of other fruits was F. M. Webster, of Lafayette, Indiana: "The English Sparrow is destroying my apples. I have several trees in my garden, and as soon as the fruit gets mellow they peck holes in it, and it either drops to the ground or decays on the trees. I can hardly get a single apple fit to eat; they have destroyed nearly, if not quite, three-quarters of this variety. A neighbor across the way is troubled in the same manner." Later, in reply to a request for more information, he said, "I am not able to state now whether they show any preference as to flavor, for only one variety of my fruit is as yet ripe enough to tempt them; but they almost invariably select the largest and best apples, either because they are fastidious, or perhaps because they can better stand upon them while at work. I do not think they attack the apples in order to get the seeds, as if that were the case, it seems to me they would confine their efforts to one or two punctures, whereas they often excavate several very shallow cavities, and these are often of considerable area."

As regards the sparrow's taste in green vegetables, a fairly typical comment came from Dr. A. K. Fisher, of Ann Arbor, Michigan: "People living in the village, and who have small vegetable gardens, complain bitterly of their inability to raise peas, on account of the depredations of the Sparrow. The Sparrow attacks the plants as soon as they appear above ground, and again from the time the pods are forming until they are matured." And from Dr. William Weber, of Evansville, Indiana: "They can do great injury to young vegetables, such as lettuce, peas, cabbage, etc. They clean out beds of young plants if the latter are not protected by twigs or branches."

Concerning seeds, the final category of farm and garden crops other than grains damaged by the sparrow, H. Harris, of Union Springs, Bullock County, Alabama, wrote, "It will scratch up seed when first planted; it is as bad as if you were to turn into a newly planted garden 50 chickens. What it does not eat when it is

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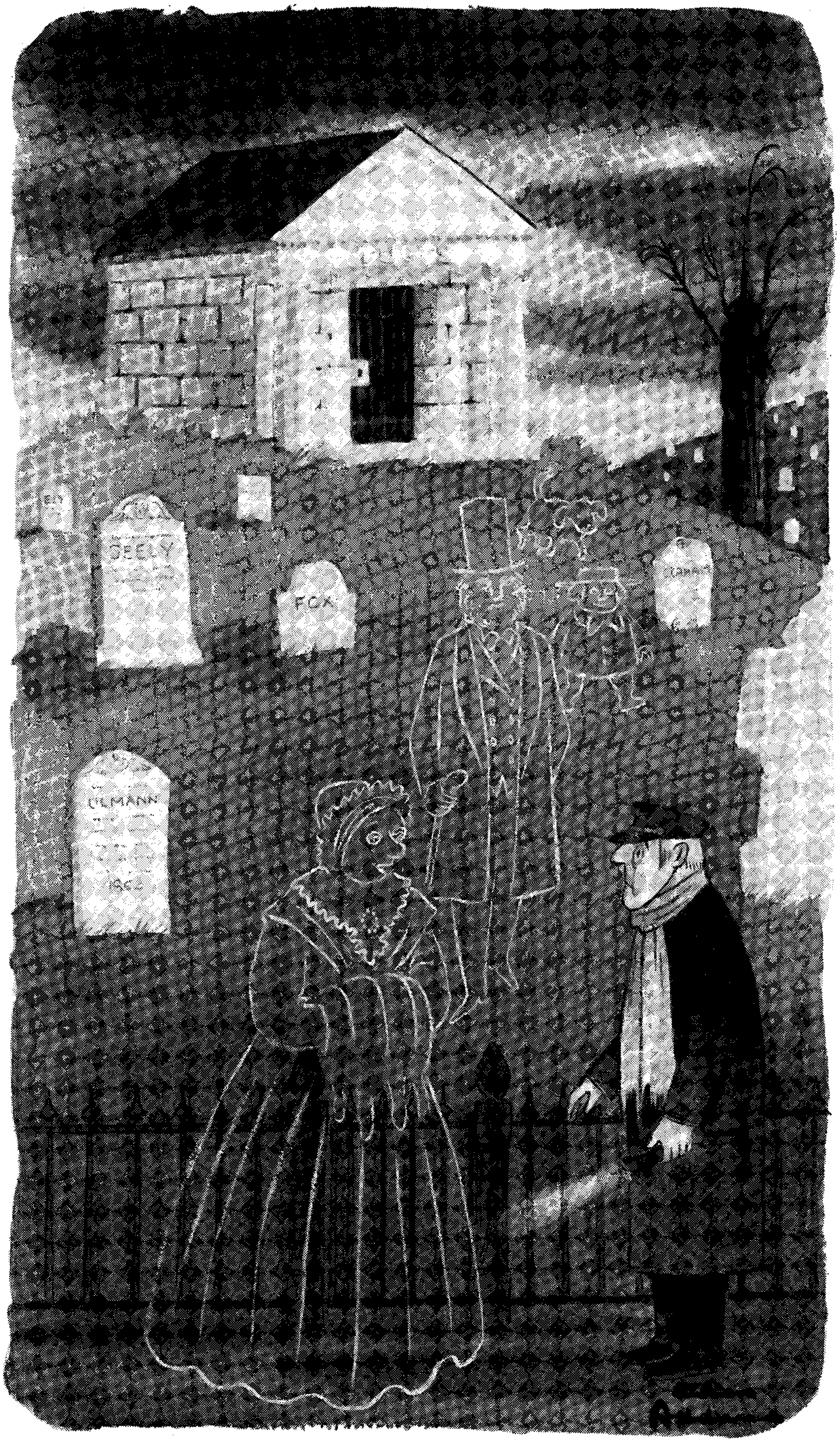

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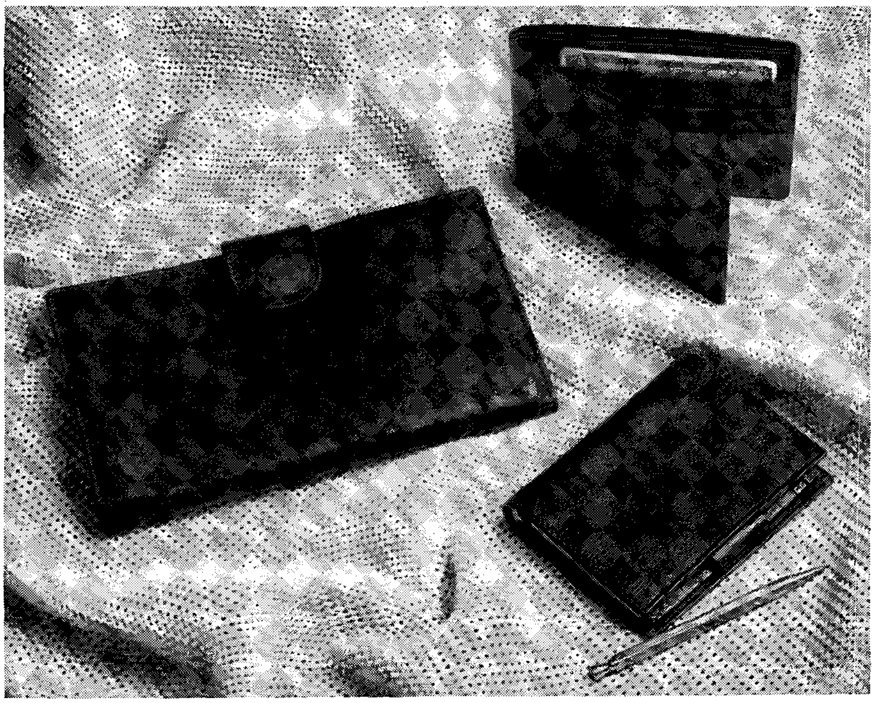
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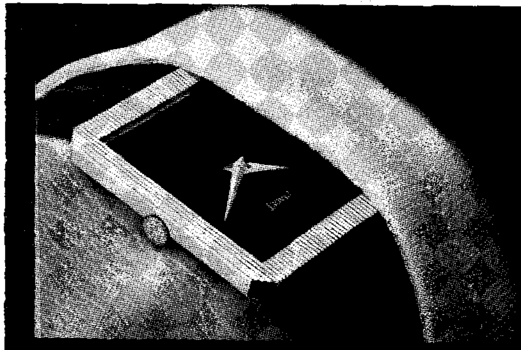
planted is finished after it goes to seed." Harris's report is echoed by Elisha Slade, of Somerset, Bristol County, Massachusetts: "The destruction of the seeds of vegetables and flowers is enormous. It is begun before they are ripe, almost as soon as they are formed, and continues through the season. Often it is impossible to save the seeds from these birds unless the plants are covered by netting. The seed of cabbage, turnip, carrot, lettuce, etc., is attacked before it is ripe enough to be gathered."

THE two remaining major points examined by the report were the sparrow's influence on insects and the reaction of native birds to *Passer domesticus*. City and country people were both affected by these matters. And the second matter turned out to have a discernible bearing on the first.

The insect-eating habits of the house sparrow was by far the most controversial subject dealt with in the report. After all, people could see the house sparrow attacking bugs, including some very annoying ones, and about half of nearly six hundred persons who answered the query on insects looked on the sparrow favorably. But the watchers usually did not see what happened to most of the insects. Professor Riley, the entomologist, analyzed the stomach contents of five hundred and twenty-two sparrows, taken during the preceding year, and found that sparrow nestlings consumed far more insects than were eaten by the adults. This was confirmed by a Department of Agriculture study published in 1940. Entitled "Economic Status of the English Sparrow in the United States," it was written by E. R. Kalmbach, senior biologist in the Section of Food Habits, Division of Wildlife Research, Bureau of Biological Survey in the Agriculture Department. An examination of the stomach contents of 2,819 nestlings showed that nearly sixty per cent consisted of injurious insects—obtained for them, naturally, by their parents. On the other hand, in the stomachs of 4,848 adults, insect material, again mostly from injurious species, amounted to less than three per cent. Kalmbach pointed out that in the sparrows' breeding season, when insects are most plentiful, the young greatly outnumber the adults. He nevertheless concluded that the insect consumption by the nestlings did not outweigh the damage to crops done by the adults. In part, his conclusion was based on the fact that the young are nestlings for only between ten and twelve days; and, of

PIAGET
PIAGET



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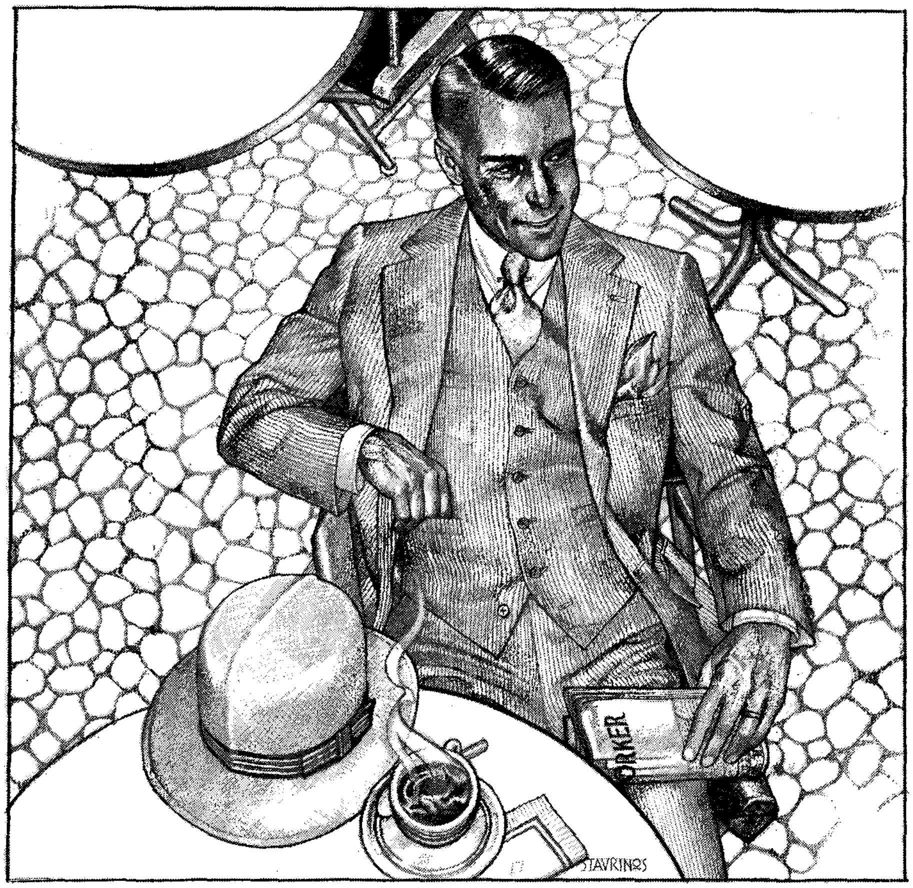

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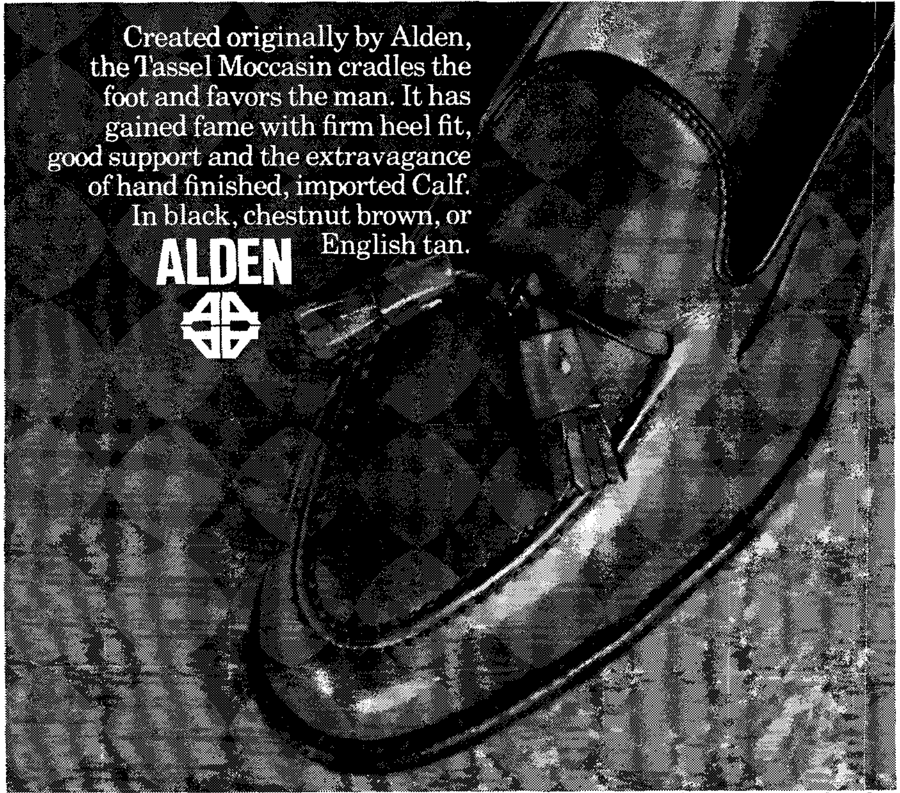

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course, after leaving the nest they very shortly become adults, with an adult's appetite. Kalmbach ended his report with these words: "But it is well to restate one of the findings of this study, namely, that at times the English sparrow has been an aid in local insect suppression. There is likelihood that such conditions will again arise." This mirrored the division on the matter in the Barrows report.

If the question about insect consumption was the most controversial in the Barrows report, the one about the remaining major question, the sparrow's effect on native birds, was the least so. Here the responses were unfavorable to the sparrow at a rate of a hundred to one. After reading a total of one thousand and forty-eight of them, Barrows wrote, "For our own part, after careful consideration of each bit of testimony presented, we believe that the proportion of one hundred to one against the Sparrow is the most favorable estimate which any unprejudiced person is likely to make." Again, the sparrow's great numbers were unquestionably responsible for the verdict. In relation to any other species of bird, it was overwhelmingly in the majority, and its belligerence caused it to persecute minorities as a matter of course.

Ninety-five species of wild birds were mentioned specifically as being "molested" by the sparrow, and some of the reports of damage were gory indeed. For example, C. Augustus Rittenhouse, of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, reported that when sparrows battled bluebirds and martins, "I have seen them throw the young out of the nest and fly to the ground and kill them." The birds most often mentioned were those whose nesting habits were most similar to the sparrow's—the bluebird, the martin, the swallow, and the wren, all of which like to raise families near man, preferably in cavities or boxes. But the mockingbird, the chipping sparrow, the song sparrow, the goldfinch, the crow, the grackle, the yellow warbler, the vireo, the robin, the Baltimore oriole, and the yellow-billed cuckoo were also among those persecuted. The harm done to the last three was particularly important, because they eat injurious insects that sparrows do not—insects (most notably the tussock moth) whose larvae are spiny-haired caterpillars, which eat leaves of various fruit and shade trees: the fall webworm, whose larvae feed on the leaves of a hundred different kinds of trees, apple and ash being among the favorites; and the tent caterpillar, whose larvae attack apple

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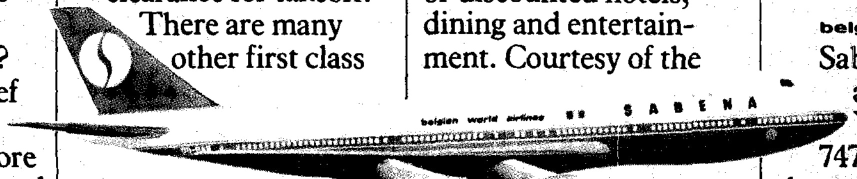

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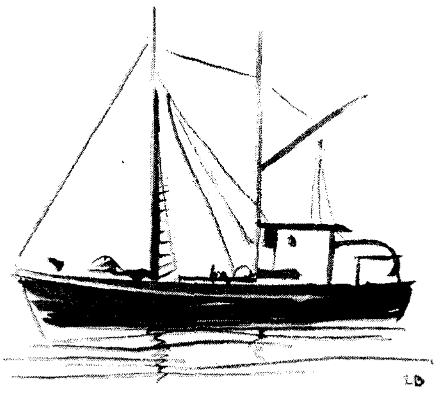
THE AIRLINE WHERE ALL OF EUROPE BEGINS.

and cherry trees, sometimes completely defoliating a victim. Sparrows shun these insects, but the Baltimore oriole, for example, has been seen on occasion with its head thrust into the tent caterpillar's web nest, eagerly bolting the hairy occupants.

BASED upon all these facts, the recommendation of Barrows was that the house sparrow was "a curse of such virulence that it ought to be systematically attacked and destroyed" wherever it was found. In 1888, laws concerning the sparrow in the nation's thirty-eight states and nine territories were either nonexistent or contradictory. The state of New York had recently outlawed the sparrow, while the adjacent state of Connecticut still protected it. Barrows' report suggested two general categories of attack to be instituted. The first, under the heading of legislation, advocated the immediate repeal of all laws protecting the English sparrow, and the enactment of others legalizing its killing and forbidding people to provide it with food or shelter, introduce it into new localities, or interfere with members of the public engaged in its destruction. In addition, the report urged that communities appoint official sparrow killers. Bounties were condemned as too costly and ineffective, because of the sparrow's prodigious fertility.

The second category of attack proposed the wholesale use of firearms, traps, and poison to do away with the birds; the determined destruction of nests and the disturbance of roosting places; the formation of sporting clubs to shoot the birds in the wild as well as captured sparrows released on the wing; and the consumption of sparrows as food. Trapping sparrows by nets and other means was theoretically a possibility for the ordinary citizen, but the birds' agility and acute suspicion made it more of a job for the specialist. Poisoning, being dangerous, should be left to someone appointed as the locality's official sparrow killer. But everyone was exhorted to destroy nests and to disturb roosting places. As for its final recommendation, the report noted that the sparrow had been eaten for centuries in Europe, and that, in the words of an Albany, New York, newspaper of the time, it had a flavor "much superior to that of quail."



The Albany newspaper was apparently right. On July 20, 1887, the New York *Times* carried the following item: "Sparrows are being properly appreciated. Hundreds of them are now caught by enterprising people for sale to certain restaurants where reed birds are in demand. A German woman on Third avenue has three traps set every day, and she catches probably seventy-five a week. They are cooked and served to her boarders the same as reed birds and are declared quite as great a delicacy. This German woman bastes them, leaving the little wooden skewer in the bird when served. They are cooked with a bit of bacon. She tempts them with oats, and after the catch they are fed a while with boiled oaten meal. She sprinkles oaten meal in the back yard also, and thereby fattens the free birds."

No actual sparrow census was taken in the preparation of the Barrows report. But the number of birds in one state, Ohio, was estimated, and from that figure an approximation of the population in the country as a whole in the eighteen-eighties can be deduced:

> It is scarcely possible to do more than guess at the number of Sparrows which the State of Ohio supports at present, but . . . it will be perfectly safe to say that Ohio contains at least 20,000,000 acres of good Sparrow country, and that, on an average, there are at least two Sparrows to the acre, which is 40,000,000 Sparrows for the whole State.
>
> No doubt this estimate is far too low, but it is desirable to keep far within bounds in making estimates of this kind.

Since an adult sparrow eats between six and eight pounds of food annually, even using a calculation based on this "far too low" estimate, something like a hundred and sixty thousand tons of edibles were being consumed by the throngs in Ohio—and to that must be added the damage incurred by spoilage.

The purpose of the Ohio estimate was to argue the futility of paying a bounty to rid the state of sparrows. Among the natural methods that the report did advocate for getting rid of the birds was the encouragement of predators. However, it admitted that the sparrow, without in the least losing any of its caution, eluded many of these enemies by intentionally keeping

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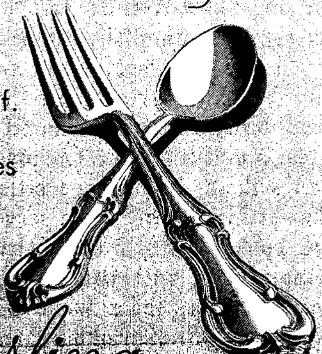

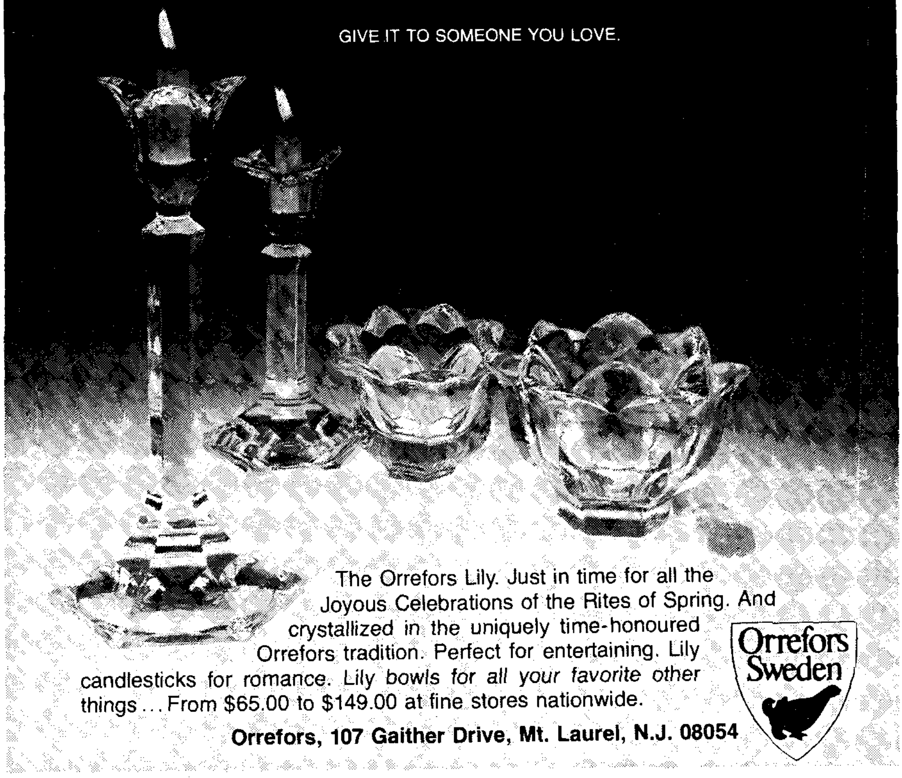

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close to man: "It is generally supposed that cats must catch many Sparrows, but in point of fact it is rare for an adult Sparrow to fall into the clutches of this enemy, and even the young are not often caught. The centuries of experience which have developed this bird into a parasite upon man have taught it how to avoid the other semi-domesticated animals surrounding him, and it is safe to say that cats have far better success in catching the wariest of our native birds than in catching the Sparrow."

Nevertheless, some successful predators did exist. Chief among them was the northern shrike, a burly grayish robin-sized bird with a heavy, hooked beak. Its habit of impaling its prey—small birds and mammals—on large thorns, the better to strip the meat from the carcass, had earned it the name "butcher bird" and a somewhat unsavory reputation. Other helpful avian predators of the time were the sparrow hawk and the screech owl. The latter, operating at night, took sparrows from their roosts in trees, shrubbery, and wall-clinging vines. The report proposed that all three birds be protected by law. Also mentioned as predators were the blue jay, which ate sparrow eggs and young, and the purple grackle, which fed on eggs, on the young, and, occasionally, on adults. Predators that the report did not recommend for legal backing were the pigeon hawk, the Cooper's hawk, and the sharp-shinned hawk. These, the report concluded, caught too many native birds, in addition to sparrows.

IN the final decade of the nineteenth century, which began two years after the Barrows report was published, the sparrow, despite the document's precise recommendations and its well-founded fulminations, appeared totally unaffected. It still moved relentlessly across the country in huge numbers, filling the open spaces, dotting the gardens and cultivated fields, and thronging the cities and towns—and man seemed powerless to stop it.

One of the bird's most helpful allies was the horse. Millions of horses pulled plows and other agricultural impedimenta. Additional millions toiled in front of carriages, carts, wagons, hansom cabs, street cars, and all the other rolling stock that moved through the streets of urban communities and over the highways running between them. And all these horses had to be fed three or more times a day. Besides an allotment of hay morning and evening in the stable, an average-sized farm or

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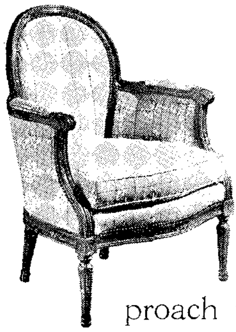

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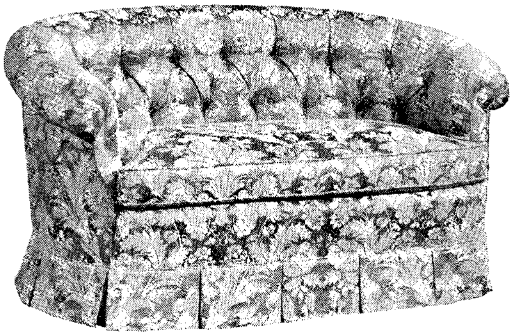

city draft horse, which weighed perhaps fifteen hundred pounds, needed a daily total of anywhere from four to twelve quarts of oats, depending on how hard it was worked. House sparrows, too, are fond of oats. In the cold weather of the non-growing season, the horses' oats were probably the main source of the birds' food. Much of this food came in the form of grains that passed wholly or partly undigested through the horses' bodies and fell to the street in their droppings. The birds thronged the horses' stables, too, picking up the grains that had been spilled on the floor or left in mangers. In addition, horses on the street ate their meals from nosebags. In trying to get the last of the contents, the diners invariably tossed the bags upward, scattering oats around the street. Out on the farms, not only were winter oats available from stable floors and mangers but cracked corn and other cereals were easily to be had in chicken runs. A New York farmer was quoted in the Barrows report as saying, "I know to my sorrow that [the sparrow] lives all winter entirely on grain, for in buying chicken feed, I allow two parts for the Sparrows and one for the chickens."

Grain certainly draws sparrows. Today, in Churchill, Manitoba, where temperatures may drop to minus seventy-six degrees Fahrenheit, the birds take up residence in huge grain elevators, living there comfortably, with a roof over their heads—something they often find congenial. Observers in England have reported sparrows' spending their entire lives inside large buildings such as factories, railroad stations, sheds, warehouses, and naval storage depots. Queen Victoria fretted about the number of sparrows inside the Crystal Palace, the immense structure of glass and iron which was the principal building of London's Great Exhibition, in 1851. I have known some indoor residents myself. Those I saw inhabited one of the two buildings composing the former John Wanamaker store on lower Broadway. The sparrows lived in the so-called North Store—the older one, which had been constructed in 1862 at Broadway and Ninth Street by A. T. Stewart, the enterprising Irish-born merchant. As a Greenwich Village resident, I began going to the store in the thirties. The sparrows, I noted, seemed particularly animated during the Christmas concerts that used to be held in the place. But they were active on my other visits, too, flying unconcernedly from level to level and perching more or less where they pleased.

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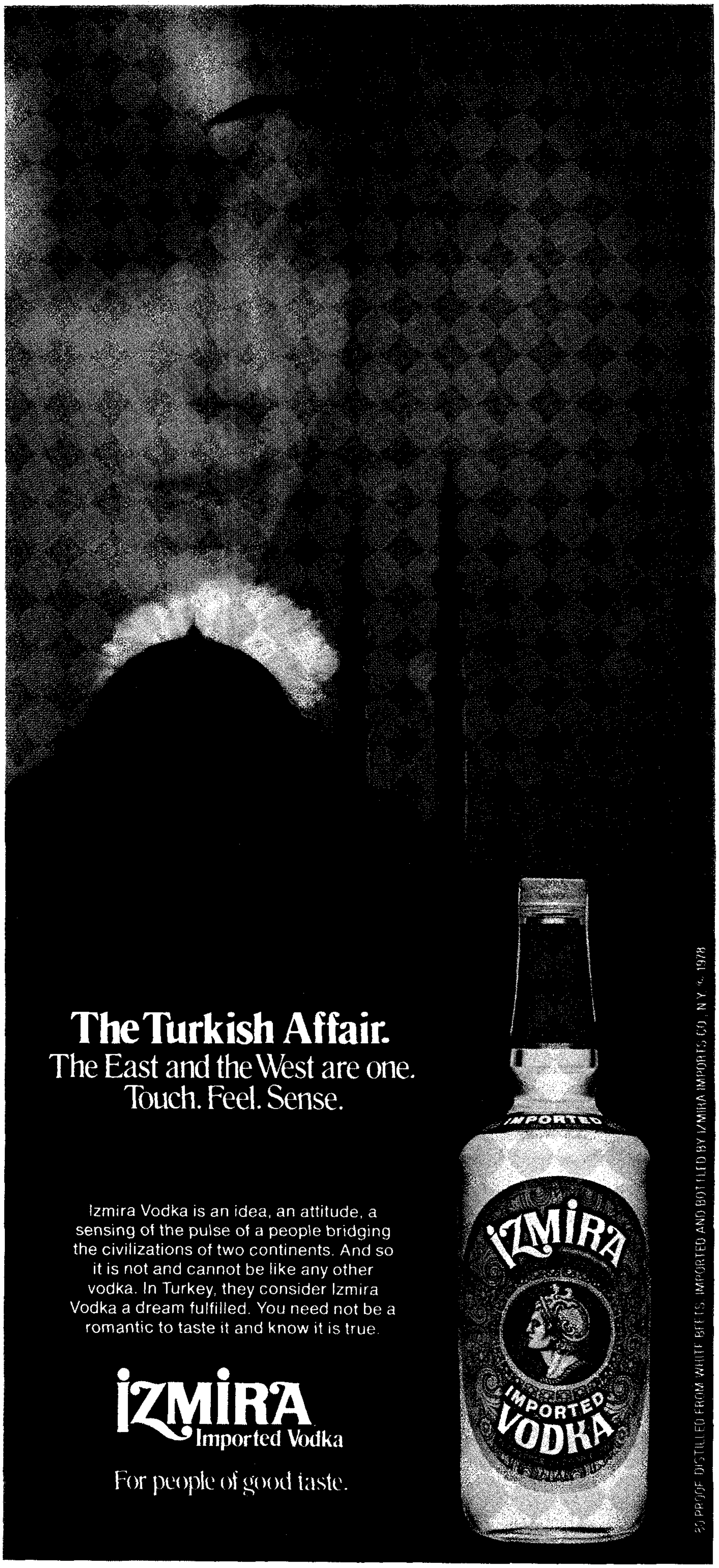
On the Eastern Seaboard, naturalists agree, the high tide of the house-sparrow flood was reached between 1890 and 1913, when the number of the area's horses was also at its peak. In 1892, Frank Chapman—then assistant curator of the department of mammalogy and ornithology of the American Museum of Natural History—counted four thousand house sparrows bathing in a small pool in Central Park. Besides being the start of the period in which the house sparrow was most plentiful in the East, the year 1890 is ornithologically significant on another count. It saw the successful introduction into this country of the starling. (Today, this noisy black immigrant is more abundant than the house sparrow along many parts of the Atlantic coast.) The introducer was Eugene Schieffelin, a member of the bird-minded family that had been so conspicuous around Madison Square a quarter of a century earlier. Although Eugene Schieffelin happened to live on West Thirty-sixth Street, in 1890 he was as deeply preoccupied with birds as any Madison Square Schieffelin. He was leader of the American Acclimatization Society, and he brought in from Europe not only the starling but the skylark and various other birds that were mentioned in the works of Shakespeare, on the ground that Americans should become better acquainted with these literary fowl. He released the arrivals in Central Park. Only the starlings survived—with results that are well known. In comparing the range of the starling with that of the house sparrow, one zoologist a few years back wrote, "The English sparrow spread much faster than the starling, and its occupation was substantially completed forty years after its introduction." Today, the starling's range in North America is still well behind that of the house sparrow.

Unlike the house sparrow, the starling had no honeymoon period with the American public. It was a highly visible bird. It made noise. Within ten years after its arrival, its numbers were obviously increasing. Still reeling under the impact of *Passer domesticus*, the nation was in no mood for another troublesome feathered immigrant. In 1900, Congress passed and President McKinley signed into law the Lacey Act—named for John Fletcher Lacey, a fifty-nine-year-old congressman from Iowa, who was its sponsor. The second paragraph of Section 2 of the act stated, "The importation of the mongoose, the so-called 'flying foxes' or fruit bats, the English sparrow, the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starling, or such other birds or animals as the Secretary of Agriculture may from time to time declare injurious to the interest of agriculture or horticulture is hereby prohibited, and such species upon arrival at any of the ports of the United States shall be destroyed or returned at the expense of the owner." It was an impressive piece of federal legislation, but a pointless one. It did nothing to alleviate the critical problem—the number of alien birds already here and breeding at an enormous rate.

But an agent to assist sparrow control was on its way. Forty years before the start of the twentieth century, it had begun as a new development in European technology. Eventually, through the mysterious workings of serendipity, it proved to be a most effective tool against the sparrow hordes. It is well that it did. Firearms, poison, traps, egg and nestling destruction, the encouragement of predators, the payment of bounties, and the passage of punitive legislation outlawing the species—all the weapons man could devise had proved utterly unable to cope with the ever-increasing millions of birds. Yet this new device, whose creators never gave any thought to *Passer domesticus* in connection with it, was able in a comparatively short time to reduce America's sparrow population to endurable size.

The device was the automobile—specifically, that variety powered by the internal-combustion gasoline engine. The first operable gasoline-powered automobile in this country was put together by J. Frank and Charles E. Duryea in 1893, and was given a successful run in Springfield, Massachusetts, in January of the following year. Two years later, the invention was still such a novelty that an automobile was displayed to audiences as a principal attraction at the Barnum & Bailey circus, as if it were a six-legged calf. But all this changed very quickly. The primitive automobile coughed and sputtered its way into this settled, comfortable world, and as its reliability advanced its acceptance grew. As its numbers mounted, it replaced scores of thousands of horses. And as the horses dwindled, so did the house sparrows. The food supply on which they depended, especially in the cities, and especially in the winter, was no longer available in the previous abundance. A well-fed sparrow can endure a winter of deep cold, but an underfed sparrow may not survive even a mild winter. In the beginning, automobiles were most common in the East, the richest region of the country—and there most common in the cities, the richest part of the region. In Eastern cities, sparrows were reduced, especially in winter, to supplementing the dwindling oat supply with garbage and with handouts from the few people who still loved them. The result was less breeding stock each spring from 1913 onward. Never again would it be possible to see four thousand sparrows in a puddle in Central Park—or in any other Eastern city. It was a deprivation generally welcomed by the residents.

In 1919, there were 75,740 horses in New York City, compared with 108,036 only a few years earlier—a decline of almost one-third. And this rate of decline was being repeated in every urban center. Observers at the time remarked on a new mood displayed by the reduced numbers of city house sparrows. In the nineteenth century, when they were present in the streets and parks in clouds, they were obnoxiously aggressive toward native species. By using their numbers, they could, and often did, kill birds as large as the robin and the flicker. Now, however, with their battalions in tatters, they displayed a certain uncharacteristic docility—even a timidity—in the presence of indigenous birds.

Outside the cities, too, the sparrows' oat supply was lessening. In 1910, the Department of Agriculture reported that there were twenty million farm horses. In 1930, there were just over thirteen million. Sixteen years later, the figure had dropped to eight million. Nevertheless, food for sparrows was then more abundant in the country than in cities. Chicken feed was widely available at all seasons, and so was food for cattle and hogs and for the horses that remained. Consequently, the sparrow continued to be the preponderant species in much of the country, even after the coming of the automobile. In some places, it actually increased. A woman in Oklahoma stated in 1931, "The English or House Sparrow appears to be the most abundant breeding bird in Oklahoma. On 1,166 miles of 'roadside censuses' taken in May, June, and early July, 1920-1923, in all sections of the state, we counted 2,055 of these birds; this was 26 percent of all the birds seen and twice as many as the most common native bird—the Dickcissel."

In another section of the West, this abundance was also noticed. Kalmbach wrote, in his 1940 Department of Agriculture study, "In the Salt Lake Valley, Utah, and other areas where

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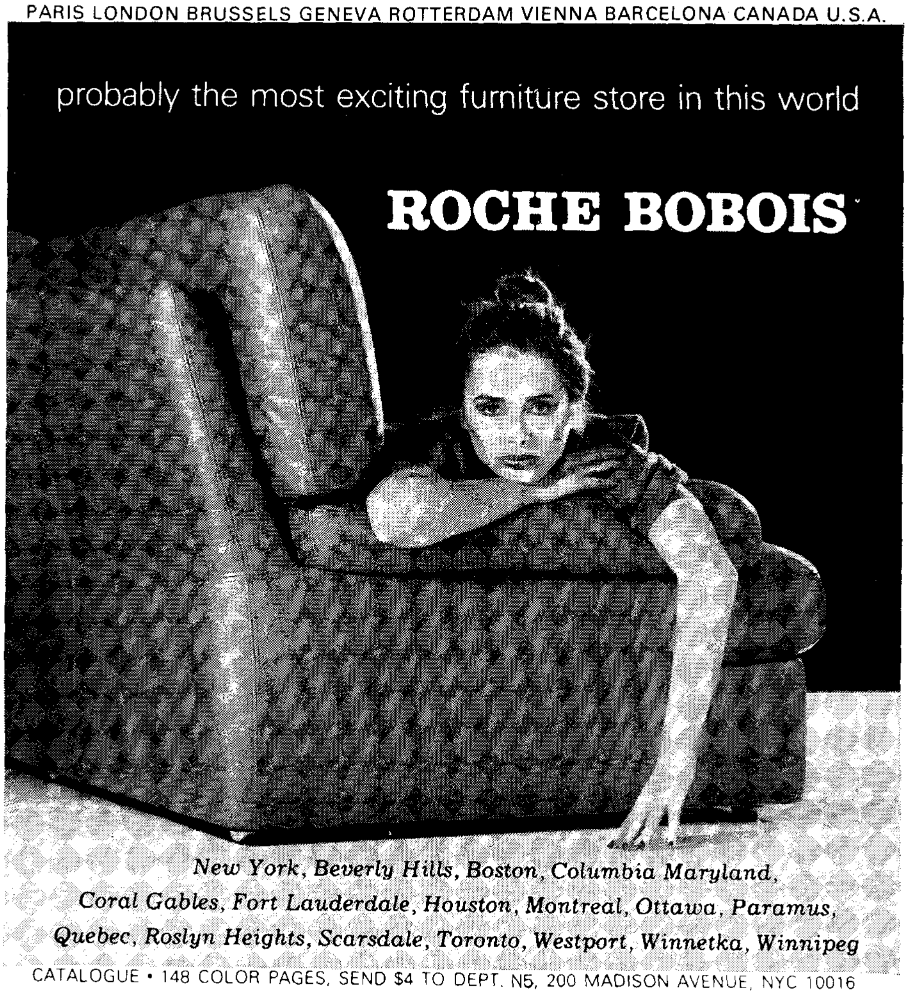
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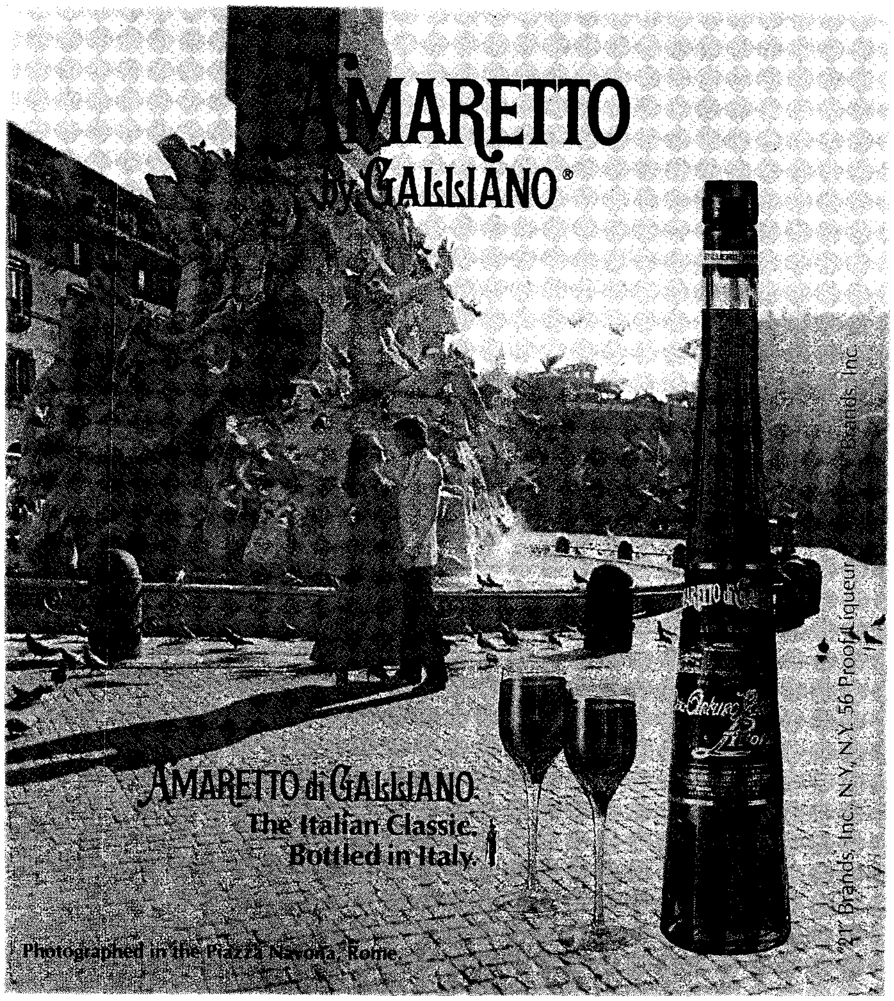

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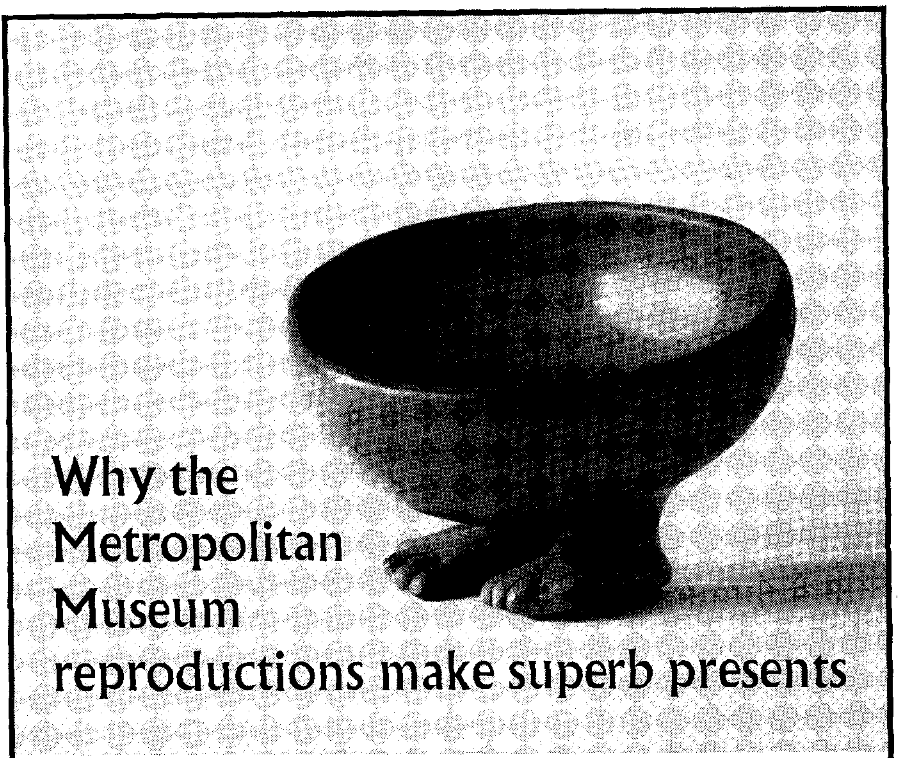
grain, especially wheat, is plentiful in the country and where the sparrows are not confronted with a shortage of nesting sites, owing to their tree-nesting habits the species has become even more numerous in the rural sections than in the cities. Today the progressive extension of range and the increase of numbers are still in evidence at points in the West where the species has not yet reached its peak of abundance." Commenting on the nesting habits of this increasing segment of the bird's population, Kalmbach continued, "English sparrows are by no means fastidious in their choice of nesting sites. They are equally at home nesting in bird boxes, on beams in barns, in cattle sheds, in eaves spouts on dwellings, on fire escapes, windmills, or water tanks, and in almost any sort of cavity about a building. In some sections they construct their bulky nests of straw and feathers in exposed crotches of trees. Such a habit is prevalent in the Salt Lake Valley, Utah, where single Lombardy poplars, cottonwoods, or box elders may contain as many as six or eight nests. About lumberyards or warehouses close to railroad tracks, these unsightly nests become fire hazards of considerable risk. Not only have industrial firms complained of the birds on this score, but at least one fire-insurance company has taken cognizance of this feature of fire risk and has made appraisals accordingly." The insurance company in this case may have been conscious of the earlier fires that had resulted from sparrows' nests in the mill near Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

The year 1927 was a scientific milestone in the annals of *Passer domesticus*. The house sparrow was found not to be a sparrow at all! Bulletin No. 57 of the American Museum of Natural History, published in the fall of that year, gave out the news. Professor Peter P. Sushkin, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at the conclusion of an investigation that had lasted for several years, informed the ornithological pantheon of this discovery in a highly technical thirty-two-page illustrated article. The morphology of the house sparrow, Sushkin explained, showed it to be a weaver finch—another name for one of the two hundred and fifty species of weaverbirds, most of which are native to the warmer parts of the Old World. Sushkin based his diagnosis on four points, which will be simplified here. The house sparrow's skeleton, heavier than that of the true members of the sparrow family, is, when closely scrutinized, clearly that of a weaverbird. Further, it has the horny palate possessed by this group. Then, the young house sparrow undergoes a total molt in its first autumn—wing quills and tail feathers included—as young weaverbirds do. Finally, the nest is, like the nests of weaverbirds, always covered—having a side entrance if it is built free; or, alternatively, placed in a closed space with an entrance at the front.

Bulletin No. 57 created a stir among ornithologists. Some wondered apprehensively whether the bird's common name would be changed to something clumsy like "European weaver finch." The Check-list of North American Birds, published by the American Ornithologists' Union, is the organ that officially prescribes the scientific and common names of birds resident in this country. The fourth edition, issued in 1931, took immediate notice of the sparrow's altered family tree, by moving the house sparrow from the true sparrow family, Fringillidae, to the weaver-finch family, Ploceidae; the common name was given as English sparrow and the scientific one remained *Passer domesticus.* The fifth edition, brought out in 1957, changed the common name from English sparrow to house sparrow. One benefit of Sushkin's discovery was that it relieved the quandary of a well-known scientist—the peripatetic and loquacious William Beebe. At the age of fourteen, the future curator of ornithology of the New York Zoological Society was an ardent collector of birds' nests. After acquiring a nest of the house sparrow, Beebe had this to say in his journal: "All of my other sparrow nests are open like a cup, except that of the house sparrow, which is like a ball with the entrance in one side. Why is this?" After Sushkin's discovery, he knew.

AS the nineteen-thirties and forties passed, the sparrow remained probably the nation's most abundant wild bird. But the once intolerable multitudes had shrunk to flocks of bearable size. As a consequence, the storm of protest against it abated. Indeed, at about this time it began to regain some of its original popularity. In 1916, two inspectors of the New Jersey State Department of Agriculture discovered a dozen Japanese beetles, members of the scarab-beetle family and natives of Asia, in the county of Burlington, in the central part of the state. Apparently, the insects, extremely serious enemies of flora, had arrived sometime earlier in earth surrounding the roots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of ornamental plants imported from Japan. Only three years later, an entomologist wrote that the invaders had increased near their point of entry to such an extent that twenty thousand of them could "be collected by hand by one person in a single day." By 1934, the beetles had broken through quarantine lines, and today they have spread over much of the East. The annual cost of the damage they do has been estimated at millions of dollars. The adults, whose life is one season, strip the leaves of over two hundred kinds of plants and consume peaches and other fruits. The larvae, which dwell underground for as long as two years, feed on the roots of plants, including grasses, and thus can be particularly hard on golf greens.

Most birds that eat insects won't take a second look at a Japanese beetle. It is a chunky bug, less than half an inch long, with a metallic-green oval body and copper-colored wing covers. The house sparrow, however, eats it readily. One naturalist wrote, "The English sparrow is one of the heaviest bird feeders on the Japanese beetle, which has become such a pest in parts of the East. It is the most versatile bird in its hunting of them, too. It flies to commanding perches on rose bushes and trellises, scans the leaves and flowers thoroughly, and upon locating a beetle makes its capture with a swoop. It searches the bushes from below, hopping along the flower beds, peering intently and then darting upward to seize its prey. I have seen it make catches as high as 18 feet up in trees. It also pursues low-flying beetles through the air and captures them on the wing."

The sparrow's appetite for other harmful insects also helped rehabilitate it in the public eye. They include plant lice, or aphids, which suck the juices of plants; cutworms (the larvae of some of the twenty-five hundred North American species of noctuid moths), which feed on roots and shoots of plants, and have the noxious habit of often cutting off the stem just above the ground; armyworms, whose numbers may be so large that all available food—chiefly grasses and small grains—in the area they occupy is eaten, whereupon the infestation, like an army, moves on; alfalfa weevils (European snout beetles), which eat alfalfa and clover shoots and leaves; cabbage worms (the larvae of the extremely common small white cabbage butterfly); and many of the short-horned grasshoppers of the very injurious species *Melanoplus*, which are techni-

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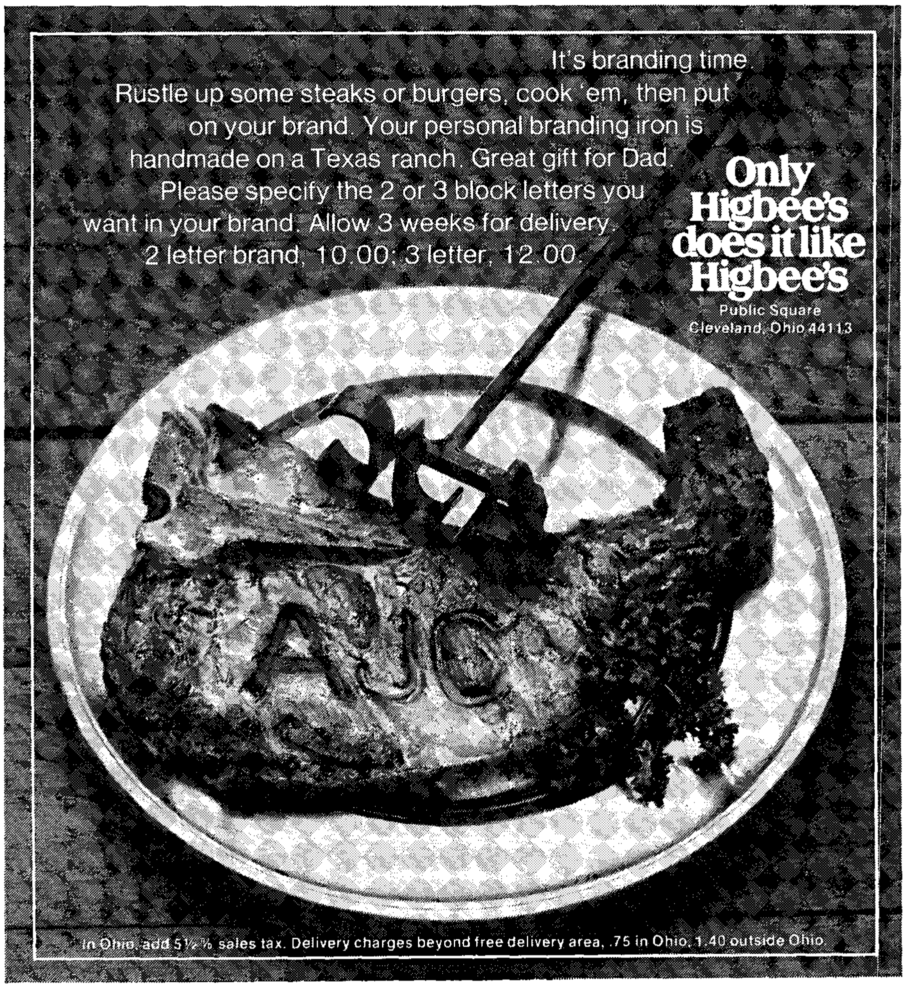

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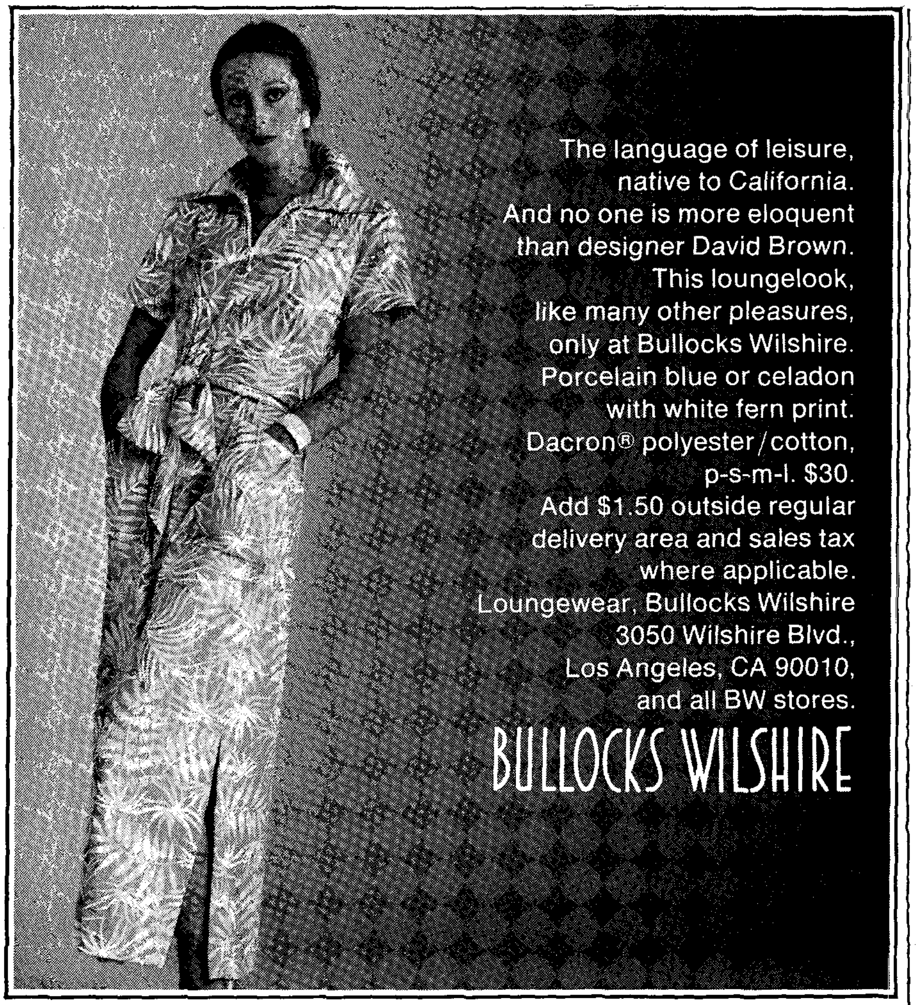
cally locusts—the ones responsible for the plagues of the Bible.

In June, 1960, at the urging of the Department of the Interior, the House Judiciary Committee approved legislation lifting the embargo on the importation of sparrows, which had been imposed sixty years earlier by the Lacey Act. Soon afterward, Congress passed the bill, and the house sparrow was once more free to enter the country legally. In this friendlier climate all round, the bird has even come to terms with the automobile. In the middle of this century, the radiators of cars were designed with a front that had a metal honeycomb. In warm weather, because of the relatively high speeds at which the cars could be driven, the grilles caught and held numerous insects. Observers here and in Western Europe have reported seeing house sparrows assiduously stripping the radiators of parked automobiles of a tasty assortment of toasted moths, wasps, June bugs, and damselflies.

A MALE house sparrow's nest is his castle. He has a lifelong attachment to it and its site—and to his mate as well. He defends the nest valiantly against all comers, occasionally even fighting to the death. He likes to line it with feathers, which he has been seen to snatch boldly from the flanks of larger birds, including pigeons. Or he will use hair that he has filched after a swoop onto the back of a surprised dog. These additions make the nest snug during the winter, when it is still in many cases occupied. If it is not, the male and his mate invariably return to it in the spring. The sparrow's instinct to take a nest site or nest object that it desires is strong. Antagonists as redoubtable as hornets have been routed from their papery home by a determined pair of birds, which will pull out the combs and replace them with grass and feathers. A young male house sparrow must acquire a nest before he can start courtship.

Courtship, as has often been noted with both amusement and distaste by human beings, is a noisy process, involving much fluttering, rough-and-tumble acrobatics, and hot pursuit. The female is usually the more quiescent partner, but occasionally she plays an unexpected role. One recent May, just inside the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-sixth Street, a male house sparrow was seen hanging in the air, his left wing held in a female's bill as she perched on the branch of a tree. He dangled limply but continued his mating call. The pair



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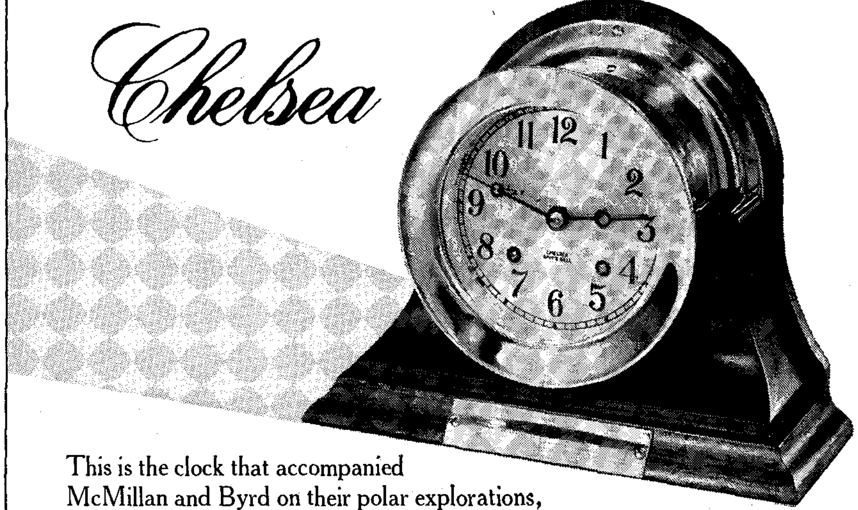

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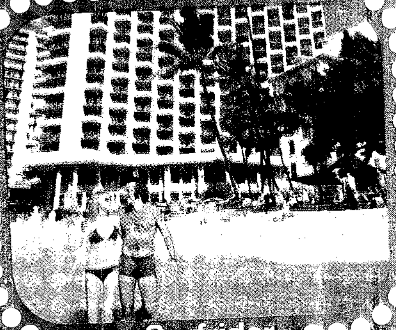

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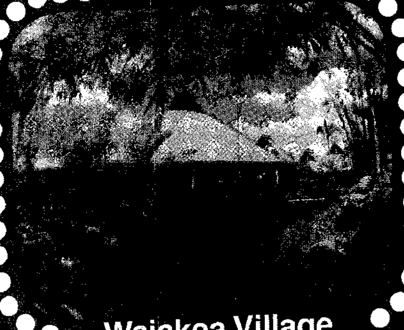

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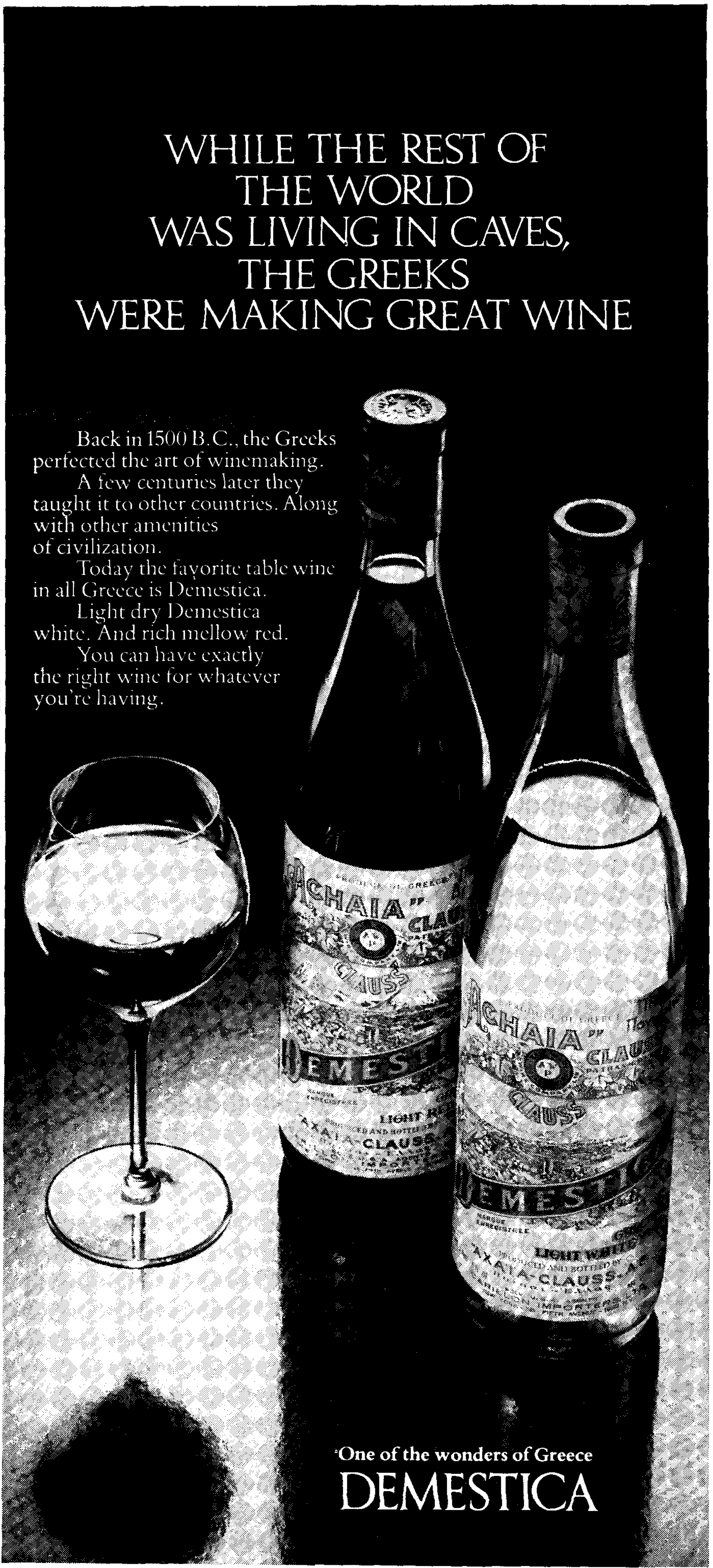
remained thus for perhaps ten seconds. Then he was released, whereupon he flew to a branch near her, and the more tumultuous traditional wooing began.

The colors of sparrows' eggs vary considerably. The base color may be white, greenish, or bluish—or, occasionally, greenish gray or brownish. This is overlaid by dots, ranging in number from a few to a great many, and ranging in color from deep brown—almost black—to bright ashy gray. Albino eggs are not unknown; they are usually the last in a clutch. The sparrow's egg is ovate, and on the average is about nine-tenths of an inch long and six-tenths of an inch wide. Its typical bulk is two grams, representing more than five per cent of the body weight of the female. (A single, three-pound egg of the ostrich represents no more than one per cent of that bird's body weight.) The clutch is usually five or six eggs, which are laid at the rate of one per day. As other aspects of its generative process might suggest, the house sparrow's ability to produce eggs is formidable. In an experiment in which each day's egg was removed from the nest, the female laid a total of fifty-one eggs in almost that number of days before giving up; that is, in less than two months she manufactured more than two and a half times her body weight in eggs.

Although the male house sparrow covers the eggs about a third of the time, true incubation is performed only by the female. The male has no brood patch—the featherless area on the breast against which a bird's eggs are nestled. As is true of most of the smaller birds, the house sparrow's incubation period is no more than a fortnight, varying from ten to fourteen days. For the first several days after the chicks emerge, the adults feed them on delicate flies and on regurgitated food, largely animal. To satisfy a brood of four, each parent must make about twenty trips to the nest every hour. The nestlings stay in the nest for between fifteen and seventeen days. By the sixth or seventh day, the parents have stopped offering regurgitated food. They bring large, soft-bodied fare, like caterpillars, instead. By the fifteenth day, the young are usually ready to fly.

Departure time is normally in the morning—sometimes quite early. The fledglings are strong on the wing, and once they are out it is next to impossible for a human pursuer to catch one. They are fed for about two weeks more by the adults, but within a week after quitting their cradle they can feed



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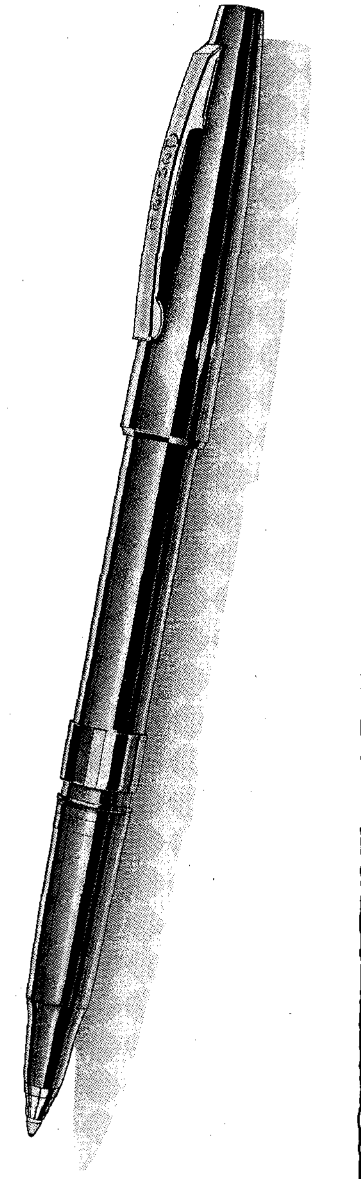

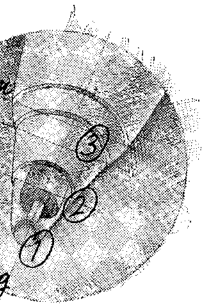

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themselves. There is a strong bond between the young. They tend to join in loose flocks with other juveniles and drift away from the birth area—a move that in a sedentary species has the genetic benefit of preventing an inbred population. The flocks of juveniles seek waste areas with weed seeds—or grainfields, if there are any nearby. Late in the summer, when the breeding urge has passed, with the waning of diurnal light, the young are joined at their gatherings, particularly if these are at grainfields, by adult birds.

Typically, there are two to four broods a year, and the sparrow's devotion to its young is well documented. In this century, an English observer, Major A. C. Booth, reported, "A pair of sparrows was seen regularly flying up to the ventilation grilles situated in the walls of a house about a foot above the ground over a period of three days; investigation showed that they were feeding through the grille a young sparrow that had fallen down the cavity wall. A hole was made in one of the grilles and the young bird came out and flew away strongly with the adults—it had obviously fledged a few days previously. The surprising thing is that the parents had been able to locate it through the grille and had not deserted it when it would not follow them."

Another English watcher relayed this information: "A pair of Sparrows, which had built in a thatch roof of a house at Poole [in Dorsetshire, England], were observed to continue their regular visits to the nest long after the time when the young birds take flight. This unusual circumstance continued throughout the year; and in the winter a gentleman who had all along observed them determined on investigating its cause. He therefore mounted a ladder, and found one of the young ones detained a prisoner by means of a piece of string or worsted, which formed part of the nest, having become accidentally twisted round its leg. Being thus incapacitated for procuring its own sustenance, it had been fed by the continued exertions of its parents."

Cleanliness is another of the sparrow's virtues. It is fond of bathing in sand, dust, or water, to curb lice and other body parasites. The extent to which it will go to perform its ablutions was noted by an observer at a fountain and pool in downtown Baltimore: "On a flat rim of this pool, covered by water to an ideal depth, sparrows were accustomed to gather and bathe. One day the pool was drained, leaving the birds only some

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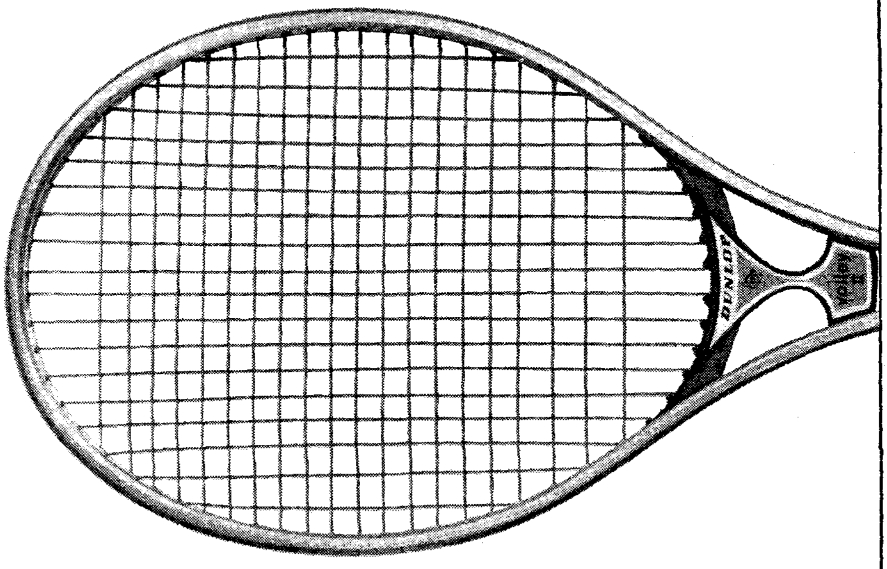

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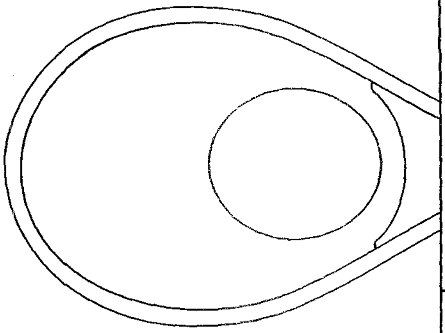

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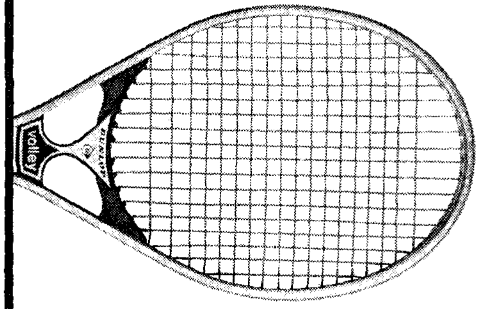

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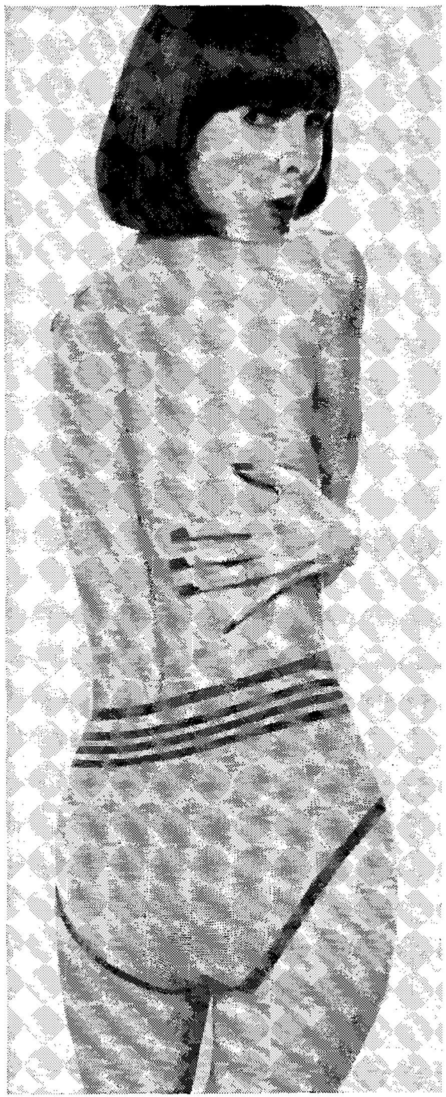

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steep-sided bowls on a surrounding wall as watering places. From the rims of these they could lean forward and bathe their heads and shoulders, but the water's depth quite precluded complete baths in normal fashion. The birds got their baths nonetheless. To wash their hind parts they turned around and tipped slightly backward. And to wash their breasts and underparts generally they flew very low across the water, dipping down into it one to several times on the way. Some contrived even better baths by swimming flutteringly the whole way across the bowls." So keen is the sparrow's desire to bathe that, in a manner suggesting the members of the Polar Bear Club at Coney Island, it sometimes ducks itself in water from melting snow. It also likes to sunbathe, especially in winter. It finds a safe place, ruffles its feathers to admit the solar rays, and lies motionless on its belly for minutes on end.

The house sparrow, surprisingly, possesses the vocal equipment of a songbird. What is generally heard from it, of course, is only a monotonous *cheep, cheep*. Uttered usually at the rate of one every two seconds, these cheeps are an uninspiring performance to human ears. The male may, in the excitement of seeking a mate, increase the rate to two calls a second, but this is hardly an improvement musically. Nevertheless, the house sparrow in captivity will sing—a fact that was recognized as early as 1717, when a book of melodies to teach to house sparrows and other caged birds was published in England. In this country, recently, one caged sparrow was known by its owner "to warble for three minutes on end, stimulated by running water or the piano." In fact, when a house sparrow is raised by man, its otherwise humdrum voice may become an instrument of generous range, as the following report on one household pet attests: "This unique sparrow possessed various types of vocal ability which he utilized to express insistence concerning certain kinds of food, absence of the cage cover at night, general well-being, disgust, and the like. Moreover, he acquired a remarkable proficiency in singing ability through the medium of two canaries which were his companions—in separate cages—for about six years. His imitations of the 'rolling' notes of the one and the 'chopping' notes of the other were sometimes so well done as to deceive even his mistress." The imitation of canaries by captive sparrows is reported as a common occurrence in the

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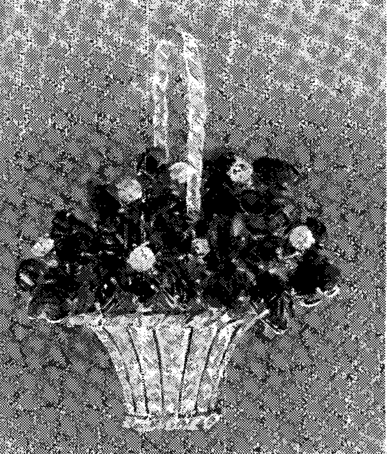

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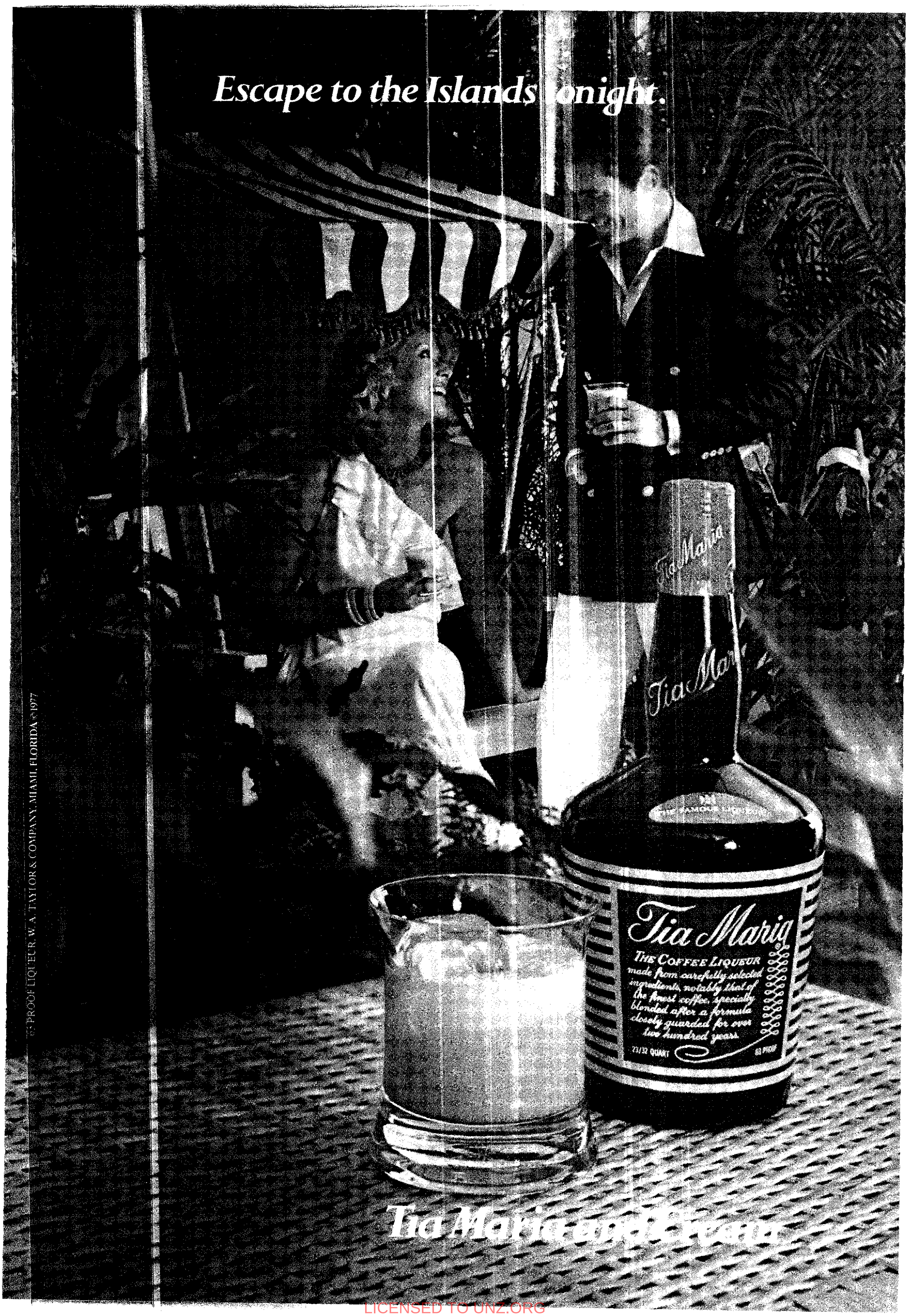
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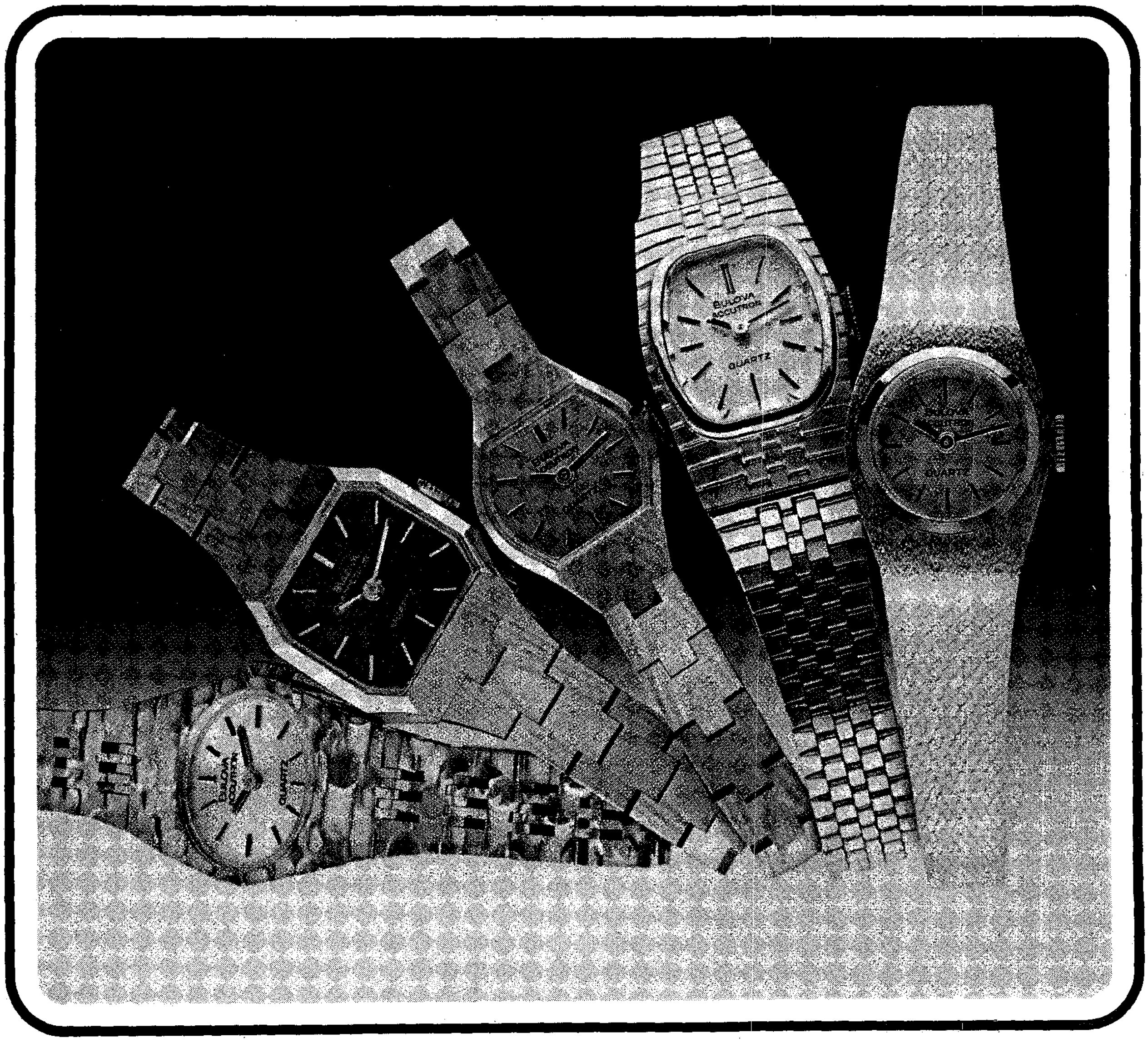

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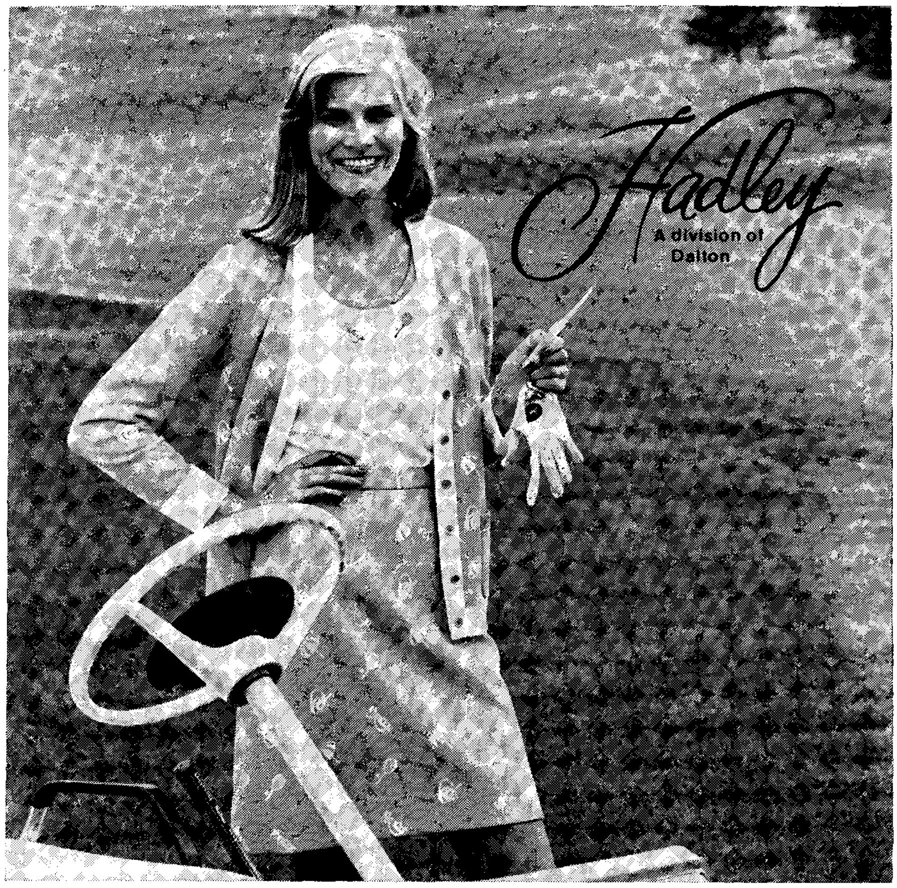
somewhat narrow field of caged-bird literature. The sparrows quickly pick up their neighbors' songs, forget them on being removed from the canaries, and rapidly regain them on being put within hearing distance once more.

There is even a report of house sparrows speaking words, difficult as that may be to believe. A nineteenth-century authority on caged birds, Johann Matthaus Bechstein, M.D., tells in his classic work "Cage and Chamber Birds" the story of a clergyman in Paris who had two sparrows, father and son, which he claimed to have taught to repeat four of the Commandments. The clergyman reported: "It produced a highly comic effect, when in their quarrels over their food, one of them would gravely admonish the other—'*Tu ne voleras pas*' ('Thou shalt not steal')."

The house sparrow's success as a species is due to both its physical and its mental endowments. It is inordinately hardy. As for intelligence, its brain is relatively large—more than half again as big as that of, for instance, the meadow mouse, which is a mammal, whose body weight can be more than double that of the sparrow. Whatever the cause, the sparrow learns quickly. Perhaps association with man, which makes a learning ability imperative, has something to do with this. Probably the clearest indication of the bird's mental powers was contained in an article published early in this century in the *American Journal of Psychology*. Among its conclusions were that the house sparrow's method of learning is trial and error; that the sparrow profits very readily by experience, either its own or, through imitation, that of others; that it has great powers of concentration, confining its efforts strictly to the matter in hand; that it has a striking persistence; that it has a highly developed sense of caution, and prudently examines from a distance any new or strange object; that in an interval of eight days between tests it shows little, if any, loss of memory; that it has either the ability to count or, at least, a very nice sense of position; and, finally, that when tested with food boxes and mazes, its rate and method of learning are quite comparable with those of higher animals, including monkeys.

This intelligence permits the bird to adapt to captivity. If a house sparrow is acquired early and given tender care, it will behave as if it conceived of itself not as a bird but as a member of a human family. A few years back, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Jones, of Wash-



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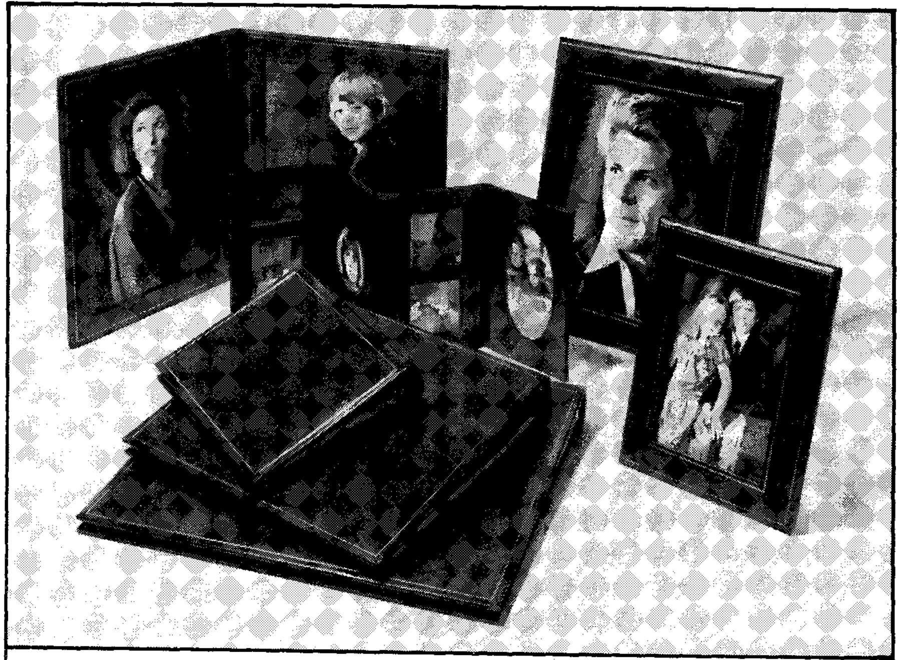

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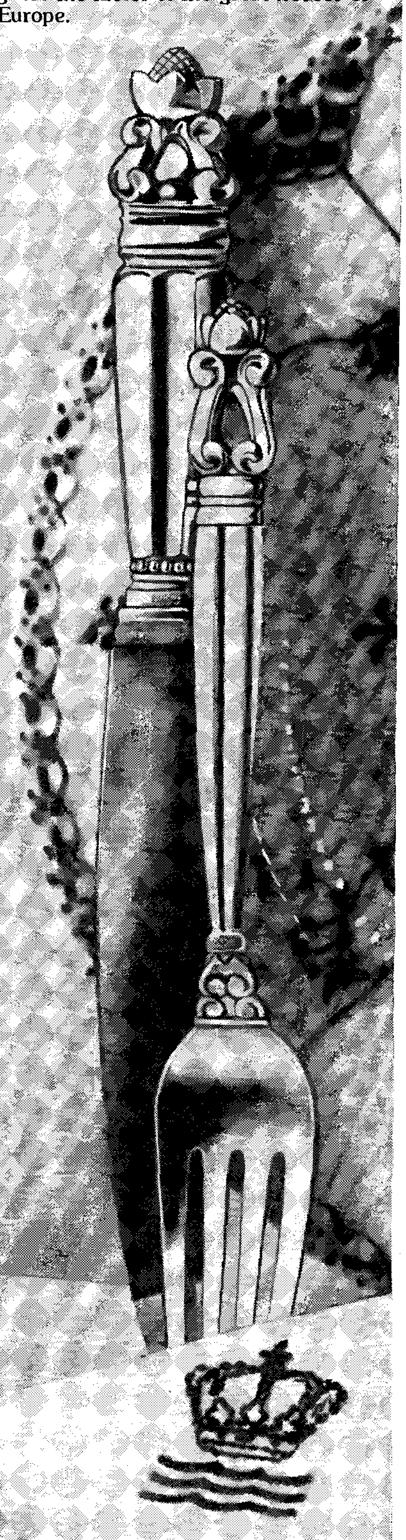
ington, D.C., found on the pavement a baby house sparrow so newly hatched as to be still naked. It was near death, but they took it home and fed it many times a day with warm milk from a medicine dropper, and it grew and thrived. The bird, which they named Joe, had a voice like that of the Joneses' canary. On outings to the park, Joe perched on Mr. Jones' shoulder. He never perched in trees or shrubbery, or paid the slightest attention to other sparrows. He ate milk, bread crumbs, toast, meat, and eggs. He insisted on a humming lullaby as he lay in Mr. Jones' cupped hands before retiring, and he rode for hundreds of miles on the steering wheel of the Joneses' automobile.

WHAT now for the house sparrow? Worldwide, its range is unquestionably still increasing. The area that it occupied some twenty years ago was officially reported in the latest Check-list of North American Birds, the one issued in 1957. In the Northern Hemisphere of the New World, the bird then inhabited the contiguous forty-eight states of the United States, had reached well into northern Canada, had colonized Bermuda and several of the major Caribbean islands, and had got as far south in Mexico as the states of Guerrero and Veracruz. In South America, where it was independently introduced, the main settlements were in the southern part of the continent—Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, and southeastern Brazil. The sparrow had also reached the Falkland Islands, three hundred miles off the mainland, in 1919, by hitching a ride on some whale boats that docked at Stanley.

In the Northern Hemisphere of the Old World, according to the Check-list, the bird was solidly entrenched across much of the northern expanse of Eurasia. Its domain also encompassed most of southern Europe and northern Africa. In Asia, it was found in Iran, Arabia, India, Burma, and Ceylon. Below the equator in the Old World, it was established in Mombasa, Kenya; at the tip of South Africa; and on such islands as Zanzibar, Mauritius, and the Grand Comoro. It had also reached Australia and New Zealand.

Since the publication of the Check-list, slow but steady northward progress has continued in North America. To the south, according to Dr. Eugene Eisenmann, of the American Museum of Natural History, who keeps an eye on birds in Latin America, the sparrow has been seen recently in Guatemala,



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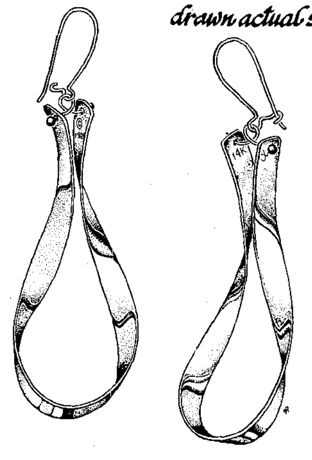

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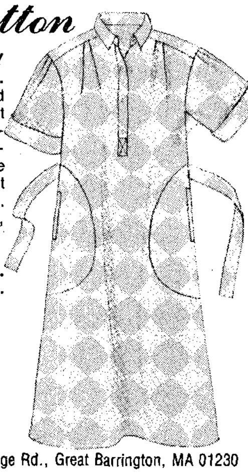

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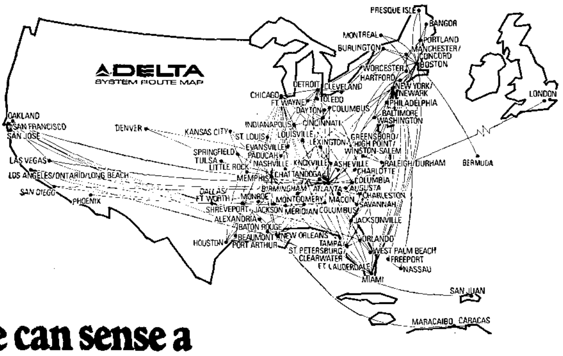
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El Salvador, Costa Rica, and western Panama—a jump of about twelve hundred and fifty miles since the Check-list came out. In South America, it has enlarged its living space in Brazil and has been seen as far north as Peru.

In subequatorial Africa, too, the sparrow has notably increased its terrain. By 1957, the bird had spread between East London and Durban—the two ports on the South African coast where it had been introduced about 1890—and had moved west and north into parts of Cape Province, Natal, and the Orange Free State. By now, it has occupied most of the Union of South Africa, has moved west as far as southern Namibia, and north in southeast Africa through parts of Lesotho, Rhodesia, Mozambique, Zambia, and Malawi—a jump of more than fifteen hundred miles through the interior of southeastern Africa in a little over two decades.

MAN has often written about the house sparrow in poetry, both angrily and lovingly. William Cowper was scornful:

> The sparrow, meanest of the feathered race,
> His fit companion finds in every place,
> With whom he filches the grain that suits him best.

But Barry Cornwall, a relatively unfamiliar British bard of the last century, had friendlier words for the little fellow:

> On my window's ledge
> I'll leave thee every morning some fit food
> In payment of thy service. Doth he serve?
> Aye, serves and teaches. His familiar voice,
> His look of love, his sure fidelity,
> Bid us be gentle with so small a friend,
> And much we learn from acts of gentleness.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

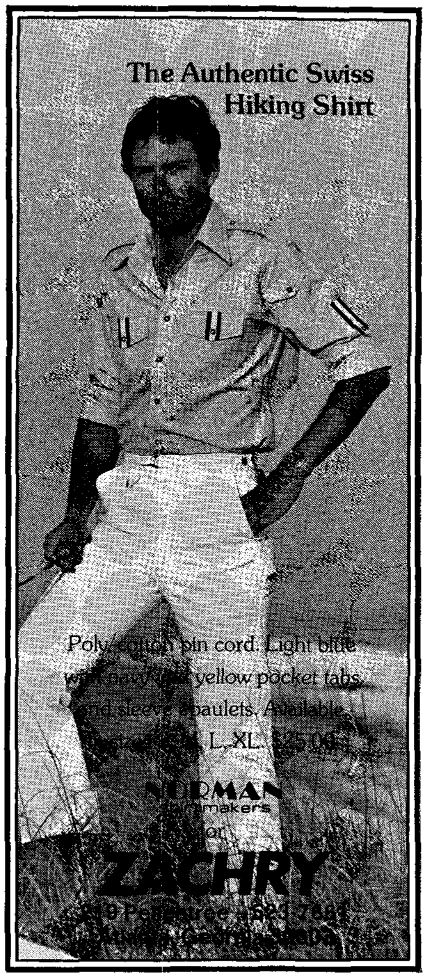
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Nashville Tennessean*]

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—It took him 20 years to convince Municipal Railway here his simple idea would save thousands of dollars, but cable car wire mechanic Al Eggen is being philosophical about it all.

"It's an amazingly simple idea," said Rod Bartholomew, 36, new superintendent of the Muni's cable cars who backed Eggen's idea. "I don't know why it wasn't done before."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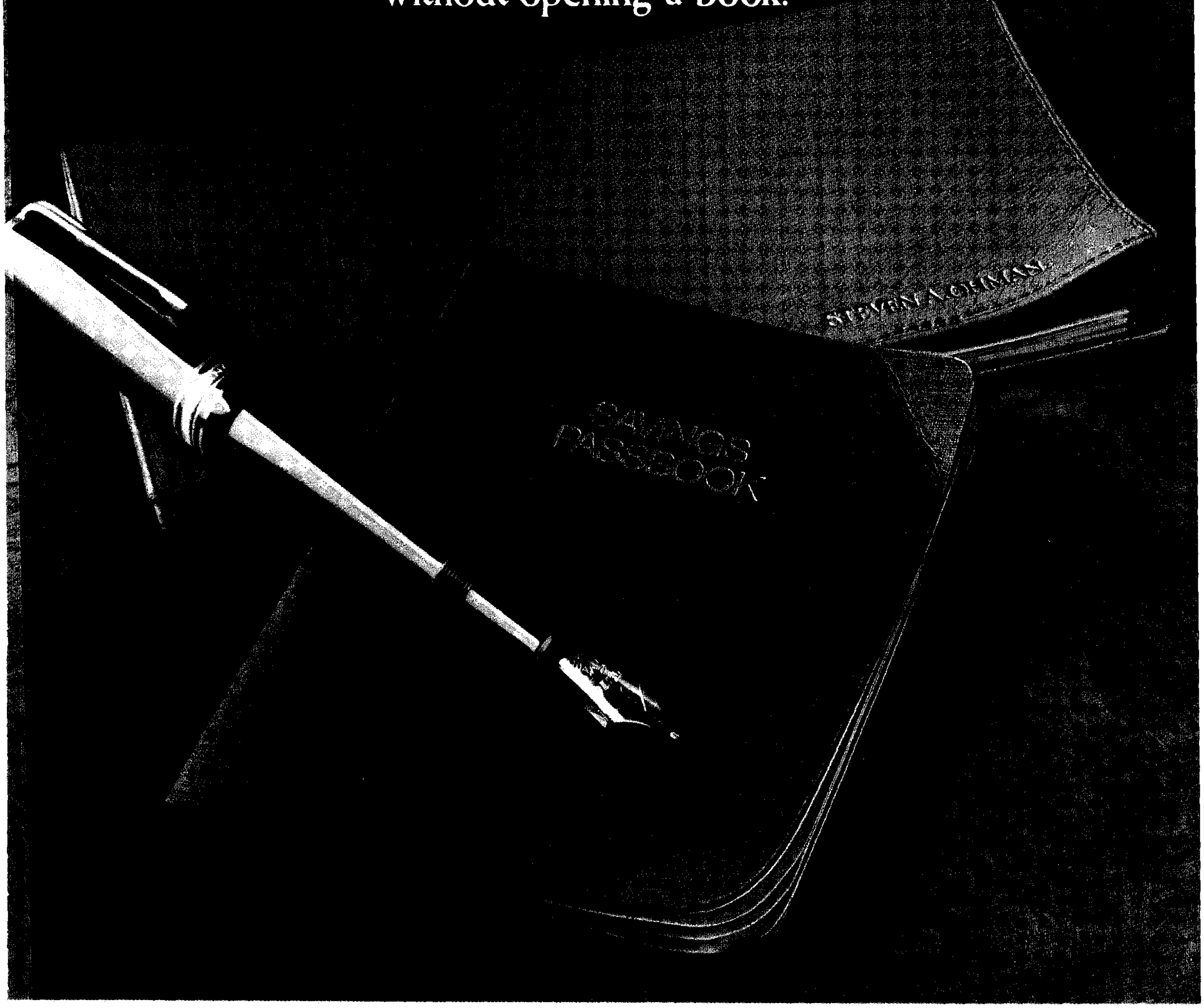

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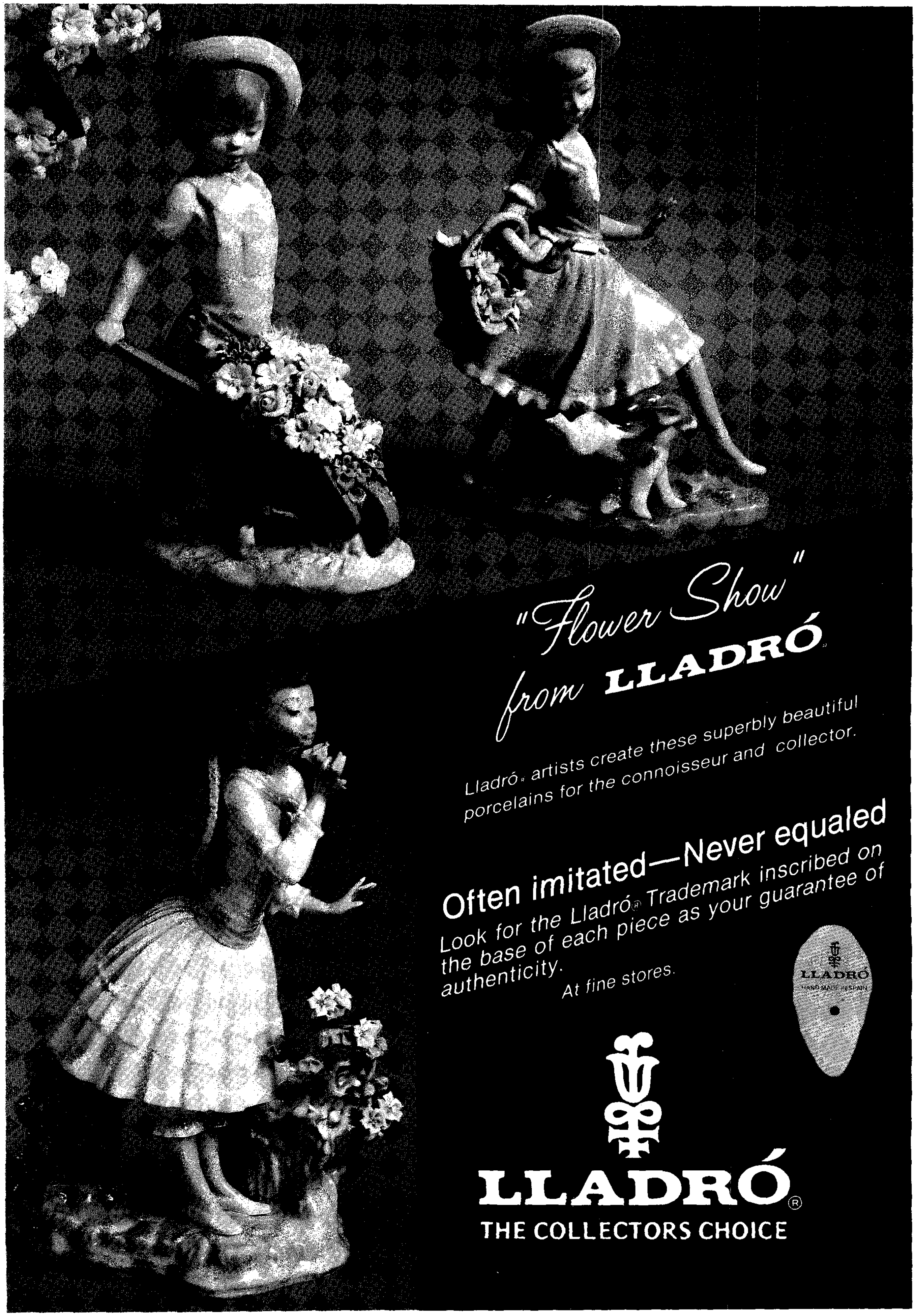

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THE THEATRE

HOMAGE TO FATS

I FIRST saw "Ain't Misbehavin' " in the cabaret version produced earlier this year by the Manhattan Theatre Club, and it seemed to me then as near perfect as no matter—a blessedly small and informal revue, in which five performers and a pianist devoted themselves in part to songs written and recorded by Fats Waller ("Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," "The Joint Is Jumpin' ") and in part to songs written by others and recorded by Waller ("Two Sleepy People," "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie"). The songs jostled each other in a sort of merry, amorous disarray, charging the crowded room with Waller's presence. Few performers can ever have been more at ease with their talent than Waller was, or more willing to spend it for the pleasure of others; in his short life—he died in 1943, in his thirty-ninth year—he played with zest, always improvidently, the role of the born clown. As Whitney Balliett has recently written of him, "Waller's comic spirit was ungovernable. He offered the rare gift of comic catharsis, and apparently it never failed him, onstage or off."

Having enjoyed the Manhattan Theatre Club version so much, I was naturally apprehensive about what would become of the revue when it reached Broadway. I have to confess that the production at the Longacre *is* a trifle fussier and fancier than it has any reason to be (an old upright piano, played with characteristic grace by Luther Henderson, inexplicably meanders about the stage, serving as a grotesque prop where no prop whatever is needed), but I forgive this inane Broadway transgression, because the heart of the show remains intact. We are still in Waller's loving and funny presence, and he is not only making us laugh, he is also (what is a hundred times as difficult) making us happy. The performers are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. Accompanied by a six-piece band, they sing and they dance and they pretend to flirt continuously with each other and, on occasion, with us, and the force of their energy proves irresistible.

The charming Art Deco set is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Randy Barcelo, and the lighting is by Pat Collins. The musical numbers have been staged by Arthur Faria, and the director is Richard Maltby, Jr.

"ANGEL," which was with us briefly last week, was a simple, old-fashioned, and occasionally touching musical comedy based on a twenty-year-old play by Ketti Frings, which in turn was based on the celebrated novel "Look Homeward, Angel," by Thomas Wolfe, first published almost half a century ago. Wolfe was a powerful, infantile writer, whose ambitious prose often deteriorated into mere blather; still, in "Look Homeward, Angel" the autobiographical content is so undisguised and so passionately rendered that one forgives the author his many faults. What a self-admiring young sufferer the genius hero of the novel is! How his heart bleeds for himself, as he invites our hearts to bleed as well! In Wolfe's later novels, which he sought in vain to make less autobiographical in appearance, the narcissism increases and the moony, moany rhetoric ("O lost and by the wind-grieved ghost") sets our teeth on edge. It is nevertheless the case that Wolfe came from an astonishingly energetic and gifted family, and that its rise and fall, described in the palimpsest of his several novels, amounts to a vivid souvenir of turn-of-the-century small-town American life.

In "Angel," the chief setting was a boarding house presided over by Eliza Gant, who does far more to please her summer boarders—and thus accumulate money for her innumerable real-estate speculations—than she does to please her husband and children. The husband, W. O. Gant, is an alcoholic stonecutter with a shop on the town square, and much of the plot revolves around Mrs. Gant's attempt to sell the shop at a high profit and Mr. Gant's refusal to let her have her way. Eugene Gant, who is evidently Wolfe at seventeen, serves as a reluctant go-between in a continuous voicing of grudges by both parents. His only hope of escape is to go away to college, which his miserly mother is unwilling to let him do. Meanwhile, Eugene undergoes two painful rites of passage: he falls in love with one of the boarders, a pretty "older woman" in her twenties, and he observes the death from tuberculosis of his beloved brother Ben. At the curtain, we were made aware, not for the first time and not for the last, that the ignominy of boyhood may soon yield to the earned glory of manhood.

The familiar ingredients of "Angel" might have proved sufficient if Gary Geld, who wrote the music, and Peter Udell, who wrote the lyrics (and who collaborated on the book with Miss Frings), had managed to devise any fresh songs. Alas, they proved to be masters of banality, both in melody and in prosody—"high" rhymed with "sky" at the very start of the evening, and that level of ingenuity was never surpassed. The acting of the large cast was, in most cases, admirable; Frances Sternhagen, Fred Gwynne, Don Scardino, Joel Higgins, and Leslie Ann Ray were, respectively, Mrs. Gant, Mr. Gant, Eugene, Ben, and Laura James, the seductive "older woman." Ming Cho Lee provided handsome and ingenious sets, well lighted by John Gleason, and the pleasing costumes were by Pearl Somner. The director was Philip Rose. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Birds and the Bees

THE first entry in a pair of one-acters operating under the collective title "Man-Wo-Man" at the New Heritage Theatre, in Harlem, is "Michael," a so-called "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins. At its start, a black man standing at the front of the stage addresses the audience directly. Behind him is a sketchy setting of a bedroom; jazz can be heard from offstage. The man is Michael, a composer and arranger, and it is his music that we hear. In a long monologue, he tells us the story of his life so far—his childhood and youth in the black ghetto of Newark, his initiation into sex and his impressive aptitude for it, his eventual desertion of his wife and his four children after he has discovered his talent for music, which becomes his shield, his disguise, and eventually his passport to freedom. Now he is at a black college somewhere in the South, where his band has been booked for a party. A girl named Candy enters—the girlish, ingénue daughter of the college president—and she tells him in her breathless way what his music means to her. His face registers his response to this kind of guff, which he must have heard hundreds of times before, and he puts an end to it by grabbing her and kissing her. She is seemingly shocked by his coarseness,

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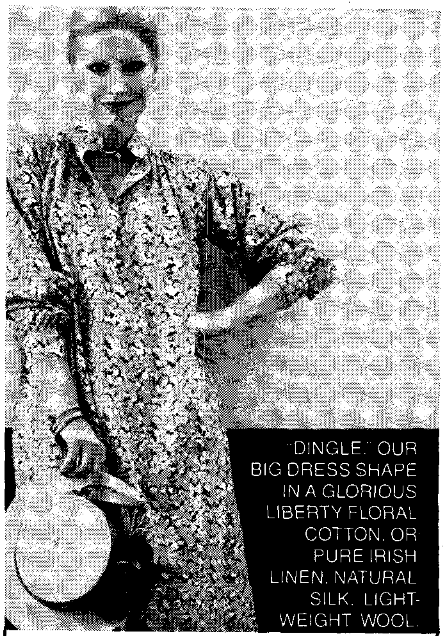
but not so shocked that she doesn't eventually fall into that bed. What follows is a very funny put-down of this self-described man of the world by this doting, innocent girl. When he learns that she is only nineteen, he leaps off the bed and hastily starts to get into his clothes, and then quietly (and capably) she woos him, and when the stage lights fade they are back in bed. She is, as she has been from the first, in charge.

This ironic, deliberately minor fragment is the gentlest, most humorous work by Bullins that I've ever seen. The monologue goes on so long that it throws the play somewhat off balance (besides, much of its content has already been dramatized in Mr. Bullins' "Daddy," which had a workshop production last year and deserves a more permanent one), but, even so, there is not one dull or weak moment. Under Pat Golden's direction, the performance is all it should be. Harold Stuart is Michael, and Theresa Cecelia Marsh is Candy.

"Passion Without Reason" is the title of the second one-acter, by Neil Harris, in which Mr. Harris and Elaine Jackson, herself a considerable playwright, assume any number of roles in any number of scenes between a man and a woman. The title is far too pompous for a play as quick and mercurial as this one. Miss Jackson, as Female, is dressed in a pale leotard and carries a scarf that at one point makes do for a baby and otherwise for whatever props or pieces of costume are needed; Mr. Harris, as Male, wears a tweed suit and a cloth cap, which he switches around as needed. In the opening scene, Miss Jackson is a whore ("I'm the body of pleasure. I'm the Muhammad Ali of all the prostitutes") and Mr. Harris the indignant man she accosts ("Do I look like a trick to you?"). Then there is a chime of bells, a shift of lighting, and she has become a young adolescent and he her father, warning her to stay off the streets at night, while she protests that the boys are allowed to do as they please and have all the fun. With just this simple sound-and-lighting effect, the actors slip from one characterization to the next in scene after scene, each of them making its point with commendable economy. He is a working husband being exploited by his boss ("Deal with it," she says); she is a working wife ready to quit because the men at the office keep making passes at her ("Deal with it," he says). And so on and so on until the end, when there is a clever switch that takes us back to the beginning. Using pantomime and



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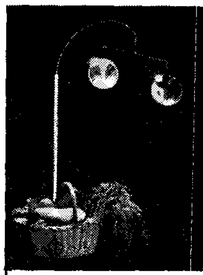

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some semblance of dance, Miss Jackson and Mr. Harris achieve a rare intimacy of acting, under the direction of Ernestine M. Johnston. Movement by Akin Babatunde, settings by Paul Davis, lighting by Marvin Brown, and costumes by Tamara Bland. When the performance I saw was over, Mr. Harris walked to the footlights and told the audience that a new renaissance is taking place in Harlem, and that 125th Street seems to be its base. And, indeed, this theatre is at 43 East 125th, just west of Madison; Barbara Ann Teer's National Black Theatre is right down the block; and the Frank Silvera Writers' Workshop is at 317 West. Very encouraging news.

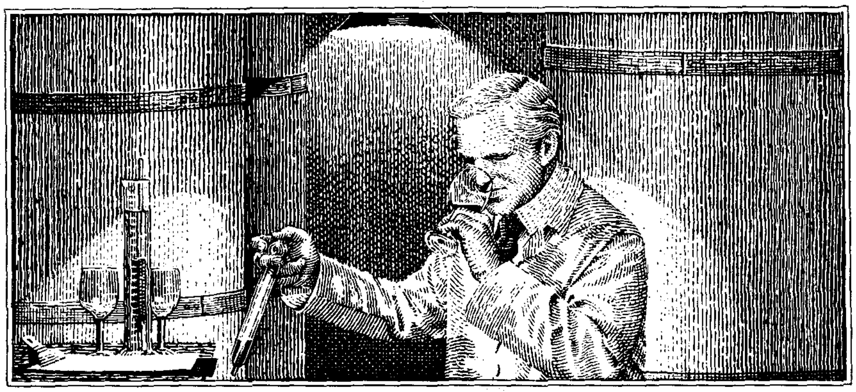
"MY MOTHER WAS A FORTUNE-TELLER," Phyllis Newman's one-woman show, which will run at the Hudson Guild through May 21st, may more properly belong to cabaret than to theatre. Wherever it belongs, it is a skillful performance of songs, with some connective words, by an entertaining, refreshing singer and actress. The songs, most of them unfamiliar to me, are by such well-known composers and lyricists as Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick, Stephen Sondheim, Mary Rodgers, Jule Styne, and Miss Newman herself, and by some not so well known, and the connective words are presumably by Miss Newman. The arrangement of words and music is more or less autobiographical, as we learn (in the title number) of Miss Newman's vaudeville childhood, and then of her marriage, when an aspiring actress, to an established playwright (Adolph Green), of the distractions of trying to balance motherhood with a career, of her first important role, and so on. The only letdown is at the very end, when she turns far too sprightly as she reminds us that she is making a comeback; I didn't realize that she'd been away. Aside from that, all goes well. The show was impeccably directed by Arthur Laurents. Good setting of a woman's bedroom, with chaotic bulletin board, by Philipp Jung; musical direction by Herbert Kaplan, who, along with Jim Stenborg, provides a lively piano accompaniment. —EDITH OLIVER

•

TAURUS (Apr. 20 to May 20) Take care of annoying commitments and then you have time for whatever it is you like to do. Show true affection for your closet tie.—*"Righter's Horoscope" in the Boston Globe.*

You could send it to be cleaned, for one thing.

Fermentation: The birth of a fine red wine.



Despite the wealth of sophisticated equipment available today, there is no substitute for the judgment and care of a dedicated winemaker.

At no time is this more apparent than during the critical days of fermentation, for it is at this stage, the birth of the wine, that taste, character, aroma, body and color are in large part determined.

Our Winemaker's Role

Consider just a few of our winemaker's responsibilities during the vinting of a fine red wine, such as our Zinfandel.

When the grapes arrive at our crusher, a State Agricultural Inspector measures sugar content and physical condition. But, in addition, our winemaker checks and tastes for grape quality.

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Those grapes which he approves move directly to our "crusher-stemmer" which removes the stems and then gently "crushes" the fruit.

The Right Yeast

Since fermentation results from the natural interaction of yeast with the sugars and acids in the juice, the selection of the right yeast from the many available to our winemaker is crucial.

Not only is it up to the winemaker to determine the proper yeast strain to begin the process of fermentation, but he must also select the precise quantity. Too little, and the juice will ferment too slowly and the wild yeasts naturally present on the skins may again become active. Too much, and the juice will ferment too rapidly and develop a "yeasty taste." The winemaker must select exactly the right yeast, in exactly the proper quantity, to yield a wine whose flavor is true to the grape, with all the desirable taste characteristics in balance.

The Constant Vigil

Now begins a vigil that will remain unbroken for 72 to 96 hours.

Because fermentation creates heat, temperature must be carefully controlled—otherwise the delicacy of the wine may be irrevocably destroyed. Through years of experience we have determined that 70 to 75 degrees F. is the ideal for a red wine of true excellence, and this is the maximum Gallo winemakers permit.

As the liquid ferments in the presence of the skins, each passing hour brings changes in flavor, in color, in aroma, and in body which the winemaker monitors constantly, partially with sophisticated instruments, but primarily through his own highly developed sense of taste and smell. At each tasting, our winemaker must be able to call to mind all the various vintages of his past and how they tasted at each particular stage. He must mentally compare them and predict precisely how *this* Zinfandel will taste when fully mature. This talent we have found to be more than an acquired skill; it is, rather, a rare gift.

Flavor: Skin Deep and More

As the juice ferments, skins and pulp float to the top, forming a "cap" vital to the wine's development. This is because the skins are the repository of the cells which eventually determine the character of the finished wine.

If the wine is to achieve its true peak of flavor, color, body and aroma, the cap must not be permitted to dry out and harden. Therefore, we designed a system that circulates the fermenting wine over the entire surface of the cap. The winemaker must determine exactly how often and for what duration the fermenting wine will be circulated over the cap. These are critical decisions—too much circulation will draw less desirable flavors from the skins, too little will cause the wine to be lacking in body and color.

When his tasting tells him the wine is fermented to the precise degree that augurs a superb Zinfandel, he halts the process by lowering the temperature. He then has the wine carefully drawn off and removed to the cooperage for aging.

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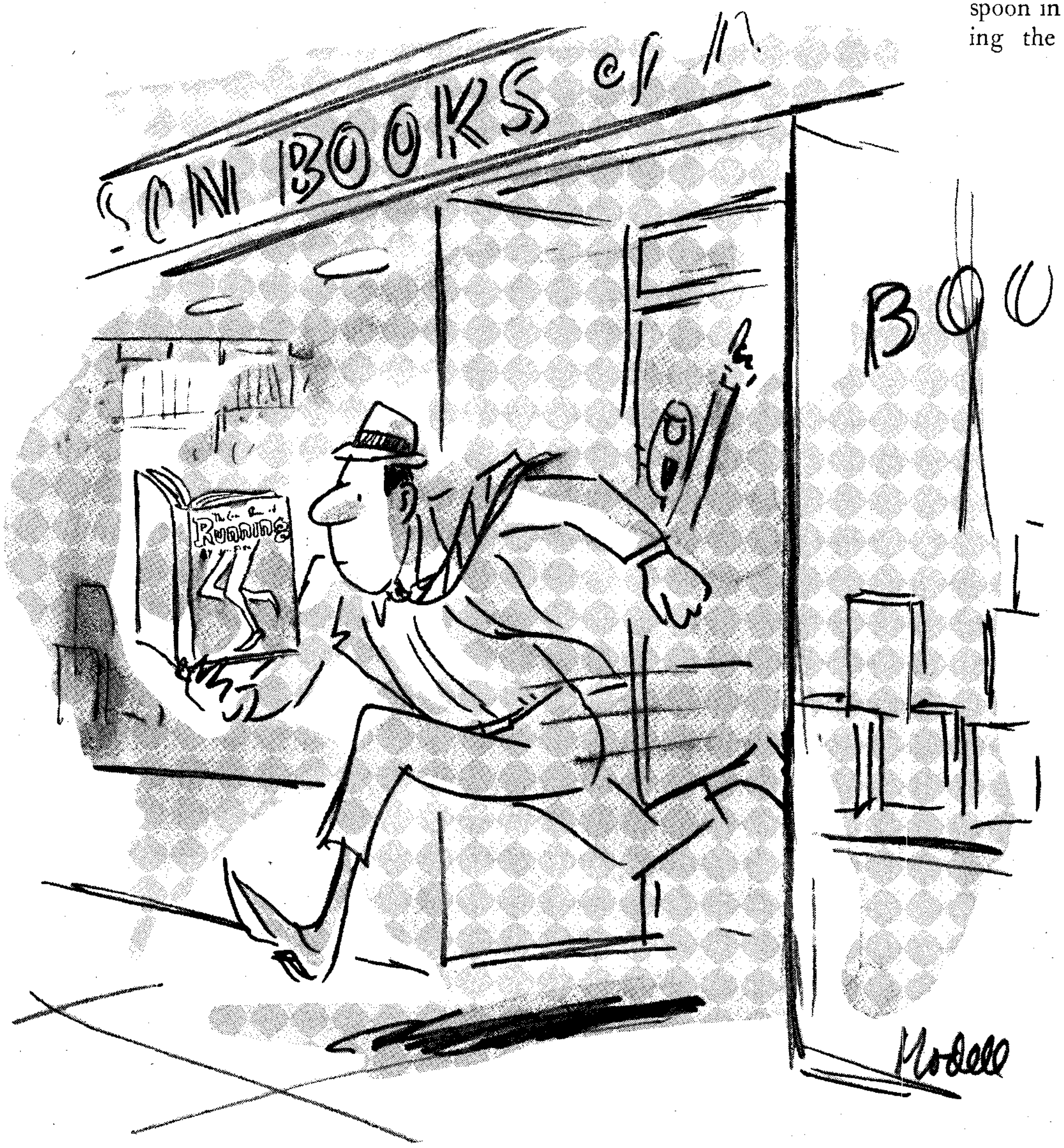
A REPORTER AT LARGE

MOMENTS FROM CHAPLIN

Charlie Chaplin was the first international movie star. He was also the first movie figure to be widely regarded as a genius. Through all the decades since Chaplin's arrival in Hollywood in the early years of motion-picture history; through all the changes and developments that have taken place in the industry with the advent of sound, color, new cameras, new dollies, the wide screen, stereophonic sound, big studios, no studios, big budgets, little budgets, big and rich producers, little and poor producers, big-star pictures, no-star pictures, big agents, the bankers in the background, the tie-ins with books, the tie-ins with records; through the rise of the director, the rise of the movie writer, the rise of movie-theory jargon, the rise of intellectuals as custodians of the art of "film," the rise of college courses in "film," the rise of the lecture circuit on "film," the rise in the power of the stars, and the superpower of the superstars; through the strain to compete with television, the strain to coöperate with television; and through the countless technological advances—through everything, Charlie Chaplin has persisted as a gigantic, incomparable figure. His pictures have by now been seen by billions of people all over the world. For many years, Chaplin's life, like that of many movie stars, was disrupted, or at least thrown into confusion, by publicity of one kind or another, but at the age of fifty-four he married Oona O'Neill, the daughter of Eugene O'Neill, and with her he settled down into a period of astonishing serenity, which lasted as long as he lived. I first met the Chaplins in Hollywood, at a party, in 1948, when they were living in Beverly Hills with the first two of their eight children, and I continued to see them from time to time over the subsequent years. Their home always served as a refuge from the Hollywood frenzy, a very nice refuge—with a tennis court, a pool, and regular Sunday outdoor teas—which they shared graciously with other refugees of all kinds, both foreign and domestic. It was great fun for me, for one thing, to talk in a relaxed way with guests like Jean Renoir, James Agee, and Carol Matthau in that setting. For another thing, I spent some pleasant hours on the Chaplins' tennis court, playing with (or against) Chaplin, who always played to win.



A number of moments from Chaplin's life remain fixed in my memory. There was a moment in 1950 when I found Chaplin and Oona in their kitchen fussing over a leg of lamb that they were roasting, while a couple of small children stood by watching. Food was always important to Chaplin, because, as he used to explain, he had been so often deprived of it when he was a child. On this day, he was in charge of the oven, a chef's big white apron tied around his waist, a big spoon in his left hand, and he was giving the lamb his full concentration, with a Charlie Chaplin pursing of the lips, a Charlie Chaplin frown, a Charlie Chaplin raising of the spoon at his wide-eyed, frozen onlookers, to keep them at their distance.

"It's done now," he reported, rather nervously. "It's just right. Tender and succulent."

"Charlie did the basting while I fed the baby," his wife said.

"I baste and baste," Chaplin said to me, with authority. "Baste and baste and baste."

In Hollywood, Chaplin was restless whenever he was not working on a movie, and there were often long stretches between movies. In 1950, on a chilly, damp evening during one of these periods, I watched Chaplin take a hand in directing the James Barrie play "What Every Woman Knows," at the Circle, Hollywood's leading noncommercial theatre. The play was starring Ruth Conte and Sydney Chaplin, Charlie Chaplin's second son (by an earlier marriage), who was then twenty-four. The Circle had practically no money, and the regard in which it was held, particularly by actors and actresses in pictures, was quite out of proportion to its financial standing. Many movie people contributed their talents without pay. One was Shelley Winters, who was directing the play "Thunder Rock," by Robert Ardrey. Another was Chaplin. Everybody associated with the Circle was serious about acting and about the theatre. The Circle's manager, Jerry Epstein, was a plump, dedicated, good-natured young man from Brooklyn who lived in an apartment behind the theatre, as did Sydney Chaplin. Epstein eventually worked with Charlie Chaplin as an all-around assistant on "Limelight," the assistant producer of "A King in New York," and the producer of "A Countess from Hong Kong," the last three movies that Chaplin made. Sydney Chaplin became, and still is, a movie actor. But in 1950 the Circle was their life. The theatre was a small, round room, seating a hundred and fifty people at most, in a dank, dilapidated building in the heart of Hollywood. The audience was ranged in tiers around a vacant space about the size of the back seat of a station wagon. The actors performed in this area. The management of the Circle always cautioned its audience to come on time. "You come late and you find yourself in the play," Jerry Epstein told me.

Sydney Chaplin was on the Circle's board of directors, along with Epstein and an actor named William Schallert. "I love the Circle, except that it's lousy to wake up and *be* here," Sydney Chaplin said to me the evening I watched his father in action at the theatre.

"It's the only place in town where you can *act*," Schallert said solemnly.

"We couldn't get Charlie Chaplin for any amount of *money*," Epstein said. "He *likes* to come down and direct."

Epstein took a broom and started sweeping out the theatre to prepare it for the director. A young girl wearing ballet slippers wandered in and asked him when "Thunder Rock" would open. Epstein said he didn't know. Shelley Winters had been rehearsing it for four months, he said, so it ought to open soon. "Shell is trying to give it some kind of existentialist touch," he said. Then he turned to Sydney Chaplin and asked, "You nervous, Sydney?"

"I'm beat," Sydney said. "I was up till seven this morning painting and papering this joint."

Chaplin arrived at about eight

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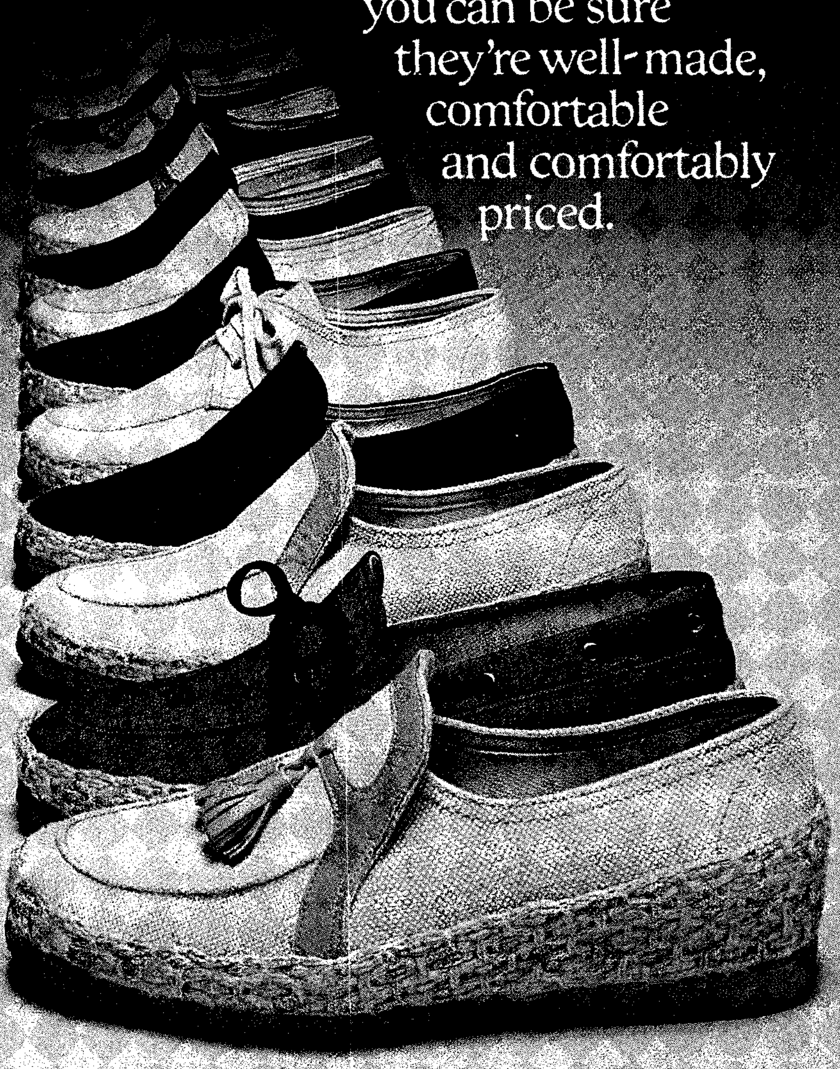


IDLERS BY FLORSHEIM®

o'clock, dressed for the chilly, damp evening in a salt-and-pepper tweed suit over a sweater.

"Hello, Papa," Sydney said.

"Where's the cast?" Chaplin asked crisply.

Epstein and Schallert and Sydney Chaplin immediately called the cast and various theatre aides and told them to take their stations. Chaplin got to work at once. He started talking the moment the rehearsal got under way, with the actors playing the parts of a Scottish quarry owner and his two sons discussing the problems of the quarryman's spinster daughter, played by Ruth Conte.

"Don't let it get doleful!" Chaplin said. "Make it very warm. It's cold outside, but you get a glow, a warm glow."

He turned to Schallert, who, in addition to being the nominal director, was playing the elder son, and said, "Keep moving. Do something with your hands."

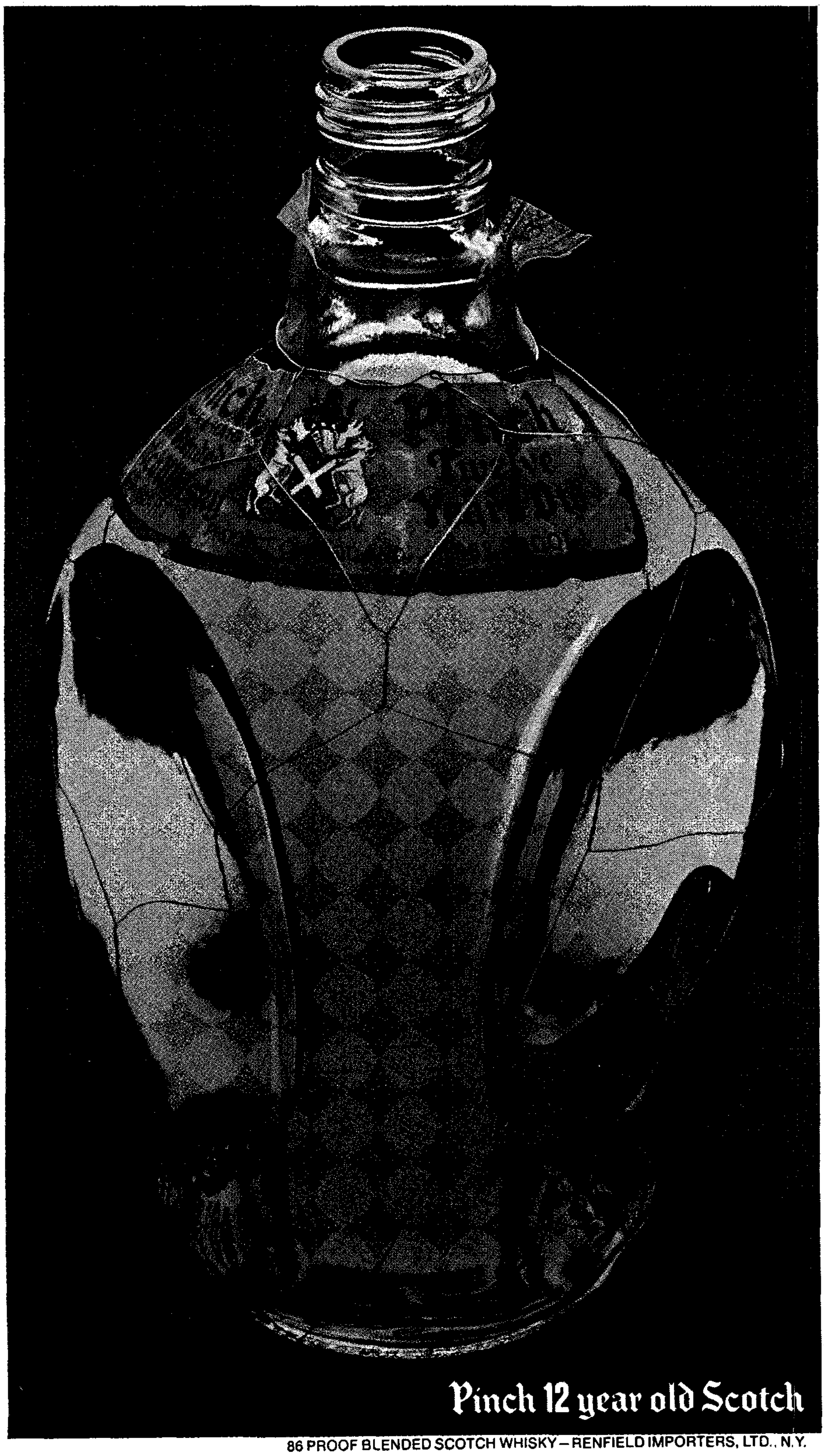
Chaplin took a seat in the front row, hunched his shoulders, and frowned at his cast. "All right, let's go, let's go," he said impatiently. "Keep it going. Keep it going, keep it going." To one of the two sons he said, "You bring it *down*. Keep it up. Keep it *up*."

He paused for a few moments, then addressed the whole cast. "This first part is everything," he said. "That's why I'm dwelling on this. You must not act. You . . . *must* . . . *not* . . . *act*. I must sharpen you here. No self-pity. Don't give the audience the impression that you've just read the script. It's phony now. We don't talk that way. Just state it. Don't make it weary. You're too young for that. Let's get away from acting. We don't want acting. We want reality. Give the audience the feeling that they're looking through the keyhole. This will be maudlin and sticky as hell if you act. The play is sentimental enough. Don't do it with broken hearts. Come on. If you get a tear in the voice, it's ruined. Come on, now. Come on."

After the actors had spoken a few more lines, he said, "Get the feeling of embarrassment rather than self-pity. I like that. I like that. It's more noble. Get all the murkiness out of it now."

Chaplin slouched down in his seat, biting his thumbnail, and watched quietly for a while—until Sydney Chaplin came onstage, in the role of the ambitious young man who breaks into the family's home to read and study their books. Sydney took a book from a shelf and sat down to read it. Chaplin leaped to his feet, and, elbowing his son out

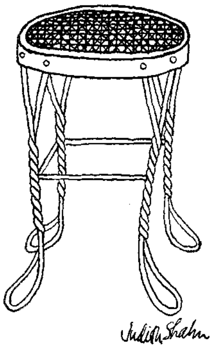
Look at it this way:
For four years your son told you
he was quitting college. Now he's graduating.
This is no time for ordinary scotch.



86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

of the chair, demonstrated how an interloper makes himself comfortable in someone else's house. He gave a small, Chaplinesque hiccup to show the way he made himself at home. "Get the drama in this, Sydney," Chaplin said, returning to his seat. "Get the drama. It's a situation. Make it clean."

Again, he hunched down in his seat. A moment later, he was back on his feet. "Sydney, for Christ's sake, get rid of that singsong. Get rid of those inflections. Just say the thing. You're not cheeky. You're never cheeky. You're indignant. They think you're a burglar, and, goddammit, you're not. You're a student."



Shortly afterward, he burst out laughing with what seemed to be pure pleasure. "Great humor!" he said as Sydney spoke with indignation instead of with cheekiness. "Charming," he went on. "Lovely humor. Lovely." He gave a little sigh of satisfaction.

The next moment, he was elbowing Sydney out of his place onstage again. "You must *think* rather than parrot the words," he said. "All right. All right. Don't lay an egg. Keep it going."

As the spinster daughter confronted the student, Chaplin said, "Don't break the thing between the two of you. You must get the nuance of this thing. This is somebody you're going to be very intimate with. It'll be so sweet. So sweet." Chaplin looked buoyant and happy, while Sydney chewed nervously on his lips.

"We must keep the choreography clean," Charlie Chaplin pleaded as the actors moved awkwardly around the small stage area. He worked tirelessly on the choreography for a half hour or so, and then went back to rehearsing the first scene between Ruth Conte and Sydney.

"Sydney, say those lines as though you were saying them!" he cried. "Make it simple. Make it sincere. All this lousy singsong. I loathe that singsong. It hurts me."

He bounded around the stage incessantly—energetic, enthusiastic, fervent, and apparently tireless, as the actors and actresses began to wilt. He examined them from every angle. He looked closely into their faces. He stood on chairs and looked down at them. He knelt on the floor and looked up at them. At one point, he shoved one of the actors out of a chair. "May I sit here?" he said after he was sitting there. "I want to sit here for a while. I want to *feel* it."

After five hours of rehearsal, the cast was exhausted. Chaplin looked as fresh as he had at the beginning.

"Keep it simple!" he cried. "Too many gestures are creeping in. I don't like that. If the audience notices a gesture, you're gone. Gestures are not to be seen. And I'm a gesture man. It's hard for me to keep them down." As he spoke, he made a small, delicate gesture of restraint. "Thank God, I can see myself on the screen the next day," he added.

A little while later, he was showing the cast how to go on and off the stage. "I'm essentially an entrance-and-exit man," he said. "Good exits and good entrances. That's all theatre is. And punctuation. That's all it is."

When the rehearsal was over, Chaplin told the actors they would be very good on opening night.

They looked slightly revived. Jerry Epstein beamed. "You were wonderful tonight, Mr. Chaplin," he said. "Thank you very much."

Chaplin looked delighted, and ready to start all over again. "Keep it simple," he said briskly. "Keep it sincere. Now, what about some wheat cakes and coffee?"

It was almost three in the morning. With the cast and management of the Circle at his heels, he set off at a fast clip for an all-night beanery that could supply wheat cakes and coffee.

IN September, 1952, Chaplin and his wife came to New York. They came by train, stopping in Chicago briefly en route. Chaplin's newly finished movie, "Limelight"—the last movie he made in this country—was scheduled to open shortly, and after that they were planning to sail on the Queen Elizabeth, with their children (there were four by then: Geraldine, Michael, Josephine, and Victoria), for Chaplin's first visit to London in twenty years, on what he thought was going to be a vacation. He did not yet know that on the ship he would be informed by the United States government that, as a British subject suspected of "left-wing leanings," he would not be welcome to return to the United States. When the Chaplins arrived in New York, they checked into the Sherry-Netherland, and Oona called me to ask if I wanted to go

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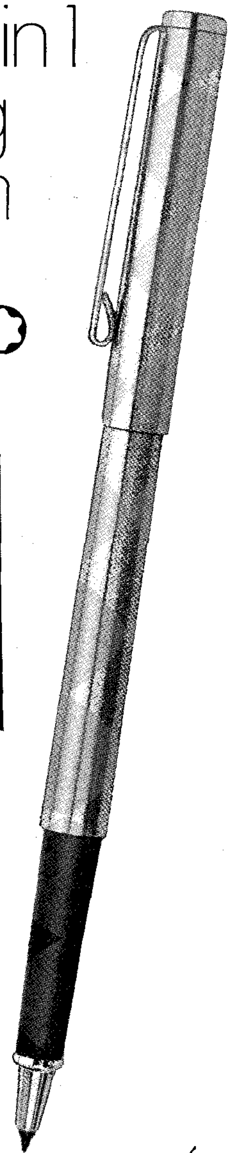

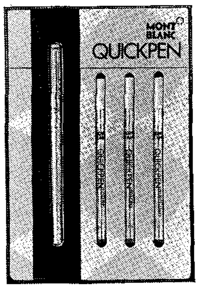

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walking with Charlie around the city. "I can't go," Oona said. "He walked me for four hours in Chicago. I've got blisters on both heels."

The next morning at eleven, I went to pick Chaplin up at their suite.

"Walking around the city is a ritual with me," Chaplin told me as he ushered me in. "I love to walk all over New York. It's a bloody ritual with me."

Oona smiled and rubbed her feet.

Chaplin looked at her with unabashed affection and admiration. "She's a bloody Victorian," he said. "The only woman I know who carries *smelling* salts!"

Chaplin was dressed for the walk in an oxford-gray double-breasted suit, a white shirt with a black satin necktie, and gray socks and well-shined black shoes. His hair, pure white even then, was long, curling up at the back of his neck. His eyebrows, too, were pure white. His cheeks were pink. He was smiling, and was eager to get going. "This isn't too bad, now, is it?" he asked, waving a hand around the living room of the suite. "At least, it's light. At first, they took us to a dark-green room with red drapes. The gloomiest bloody place, with holes in the drapes. Can you imagine that? Holes in the drapes! We had to move. I like brightness. My brother and I were brought up in a dark hovel, and I'm not having any more of that—am I?" He smiled at his wife, and she smiled back.

Out on the sidewalk, Chaplin took a deep breath. "I like this kind of day for walking in the city," he said. "A sultry, Indian-summer September day. But do you know the best time for walking in the city? Two A.M. It's the best time. The city is chaste. Virginal. Two A.M. in the winter is the best, with everything looking frosty. The tops of the automobiles. Shiny. All those colors." He took another deep breath. "It's really hot today," he said. "Thank God I left my vest off."

We started out, walking south on Fifth Avenue. "There used to be a florist right here," Chaplin said at Fifty-eighth, looking puzzled. "His name was Schling. He was a philosopher. I could never pass by without his saying 'Come in here,' and he would stick a flower in my lapel. He was full of emotion. Very talkative. He always gave you a reason he liked to sell flowers." Chaplin laughed, and then arranged his face in that inimitable eager-to-please, self-abnegating, teeth-baring, lingering smile.

Not many people among the passers-

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by seemed to recognize Chaplin as we walked. He was smiling a bit to himself, as though he noticed that he wasn't being recognized, and got a kick out of it.

"The first time I came to New York from Hollywood, I stopped traffic on Broadway," he told me when I remarked on the near-anonymity. "One of the newspapers had a big headline—'HE'S HERE!' That's all. The police chief, I remember, made me get off the train at a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to avoid the mobs. That was in 1916."

Chaplin was approached only a few times on this walk. He was approached first by a young woman carrying a paper shopping bag, who asked him to shake hands with her ten-year-old son, Paul. He shook hands with Paul. Then he was stopped by the wife of the film director Lewis Milestone, who asked him about his children. Chaplin told her that he had shown "City Lights" to them just before leaving California, and that they had all cried—had thought the movie was very, very sad. Then he met the actor Mel Ferrer, who yelled "Charlie!" They shook hands. "I was just watching you on television last night," Ferrer said. "One of your two-reelers. You in the ash-can—remember?"

"Yes, yes," Chaplin said, with his laugh. "You know, I haven't seen any of my pictures on television. We don't have a television set."

Ferrer asked him what he was doing in the city, and Chaplin said he had brought an advance print of "Limelight" with him to show at a few screenings before it opened. Ferrer said he wanted to see the picture, and observed that there was a world of difference between pictures made by Chaplin and those made by everybody else.

"I know—I use my own *dough*," Chaplin said, and he laughed again. "I woke up this morning, and I suddenly realized I had just spent a million dollars making the picture, and I said to myself, 'My God! What have I done?'" Mel Ferrer and I were treated to a quick reënactment by Chaplin, in pantomime, of Charlie Chaplin waking up to what he had done.

"Seems as if I'd been here forever," Chaplin said to me as we continued our walk down Fifth Avenue. "You come along this avenue and you meet the world. In Hollywood, you walk for miles and you don't meet a single friend. Sometimes when I have a whole day here I walk a whole day. I just go along, and I dis-

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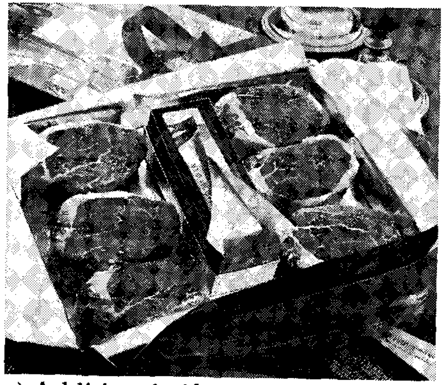

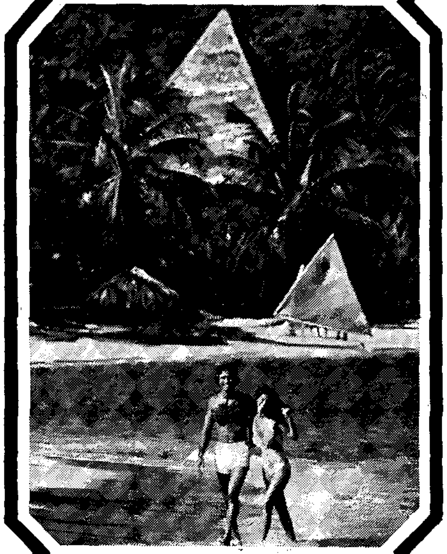

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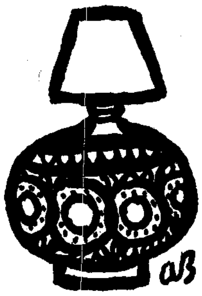
cover places. I discovered Sweet's, the famous fish place, all by myself. Down near the Battery. To me, that's the romantic part of New York. Especially on Sunday. It's so quiet down there. So chaste. So clean. Nobody's around. You take any business center, there's something very romantic about it when it's inactive. So I went walking down there to the Battery by myself and saw this place with all the limousines parked outside. Dowagers stepping out of the limousines. Very respectable gentlemen. So I said to myself, 'This must be very good.' And I went in there and had myself a load of clams. I love clams. I used to go to Grand Central—to the Oyster Bar. I'd get a dozen clams, and all you'd want besides is the lemon. You'd get a dozen clams for eighty cents."



We walked along in silence for a few moments. Chaplin looked with interest at the other pedestrians.

"Every time I walk, I get a terrific exhilaration," he said. "Each new day is a day of promise. There are always parts of the city to explore. Always parts you haven't seen. The first time I saw Fifth Avenue was in 1910, when I first arrived in New York, from England, with Fred Karno's vaudeville troupe. I was very poor. I was the leading comedian in a sketch called 'The Wow Wows.' I wasn't getting much money, even though I was getting twenty-five dollars more than the others in the troupe. In those days, all the actors, in the summertime, used to go to Coney Island to work as waiters. I never did it, because I was getting more than the rest."

After we'd gone a couple of blocks, he continued, "On Fifth Avenue, they used to have those cafés out on the sidewalk. There was one very attractive Victorian place, with brass rails. I used to walk up and down in front of those cafés looking at the people having their tea and their cakes. In those days, you didn't ever see women in pants. You wouldn't think of going on Fifth Avenue without a derby and a cane."

"Hi, Charlie!" a man in a business suit called out as he hurried by us.

"Oh, *hello!*" Chaplin called back, looking surprised and waving at the man.

"Isn't this lovely weather?" he asked me. "I feel absolutely marvellous. I'm supposed to get some clothes. And I need a haircut. So many things. You know, in 1910, when I first arrived in New York, it was just this kind of a day in September. Indian summer. Funny thing. We got off the boat and had our luggage sent to the theatre—to the Colonial Theatre, at Sixty-second and Broadway. The theatre is gone now. I can conduct you on a tour. Tell you all about New York in 1910 and in 1912. I've outlived it all."

Chaplin clasped his hands behind his back as we passed the Scribner Bookstore. "I used to haunt the secondhand-book shops in those days," he said. "I was pretty lonesome. It was the most terrible lonesomeness I've ever felt, that first year in New York. Anyway, the day I got off the boat in New York, I planted myself right in the middle of Broadway. I didn't know how to function at all. I had taken a streetcar, and I got off at Times Square. There were all those old brownstones, rooming houses, where English people looked for digs, all along there. I took a little back room, for three bucks a week. There used to be a saloon near where the Paramount Theatre is now. I later stayed in a room above the saloon. I was terribly ill there. For two days, I couldn't get out of bed. They used to have a magnificent free lunch. God, in those days! What an array! The pigs' knuckles! Ham sandwiches! Sauerkraut! Hot dogs! All free! Let's go over that way. To where the American Music Hall used to be. I played there with the Fred Karno troupe for six weeks in 1911. Near the corner of Eighth Avenue, on Forty-second Street. I like to go look at it. But let's not go on Forty-seventh or Forty-eighth Street. They're very sad streets."

We turned north again, and then walked west beside the Plaza Hotel.

"The Plaza was very new, very magnificent when I was first here," Chaplin said. "And the big thing then was Riverside Drive. That was the really posh place to live, in one of those mansions on Riverside Drive. There are so many streets I like, but I don't suppose we'll get to them today. Second Avenue. There was great vitality on Second Avenue when it had all those houses with little gardens."

When we reached Times Square, Chaplin stood in front of the Police Department information booth and looked around. He took some tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses out of his inside coat pocket and put them on.

"None of the houses or anything are left now," he said. "You know, I was very young when I lived here. Not yet twenty-two. I had my twenty-sec-

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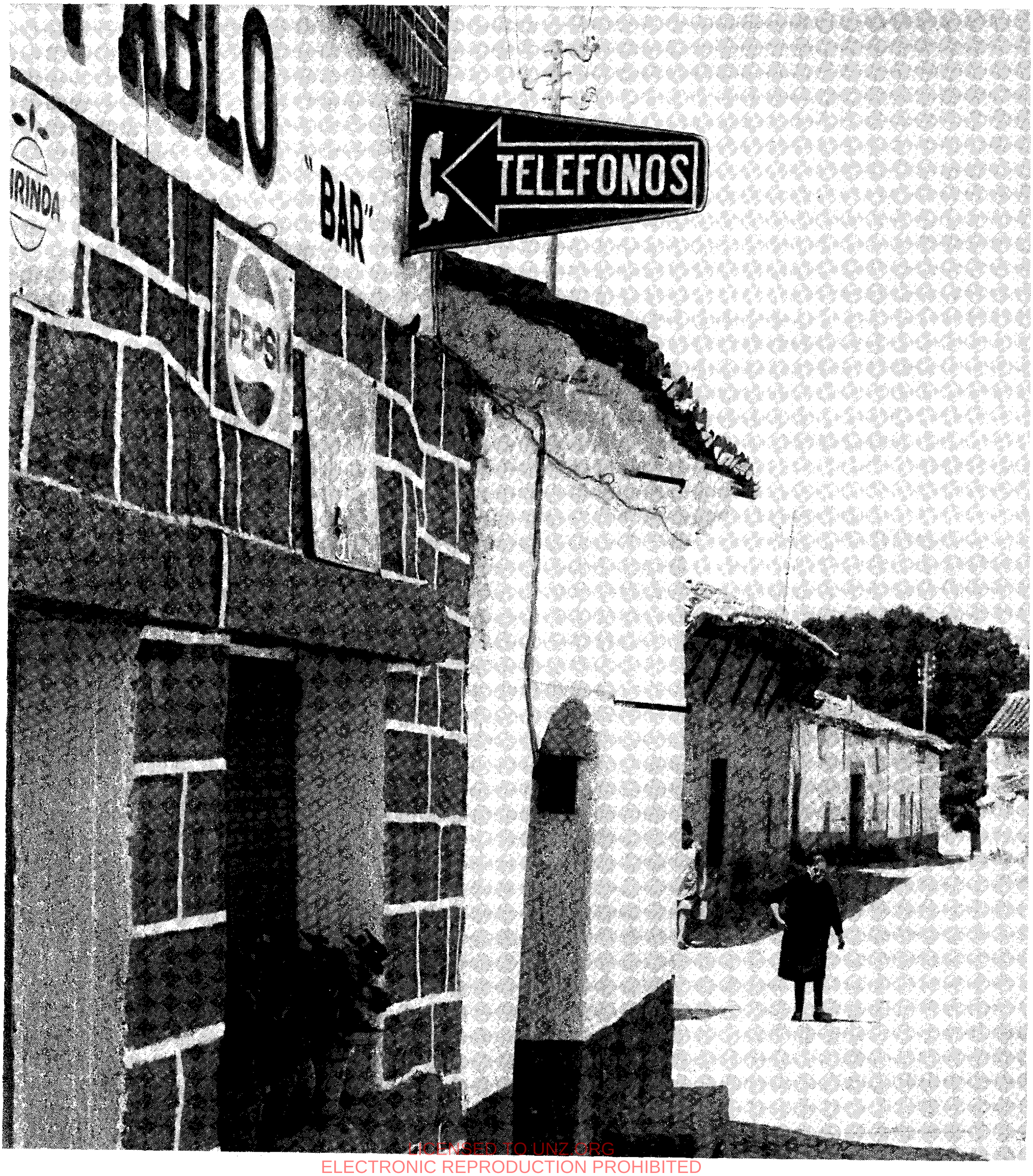

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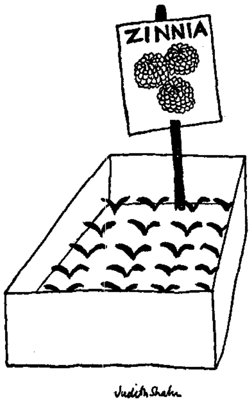
ond birthday in St. Paul, Minnesota, with the Karno troupe. 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' the act we were doing then was called. Do you know what I used to do? I'd sit in a box in the theatre and interfere with everything—all the business going on on the stage. I'd disapprove, disrupt, make noise. In another act, 'A Night at a London Club,' I also played a drunk. The comedians in those days always played an older man. I remember going out to the West Coast and meeting Mack Sennett for the first time. He had seen me at the American Music Hall and thought I was a much older man. Offstage, at twenty-two, I looked about sixteen." Chaplin gave his laugh. "I'll never forget the time I got the message that Mack Sennett wanted me for Keystone. I was here in New York and got a message to come to the Longacre Building, where all the lawyers had their offices. My immediate thought was that rich relatives in America were trying to find me. I was so disappointed when I learned that Adam Kessel and Charles Bauman, who owned Keystone, wanted to tell me that what I was wanted for was the *movies*."

Forty-second Street. Chaplin headed for the Rialto Theatre, which was showing movies. " 'Bela Lugosi Meets a Brooklyn Gorilla.' " Chaplin read from the marquee. "This used to be *the* showplace," he said. "It was called the Victoria. Hammerstein's! The first Oscar Hammerstein himself used to stand on the curb outside here. You know, it was Willie Hammerstein, Oscar's son, who invented pie-throwing. The legend is that Mack Sennett invented it. But when the Karno company worked for Willie Hammerstein, he loved the act, and he gave us a bit of business for the act with the dour drunks." Chaplin lowered his voice a couple of octaves and, putting on a pompous manner, sang, "Hail, morn, smiling morn." He went on, "We had a boy in the box with me, and I used to knock him over. One day, Hammerstein said, 'Why don't you do it with a pie?' So we did. The goo of it. The laughter we got lasted two minutes, which was a long time. Willie Hammerstein had such a sad face. But the *acts* he had. The big time. He had Eva Tanguay. Willie Howard. Acts like that."



We passed shooting galleries, hot-dog stands, and theatres showing movies like "Outcast Girls" and "Female Tricks of the Trade."

"There used to be a white tile Child's restaurant around about here," he said. "That Child's was wonderful. It was all *very* white. They used to make hotcakes right in their window. Forty-second Street was *very* elegant then. *Very* elegant. Belasco had a play, 'The Governor's Lady,' with Emma Dunn, in which he reproduced a Child's—every detail. Belasco believed in being very realistic. What a meal you could get at Child's for a quarter, plus dessert! Or two eggs, hot biscuits, and wonderful hot coffee, all for fifteen cents."

Chaplin walked up to Forty-third Street and over to Eighth Avenue, past Andy's Food Shop, the Times Grill, the Dixie Bus Depot, and the Hotel Times Square, and back down to Forty-second.

"The American Music Hall used to have two theatres in it," he said. "You'd take an elevator and go up and play to another audience. Don't tell me there's a bank there now. That would be horrifying. No, the Anco Theatre. That's it. 'The Thrill Film Theatre, Robin Hood—The Half Breed,' " he read from the marquee. "My God! How the whole place gets lost, *doesn't it? Let's go up to the next* corner. I'm a little cloudy about this, but I know the Eltinge Theatre was around here, too. Julian Eltinge was a great vaudeville star. A female impersonator."

An old woman in a torn dress was standing in front of the New Amsterdam Theatre selling pretzels from a battered baby stroller. "I don't think the old girl would know whether this is where Ziegfeld had his 'Follies,' or whether it had a roof garden," Chaplin said. He stopped walking. He looked puzzled, a bit hurt.

An elderly man with a pale, freckled face, who was bald except for reddish hair at the base of his skull, came along and stopped beside us. He wore a dirty white shirt open at the collar, and he had a bundle of old newspapers under one arm. "Visiting your old haunts, Charlie?" he said to Chaplin.

"Why, yes," Chaplin said. "Yes. Yes, I am."

"I used to come in as a kid, fifteen years old," the man said. "I used to see you. They were good old days."

"Wasn't this where Ziegfeld had his

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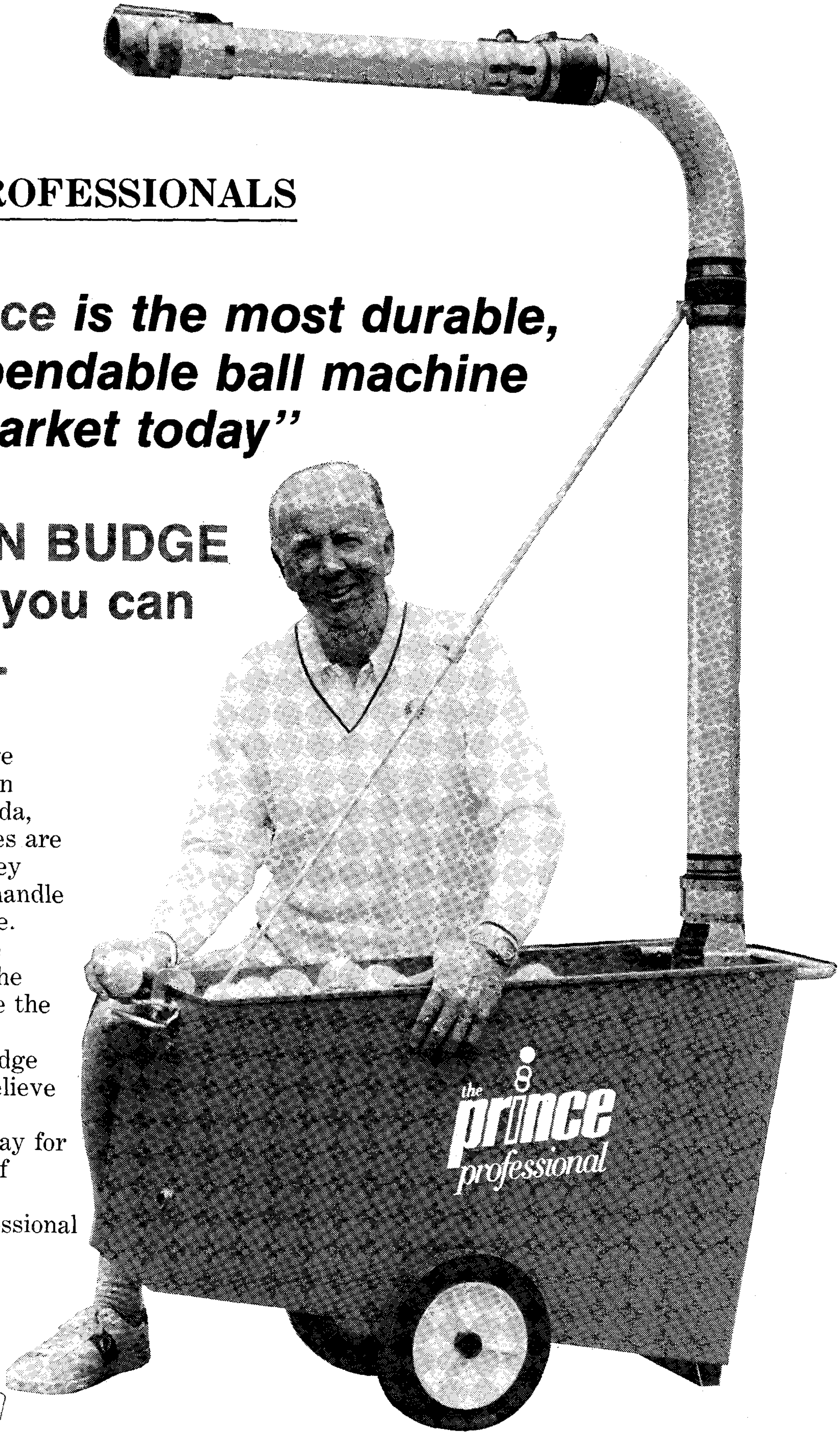

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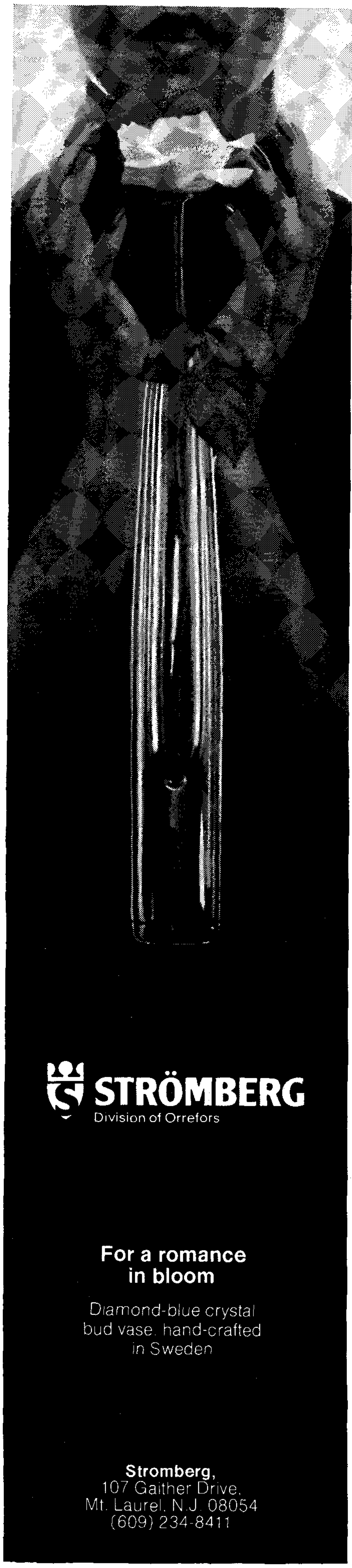

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'Follies'?" Chaplin asked. "And didn't it have a roof garden upstairs?"

"You're right," the man said. "And it still does have a roof garden."

"You see, I was right, wasn't I?" Chaplin said to me.

"What are you doing now, Charlie?" the man asked.

"I'm still in the movies," Chaplin said. "At least, I *think* I am." He gave his laugh.

CHAPLIN spent the last quarter-century of his life in Corsier-sur-Vevey, Switzerland, a twenty-minute drive from Lausanne. He lived, with his family, in a beautiful old manor house—Le Manoir de Ban—on thirty-seven acres of vast lawns, ancient pine trees, and orchards, where he had a swimming pool and a tennis court and also a view of Lake Geneva and the Alps. There he and Oona had four more children—Eugene, Jane, Annette, and Christopher. They made their home an open one to their friends. The Chaplins relished hearing about life back in the United States, but they evidently had no longing for it. A few months after they had moved into their new home, I visited them. Chaplin and Oona were visibly happy with each other, with their children, and with their surroundings. "We couldn't have found a more nearly perfect place to live," Chaplin told me. "The kids can go to the best schools in the world right here. They've already learned to speak French. And if Oona and I get bored, we can pop over to London or to Paris in an hour or two."

From what I saw, the Swiss enjoyed having Chaplin among them. Whenever he walked or drove (he owned a black Ford sedan and liked to drive it) on the streets, he was recognized more often than he had been on Fifth Avenue before he left, but the recognition was always limited to a cheerful shout of "*Bonjour, Charlot!*"

The Chaplins ate outdoors as often as possible, on a large terrace overlooking a long expanse of lawn, and the mountains in the distance. Wild strawberries with heavy cream provided an occasion for a kind of dramatic production by Chaplin. He would choose the best-looking ones and present them, one at a time, to Oona, to himself, to a guest, and to each of his children—in that order. He would eat them with exaggerated appreciation. At the close of one such production, he shared a confidence with me. "Every once in a while," he said, "the old lady and I get out the caviar and champagne. And we don't invite anybody

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ONE night toward the end of their first year in Switzerland, the Chaplins invited me to accompany them and Geraldine, then nine, and Josephine, then four, to a Swiss circus, the Knie, playing near Lausanne. The circus was owned by the Knie brothers, Rolf and Fredy, and the performers included other members of the Knie family; a famous wire-walker, Reco, who always dressed as a clown; and Lippizaners, lions, tigers, and ten dancing elephants. One of the dancing elephants wore oversized Chaplin shoes and an undersized Chaplin coat, had a derby on his head, and carried a cane in his trunk. After he had danced, the crowd cheered, and there were calls for "Charlot! Charlot!" from people who had noticed Chaplin in the audience. Rolf Knie, a rather portly gentleman, who was the elephant trainer, held out a large loaf of bread to Chaplin and invited him to come into the ring. Shyly, Chaplin, who was wearing a dark-blue pin-striped business suit, got up, entered the ring, took the bread in his left hand, and deferentially offered it to the derby-wearing elephant. The elephant accepted it, and bowed to Chaplin, who bowed back. The audience cheered as Chaplin returned to his seat.

After the circus ended, the Knie brothers invited Chaplin and the rest of us into their home, a trailer parked near the circus tent. We all gathered around a small table in the trailer with the brothers and their wives and with Reco, the clown wire-walker. Mrs. Knie, the mother of Rolf and Fredy, loaded the table with ham sandwiches and beer.

"I saw every one of your films," Reco told Chaplin, in English. "When I was a kid, I used to steal bottles to get pennies to see your films. Do you remember the circus one? The way the monkeys got on the clown and he was trying to brush them off?"

"Yes, yes," Chaplin said. "And he can't get them off." He gave us a quick enactment of his own enactment of the scene. (I never heard Chaplin talk about any of his own characters in any person except the third or in any tense except the present.)

"And the one where you're making doughnuts and you're putting dynamite in the dough?" Rolf Knie said. "Do you remember that one?"

"Yes, yes," Chaplin said, laughing.

For the next two and a half hours, Chaplin sat with the circus people,

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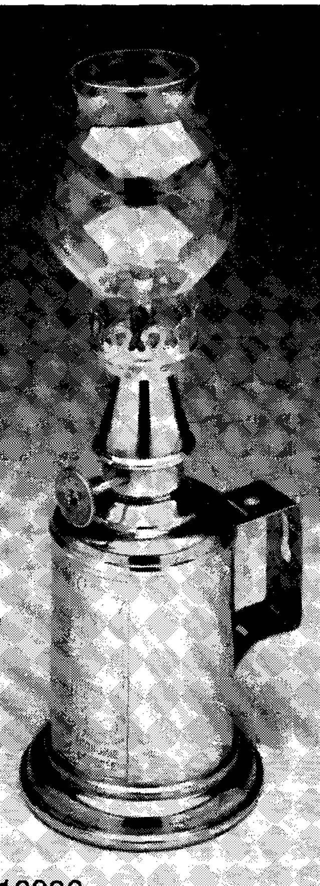

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talking about his movies for a while but rather quickly getting into reminiscences of famous London pantomimes, like "Cinderella" and "Puss in Boots." Then they all talked about old vaudeville people, and old vaudeville bits of business, like "taking the nap" (pretending to be hit), and after that they told circus stories—about tigers, about elephants, about horses. "I don't care for horses," Chaplin confided to them. He did a quick imitation of a horse, pawing at the ground.

After the stories about circus animals, they told stories about circus people, including dwarfs. Then there was a brief silence.

"Dwarfs are the hardest-working ones," Chaplin said. "They're very sad."

The Knies agreed.

"Circus is in the blood," Reco said. "In my family, being in the circus goes back for generations. That is the way it goes."

"Oh, yes, yes," Chaplin said. "My father and mother both were in vaudeville, and also my aunt. When I was a small boy, I remember waiting up for my mother at night with my older brother, Syd. I was four years younger than Syd. My mother in her act wore a cap and gown, recited a verse, and did a dance. She was one of the first champions of women's rights, by the way. We'd wait up, and she'd usually bring us a Napoleon slice or some other sweet and tell us how it went that night."

Geraldine and Josephine, who had been sitting by quietly, eating ham sandwiches, were nodding off, and Rolf Knie noticed them.

"I have children, but no girls," Rolf Knie, who looked somewhat like an elephant himself, said wistfully.

"My mother had only boys," Chaplin said. "At first, I had only boys, and suddenly I had girls. I like them. They decorate the house." He looked at Josephine, who looked back at him with sleepily blinking eyes. "That one looks just like Mabel Normand," he said to the Knies. "Remember her?"

"Mabel Normand, certainly—in the Keystone comedies!" one of the Knie brothers said enthusiastically.

"Sweet Mabel," Chaplin said, and he gave a little laugh.

THE Chaplins had their eighth, and last, child—Christopher—in 1962. A visit to Le Manoir de Ban invariably started with greetings from beautiful small pigtailed girls, who had enormous round eyes, and who would be wearing handmade white Swiss-cotton dresses that had been worn a few years earlier by their elder sisters. Or, at dinner, these children, along with a quiet boy or two, would sit, at the foot of the long table, bathed and immaculate and wearing white fleecy robes and slippers. A few giggles. A mild complaint. One or two nicely modulated, brief argumentative remarks, such as Josephine (at the age of ten) saying to Victoria (at eight), "My French is Frencher than yours." But minding their manners, deferring to the elders, and departing without protest to their upstairs quarters as soon as they had eaten. Some of the moments I remember from Vevey had the atmosphere of something staged, real though they were:

Charlie Chaplin heading for his tennis court, wearing white flannel trousers and a tennis shirt with a collar—a white cable-knit sweater dashingly slung over his back, the sleeves tied in front.

Charlie Chaplin playing tennis, racquet in his left hand, running for every ball, not liking to lose, and showing his dissatisfaction every time he lost a point, giving his all to the game, in total concentration, and never, *never* losing track of the score.

Charlie Chaplin obliging—before or after meals at home, before or after meals in restaurants—his children, his wife, and his friends by doing the famous "dance of the dinner rolls" just as he did it, with forks stuck in the rolls to make them look like feet, in "The Gold Rush."

Charlie Chaplin sharing a bowl of peanuts with three-year-old Annette. Chaplin's face would be down over the bowl, and he would be glaring, in top performance, leaving no doubt as to who would get the last peanut.

Charlie Chaplin in a long white terry-cloth robe, his pure-white hair dishevelled, leading a visitor at eight o'clock on a late-summer morning down his lawn to his swimming pool, all the whites looking whiter in contrast to the shadows cast by the trees on the smooth green lawn.

Charlie Chaplin at the pool, saying, "I go up and down the pool once and then out. I keep the water warm. It's not easy to go from a warm bed into a cold pool. I like it as long as I'm warm."

Charlie Chaplin sitting in front of a big fire in the fireplace of his living room for a quick drink before dinner. Gin-and-tonic, usually. "I look forward to that one drink at night," he would say. (One evening, the doors to the living room had been left ajar, and sounds came in of a man singing, in French, on a record being played somewhere in the recesses of the big house:

Banjo Boy, Banjo Boy,
Qui s'en va,
Les pieds nus,
Tout le long des rues
En chan-tant
À pleine voix.
Banjo Boy, Banjo Boy.

"All the kids speak French now as well as English, you know, but not me," Chaplin said to me, pretending to frown at the song. "It's rather nice, you know, *not* to speak the language of the country you're in.")

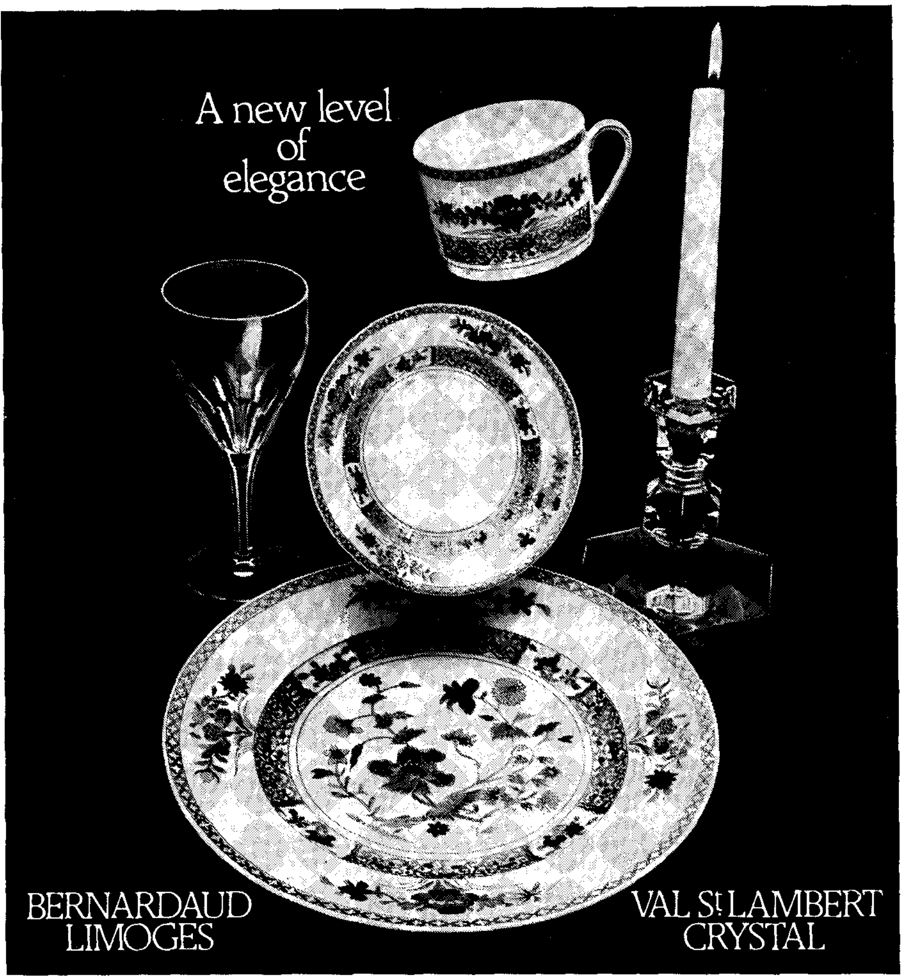
Charlie Chaplin after dinner, showing home movies, or some of his old pictures, to anybody who happened to be in his house, fussing over the projector himself, keeping up a running commentary on whatever he was showing, and acting out most of the parts himself.

Charlie Chaplin comforting Victoria, at the age of eleven, after she had seen "Limelight" for the first time. ("I couldn't help crying at the end, when you died," Victoria said to her father. "Oh, my dear," Chaplin said, on the verge of tears himself. "Oh, my dear. That's sweet. So sweet.")

Charlie Chaplin making a confession about the origins of "The Great Dictator": "When I first saw Hitler, with that little mustache, I thought he was copying *me*, taking advantage of my success. I was that egotistical."

Charlie Chaplin at the piano in his living room, playing music he had composed for his pictures, humming along with his own playing, while his face expressed every emotion experienced by everybody in each picture, and simultaneously talking: "I can't play anybody's music but my own. I never took a lesson. I never even *saw* a piano close up until I was twenty-one. As soon as I touched the piano, I could play. The same with the violin."

Charlie Chaplin, at five o'clock in the morning, heading quietly for his study, to work alone on his autobiography, as he did every morning for several years. (In 1962, on an afternoon in early September, I sat with him on his terrace as he read parts of his book manuscript to me, the tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses a bit down on his nose, his reading dramatic to the point of melodrama, his devotion to his subject unself-conscious and complete. "I use Fowler's 'The King's



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English' as my guide," he told me during a breather. "I do all my own editing. I'm very particular. I like to see a clean page, with no erasures. I'm entirely self-taught.")

CHAPLIN loved to sit around with his friends and talk about how he happened to invent bits of business in his movies. He always reënacted his bits of business as he told about them. To be anywhere with him invariably meant watching him either do a forever-fresh old bit of business or invent a new bit of business for the fun of it. He never stopped inventing.

After moving to Switzerland, he continued to enjoy playing the guide on walking tours—in Lausanne, in Geneva, or in Vevey, the village near his home, in which he liked to point out where Byron and Shelley had lived, had worked, had eaten. "You must see the little village of Saint-Saphorin, with those beautiful little crooked streets," he once said to me and to Jerry Epstein, who was also visiting the Chaplins. "It's so sweet. As a matter of fact, let's go there right now." He drove us there in his Ford sedan, parked the car, and led us up one of the narrowest of the crooked streets. At one point, he got a bit ahead of Jerry Epstein and me. While he was waiting for us to catch up, he suddenly invented a bit of business—he leaned against an old building, crossed his legs, put his hands in his trouser pockets, and hunched over, glaring at us laggards.

Other bits of business:

Charlie Chaplin, barefoot, is on his way back to the house from a swim in the pool, a small white terry-cloth towel wrapped around his middle. A visitor appears on the terrace. Chaplin curls his forefingers alongside the ends of his eyebrows and raises a prancing leg, like Pan.

Charlie Chaplin gets his hands on one of his children's balloons and immediately kicks it backward to the child, just as he did with the balloon of the world in "The Great Dictator," and then laughs at the squeals of approval from his small audience.

THE Chaplins were faithful with their Christmas cards, which always included a conventional family photograph of one kind or another, usually taken in their living room or on the lawn in front of their house. The children would be lined up in order of age. In the photographs, Chaplin didn't kid around; he always looked strictly the head of the family. There is just a hint of a departure from that role

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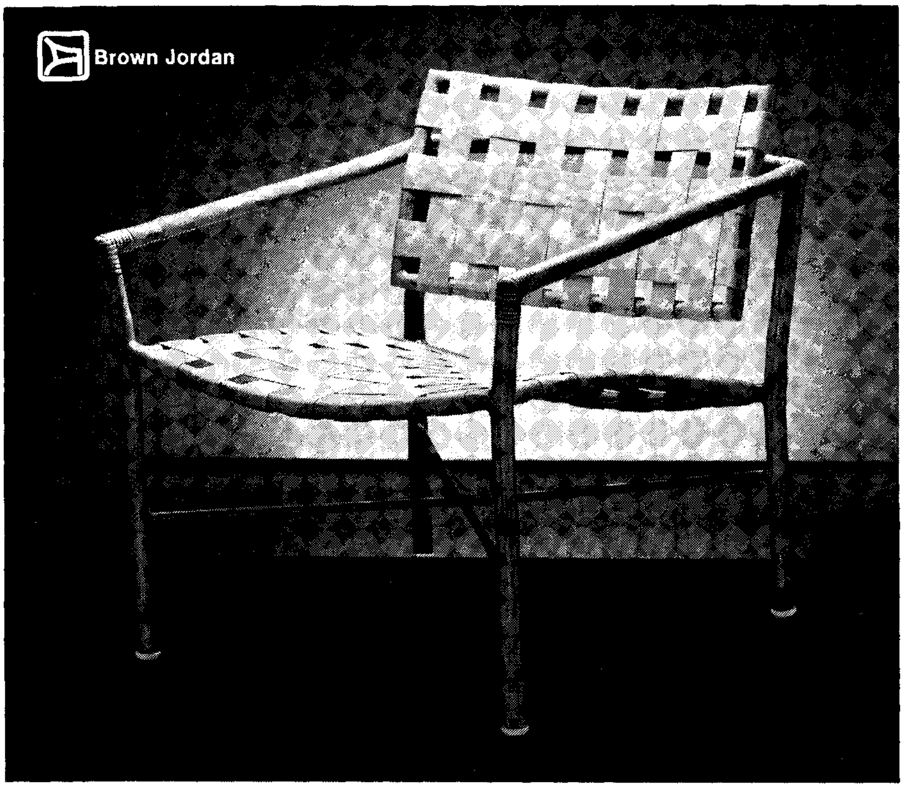
in the Christmas photograph taken in 1964, the year "My Autobiography" was published. It shows the clan reading the book, three members holding copies of the British edition and each of the others holding an edition published in a different country. (Two-year-old Christopher, bare-legged, with white socks and black patent leather shoes, has "Chaplin: Mit Liv.") Chaplin in this photograph wears an expression of fake, overdone concentration. The next year, the family is shown standing ankle-deep in snow, with everybody wearing a parka and ski pants—everybody except Chaplin himself, who has on a dark double-breasted overcoat, a dark suit, a white shirt, a dark necktie, and a black fedora. He is standing straight, head up, grinning proudly, hands in his overcoat pockets. The 1968 card bears the inscription, in Oona's handwriting, "25th Wedding Anniversary," and it shows the family gathered on and around the living-room sofa, everybody, including Chaplin, looking self-conscious, giving the obligatory anniversary smile. The photograph for Christmas, 1976, shows Chaplin and Oona seated in a golf cart, useful for getting around large lawns, and surrounded by their children and, by then, grandchildren.

The Christmas card for 1977 arrived just before Christmas Day, which was the day Charlie Chaplin died. The photograph is of Charlie Chaplin alone, and was taken on April 16, 1977, his last birthday—his eighty-eighth. He is sitting in a chair and is wearing a dark suit over a baby-blue cashmere sweater. The white collar of his shirt comes down over the sweater, and there is a white handkerchief in the breast pocket of his jacket. His white hair is sparser but still full and is combed neatly from a side part. His right hand is holding a walking stick. His left hand is raised—a bit of the blue sweater showing at the wrist—and is held in midair to a position over his heart, in the classic gesture of the actor. —Lillian Ross

•

In a restaurant with booths, the women go in first and sit against the far wall, facing each other across the table. The men then sit next to them on the outside. If a woman and men are lunching or dining, the woman takes her place first against the wall. If one of the men is related to her, he sits across from her, and the one not related sits beside her. If this grouping is reversed, the two women sit next to the wall, and the man who is the husband of one sits beside the other.
—Dining Guide in the New Haven Journal-Courier.

Anybody getting hungry?



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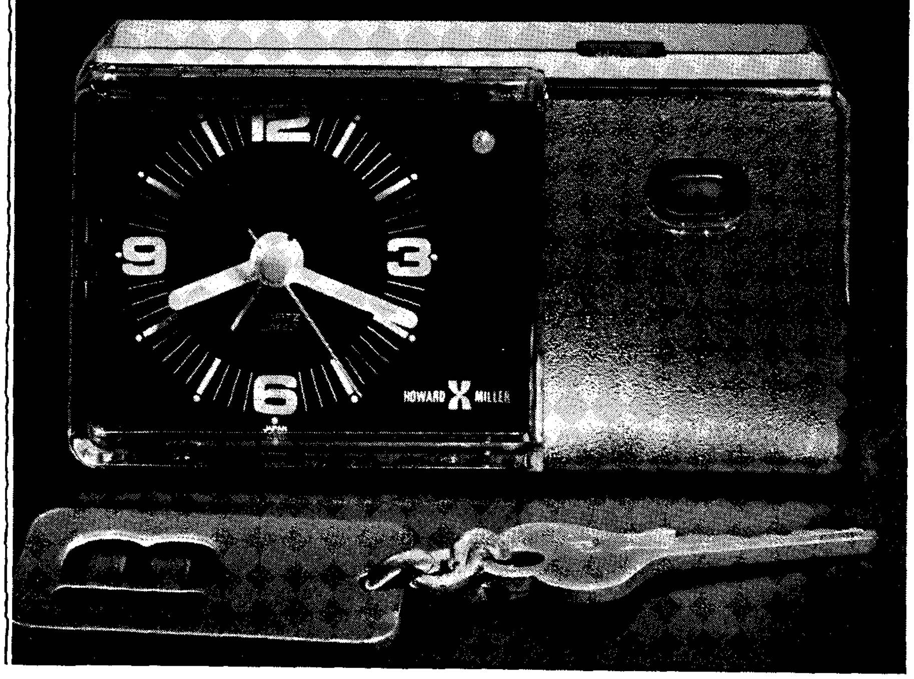
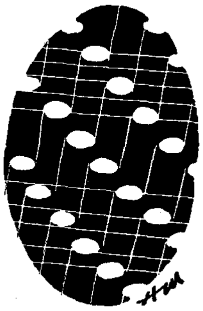


JAZZ

Rare and Beautiful

THE actress Claudia McNeil has broken a twenty-three-year retirement from singing to do a program of songs associated with Ethel Waters, at Michael's Pub. Before becoming celebrated actresses, both women worked their way through vaudeville and night clubs (Waters in the twenties and thirties, McNeil in the thirties and forties), but they have almost nothing in common as singers. Ethel Waters had a light, lissome voice that she could do anything with—growls, falsetto, mimicry, improvisation, parlando. She was, it is belatedly becoming clear, the first pure-American popular singer, and out of her came, among others, Mildred Bailey, Lee Wiley, Lena Horne, Bing Crosby, and even Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday. But if Waters' singing was never still, Claudia McNeil's gives the impression of being motionless: she has a contralto of baronial dimensions—a warm, heavy, stately, sheltering voice. She is, in the best sense, an accidental singer—one whose principal interests lie elsewhere, and who accordingly performs with an ease and joyousness that most full-time vocalists lack. She belongs with Johnny Mercer and Jelly Roll Morton and Jack Teagarden, and, like them, she has natural legato phrasing and the split-second rhythmic foolery (moving the beat around at will) that causes swinging. Some of her tempos are too slow to allow her massive voice to get to its feet ("Supper Time," "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe"), but most of the time she is right and irresistible ("Dinah," "There'll Be Some Changes Made," "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," "Don't Blame Me," "A Hundred Years from Today," "Harlem on My Mind"). Half the poignance of the evening comes from her accompaniment. Michael Renzi, doing his subtle and elegant Teddy Wilson, is on piano and did the arrangements, Doc Cheatham is on trumpet, Jack Six on bass, and Jackie Williams on drums. Cheatham, who worked with McNeil at the Apollo in the early forties, is her alter voice. His muted obbligatos frame and ennoble her singing, and his solos, open horn and muted (he uses a plunger mute with great effect), are marvels of light and construction and grace. After a time, the evening becomes a series of rare and beautiful duets, not unlike those got off forty years ago by Billie Holiday and Lester Young.



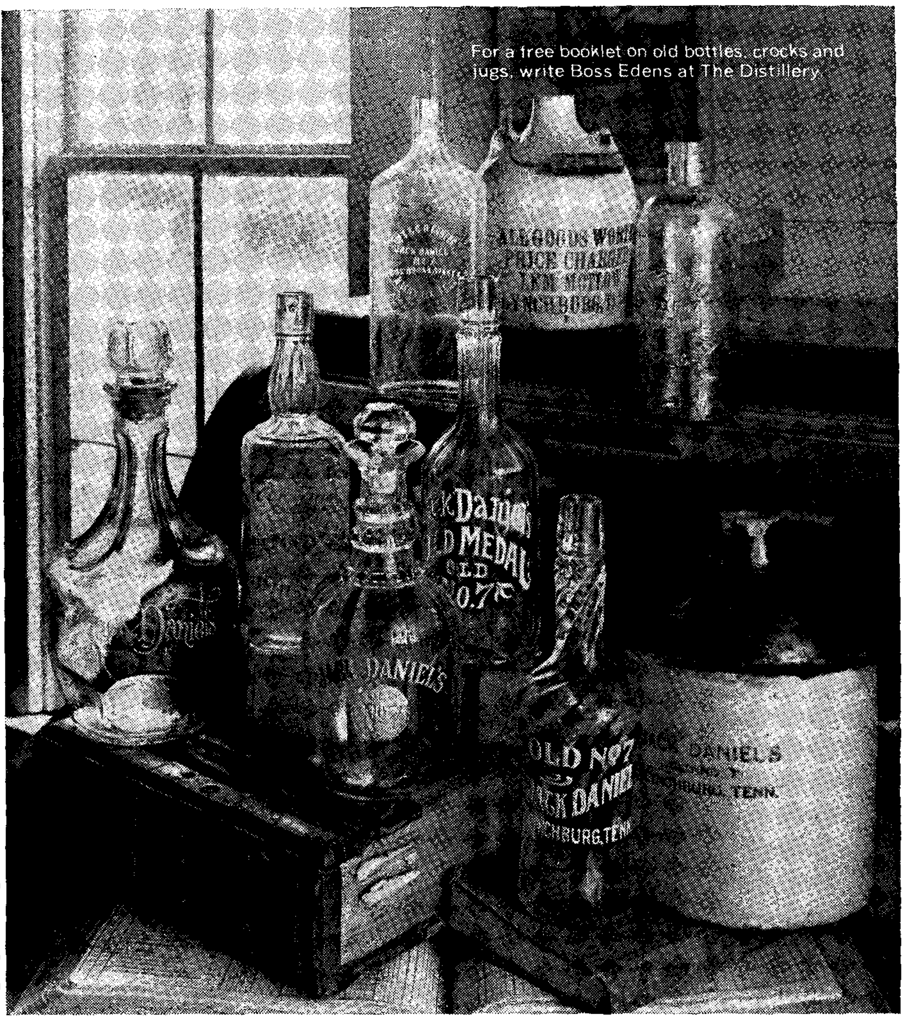
HAROLD ARLEN once said that his father, a cantor, was "the most delicious improviser" he had ever heard. Alec Wilder elaborates, in his book "American Popular Song": "Thus were combined in [Arlen's] first musical inspiration the two basic elements of his own musical style: a strong, flowing melodic line and a subtle but marked feeling for improvisation." It is not clear how a songwriter transposes a "feeling for improvisation" into a written song, but Arlen does it. His best songs never wear thin. They have the melodic freshness and becoming looseness of first-rate improvisations—of being created the moment they are heard (or reheard). They sound best played by jazz musicians, who have always walked right into them, lighting them and giving them wing. How *not* to treat Harold Arlen is being demonstrated with high-school élan in "Happy with the Blues," at the Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, where the jubilant "Ain't Misbehavin'" was born this winter. Three women and two men sing thirty-one Arlen songs accompanied only by sheet-music rehearsal piano. The performers do not swing, nor do they sing with distinction (except for Jean Andalman, who has a good soprano and a pretty, easy way with her), and complex and stunning songs like "Last Night When We Were Young" and "Blues in the Night," which has fifty-eight bars and three quite different strains, go by untouched. And there is one dreadful sequence where five choice Arlen songs are sung as a round. What one kept hearing during "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," "Stormy Weather," "Get Happy," and "One for My Baby" were the indelible versions by Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday and Ethel Waters and Coleman Hawkins and Frank Sinatra, all of whom paid Arlen homage by understanding him.

TWO pianists from the gleaming pianistic river that flows through New York:

Joanne Brackeen is tall and shy and bespectacled, and she has four teenage children. Her hair is frizzy, and she wears long, thin flowered dresses. She was born in Ventura, California, which is between Oxnard and Santa Barbara, and the principal pianist she heard around home was Frankie Carle. Then she discovered Art Tatum and Bud Powell, and not long after that she discovered Ornette Coleman, still unknown here, in Los Angeles. John Coltrane, whose influence is yet to be reckoned, came next. She took lessons from a famous local pianist named Sam Saxe, who also got his best students good jobs. She worked for Dexter Gordon and Charles Lloyd on the Coast, and since then she has been with Stan Getz and Art Blakey and Joe Henderson as well as on her own in such Greenwich Village outposts as Sweet Basil and West Boondock. She has lately joined the elect at Bradley's, where she played last week for the third time, and where she will be the week of June 5th, with the bassist Eddie Gomez. She is a brilliant, close-textured pianist. Her solos have the insistence and intensity of Coltrane, who before becoming long-winded and extra-musical played with a searching relentlessness, as if he wished to inhabit not only each tune but each listener. Brackeen's density and concentration take her into every number in the same Coltrane way. (Her repertory is humdrum, but it doesn't matter. Her choice of songs provides sufficient inspiration, form, and melodic support.) Her attack is basically single-noted. She likes arpeggios that run along just this side of full slides, and she gives their notes slightly more value than they would ordinarily have, which makes each tooth flash as the smile goes by. She breaks her single-note figures in odd places, like Powell and Coleman, and she will resume with snapping double-time patterns or an open cluster that dissolves into one of her highly detailed arpeggios. Her chordal passages are somewhat forbidding: they tend to be cold and without resolve. (Every pianist should study Jimmy Rowles' wooded, graceful harmonic progressions.) Her left hand is strong and variously arranged, and she is not overly romantic. In a slow ballad ("Days of Wine and Roses," "These Foolish Things"), she will move to the edge of the swamp where Keith Jarrett and McCoy Tyner and Chick Corea disport in slow motion, but she stops there to watch.

Jazz musicians often worked behind vaudeville performers in the twenties and thirties, and sometimes they joined in. Drummers danced and threw their sticks into the air, clarinettists and trumpeters made silly noises, and pianists wore gloves and played standing up. These antics lasted into the forties, when jazz musicians, suddenly self-conscious about being called artists and/or about the possibility of being taken as Uncle Toms, pulled down a scrim between themselves and their listeners. But a few of the vaudeville musicians survive, and one is Dorothy Donegan, who is at Jimmy Weston's with the bassist Arvell Shaw and the drummer Ray Mosca. She is a medium-sized Rubens, with a court jester's face, and everything she plays is translated into action. She rocks back and forth and from side to side. She stomps both feet, so that they form a giant wedge. Her head rolls wildly, and her face is possessed by fearful middle-distance stares, a whorl-like mouth, and bowsprit lips. She bangs her eyes shut and hums demonically. This frenzy—a visual, balletic music—obscures her playing, and that's too bad, for Donegan is a first-rate Tatum pianist. She has a rich, flying left hand and a right hand whose arabesques and twenty-pound chords easily summon up Tatum's. She constructs mountains of sound on such foundations as "Tea for Two" and "The Man I Love," interlarding the layers with bits of "Rhapsody in Blue," boogie-woogie, stride basses, key changes, and reverberating loud-pedal chords, all the while playing with such speed that Shaw and Mosca blur. But she has been showing off so long she probably doesn't remember what you are really supposed to do when you sit down at a keyboard.

NORMAN'S ON NEW YORK'S LEFT BANK, a second-floor store at Sixty-fourth and Second, opened on a Friday a couple of weeks ago. Norman is Norman Silver, the owner of Gregory's, just a block east. Silver is ambitious, for he installed a Show (radio and the popular music of the thirties), made up of comedians, a singer, and a nine-piece band for listening and dancing. The comedians, a group of eight called Orphans of the Storm, did take-offs of radio mysteries and soap operas, and they didn't have much luck, simply because their materials have already been turned into comedic art by Bob and Ray. The singer was Helen Humes, and she was accompanied by Gerry Wiggins on piano, Morris Edwards on bass, and Jimmy Wormworth on drums. For whatever reasons, Humes has begun in the past year or two to sing at the top of her voice—both dynamically and in a register higher than her normal one. This made her songs ("Just in Time," "I Want a Little Boy," "'Deed I Do," "Tain't Nobody's Bizness") forced and pip-



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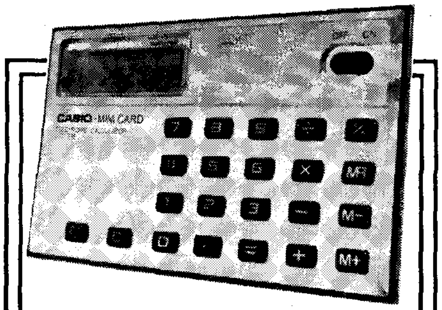

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ing. The band at Norman's contained Gene Roland, Fred Stacy (Jess's son), and Stan Shafron on trumpets, Richie Perri and Aaron Sachs on reeds, Jimmy Knepper on trombone, young Fred Hersch on piano, and Edwards and Wormworth. Knepper saved the evening. (Hersch is a fine pianist, but he was not audible opening night.) Roland was the leader, and his arrangements were supple and direct, allowing Knepper to be heard at length. Like all consummate improvisers, he immediately seizes and elevates his listeners, making them tumble and slide through his sudden and always surprising turns: the descents from the high register through on-the-beat and double-time figures; the resounding pauses; the seemingly jumbled, up-and-down passages that push and pull the beat; the almost flossy Charlie Parker runs. Most trombonists never get over their instrument; they forever exult in its tone or show off with glissandi and fantastic lip maneuvers. But Knepper is so intent on creating transported melodies that his medium vanishes.

—Whitney Balliett

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The focus of this international controversy is a small warhead that could be used in Lance surface-to-surface missiles and artillery shells. It produces twice the immediate lethal radiation of a conventional nuclear bomb and concentrates it in a much smaller area, but less than a tenth of the explosive power, heat and fallout.

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[*From Beam International, a broadcasting newsletter*]

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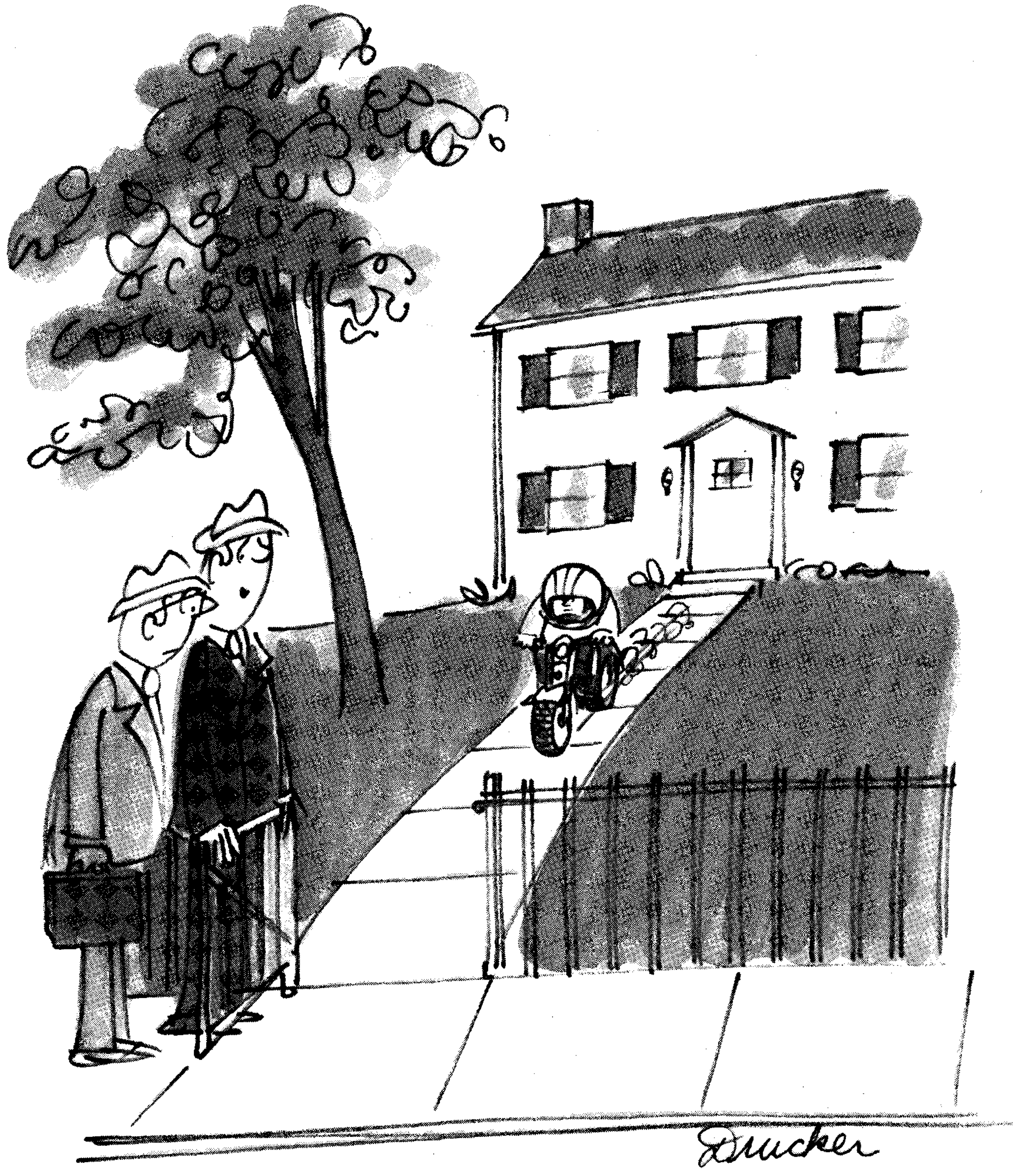
THE CURRENT CINEMA

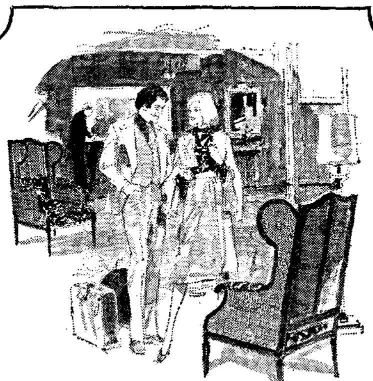
Check

SATYAJIT RAY'S "The Chess Players"—the first film that this Bengali has made in Urdu (with some English), which is much more widely understood in India than his native tongue—is about two sorts of rout. The setting is Lucknow in 1856. The British are about to take over the final part of the Muslim princely state of Oudh which remains to fall to the conqueror. The film sees it as the last cherry that Lord Dalhousie, Queen Victoria's Governor General, wants to snap up in his lean jaws, which look in old likenesses as though the lines of rigor and discipline around the lower part of the face had been developed by locking colonial-jail handles with his teeth. The second rout, never to be acknowledged as concluded, is an endless game of chess between two plump highborn husbands known as Mr. Mirza and Mr. Meer. Mirza, played by Sanjeev Kumar, has a wife who is exhausted by the game and pleads for attention. Meer (Saeed Jaffrey) has a wife who thanks her stars for chess, because it lets her carry on an affair with her nephew, a scared young man who hides under the bed at a moment's warning.

There is a very good nasty performance by Richard Attenborough, using a Scots accent, as the British Resident, General Outram. His opponent in his larger game of political chess is the Nawab of Oudh, Wajid Ali Shah (Amzad Khan). The Nawab is a splendid musician and poet but no great ruler. For all that, he has felt it a monstrous indignity to have been deprived of his crown so that it could be sent to London for the Great Exhibition in 1851. Meer and Mirza, trying to forget the power of the East India Company, click-click at their game and pretend to themselves that their worst fear is that they will not be allowed to go on. After all, the Indians did invent chess, and spread it to Persia and England. And, after all, it was the English who sped up this intrinsically slow and thoughtful game by taking over the rules, just as the East India Company has taken over practically everything else. In the British game, the minister is called the queen. And the pawn can move two squares in its first move. And when a pawn reaches the eighth rank it can be exchanged for a queen. You must say the British are clever. There is a whole parable here of the way the British have managed to inculcate in the Indian mind the idea that Indians are slothful and unpunctual. The reigning Anglo-Saxon contempt for lax clock-watching still leads to such overanxiety on the part of Indians that an Englishman is apt to be wakened with breakfast at three in the morning when he has asked for it at five. Meer and Mirza discuss the occupiers' mania for speed. Steam engines are coming. The telegraph is already here, which means in their view only that bad news travels faster, there not being very much good news, or, indeed, much good around, apart from sanctuary in chess. Better to contain national wars in fights about the rules of the game, in squabbles about who touched a knight and then moved a pawn. These differences are healable. The battle between India and Britain for Indian independence will take a century. In the meantime, the East India Company, by telling the Nawab of Oudh that he is ruling badly, can make use of his wealth to fight in Nepal, in the Punjab, in Afghanistan. The Nawab, not by



"My daughter Patience."



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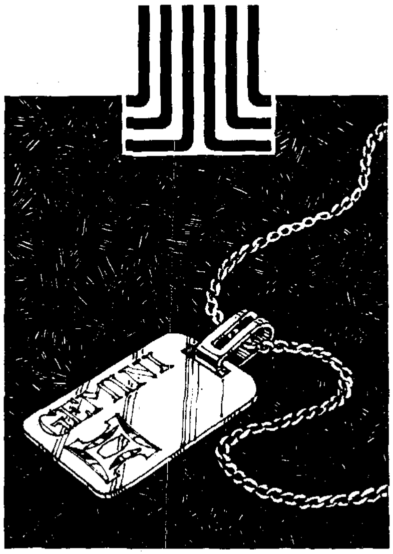
any means a malign man, takes refuge in poetry and music, and grips the jewelled knobs of his throne while Lord Dalhousie moves in with a plan to fleece the Nawab of his remaining lands. Meer and Mirza conduct their endless game in an unwitting cross-rhythm with the political warfare. They move from place to place. Wifely complaints nag. When you spend the night with a whore, women put up with it without a murmur, but when you stay at home and play a clean game, they pester. Sometimes, the players' irritable and indispensable intimacy with each other makes what they say sound like talk in Beckett. They find each other insufferable but remain indivisible. Like husband and wife, they are so close that they can't always tell who has been talking; like husband and wife, they are conjoined in trouble. Somebody steals their chess set. On a Friday. And the shops are closed on Friday. To think that such a beautiful new strategy should have been dreamed up only to go to waste! While the Nawab, to prevent an actual seizure of his throne, announces that anyone spreading rumors about an East India Company takeover will have his tongue pulled out, Meer and Mirza can talk only of its being such a beautiful day and nothing to do. However: invention. Hookahs shall be brought, as usual. A tomato shall be bishop, a lime shall be knight, a chili shall be rook. The Nawab, in his palace, is beyond such comfort. In a sad scene, he says that he is a poor ruler, and speaks with joy of the pretty sights of his reign: pretty girls in pretty uniforms on pretty horses. He remembers a song that he composed: one that he sang while a petitioner's request was being read out. The clerk's voice seemed to fade away. Queen Victoria has never composed a song, has she? The Nawab is no more belligerent than the chess players. He is merely sad that, with the British here, his benighted people should be pressed into service by the East India Company's rule, without pay, to be turned into the Company's best soldiers and take away the remaining half of his kingdom. The chess players flee from their beautiful Muslim houses to go on with their game. One of them remembers a broken-down old mosque in the country. They take a mat and a couple of hookahs. They can buy their lunch from a shop: kabobs and chapatties. Life can be lived on very short commons.

Back in the palace, the Nawab's mother holds out hope of mercy from Queen Victoria. The idea withers, in



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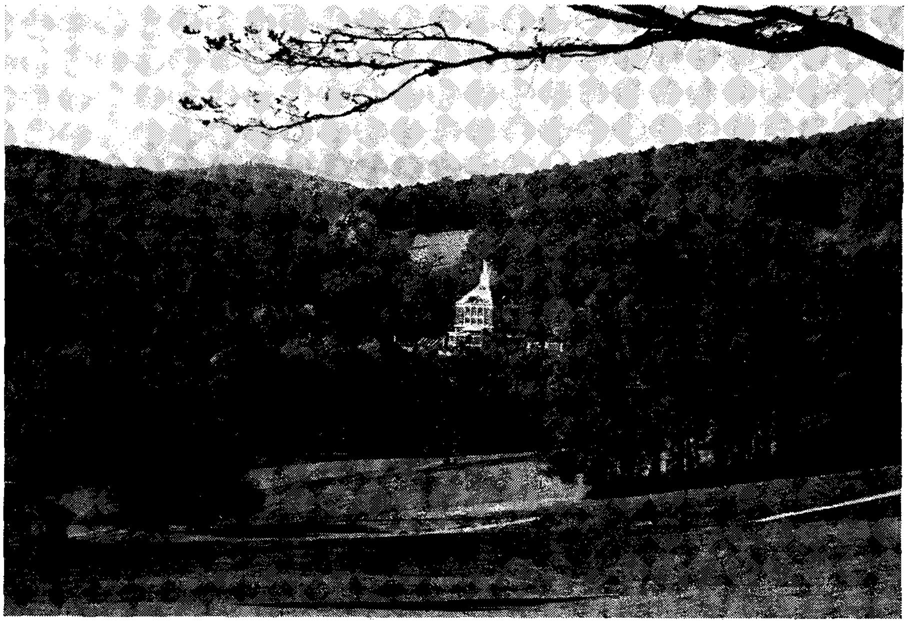
suffering and dignity. In the same mode, the broken-down mosque turns out to be a childhood memory of Meer's. The chess players contemplate playing in a field of mustard. A child offers them his house: an empty house, because everyone else has run away. He wanted to stay, because he wanted to see the red coats of the British. The last twenty minutes of this magnificent film are piercing about the ends of things, about managing on less and less. Ray wrote the picture himself, basing it on a story by Prem Chand. The Nawab's decision in Oudh lies between giving up his throne and fighting the British, toward whom he and his family have felt friendly for more than a century. The decision is taken as the bloodless combat of the chess game begins again.

"La Soufrière" is a thirty-odd-minute film of strange composure about the threatened eruption of a volcano in Guadeloupe two years ago. It was made, written, and narrated by Werner Herzog, one of the very best of the new German filmmakers. We are in an evacuated town near the head of the volcano. Clouds of sulphurous steam billow only a few hundred feet above. The streets are deserted, but the traffic lights are still working, the red signs signalling "Stop" to no one. A few beings—a very few—have chosen to stay in this town: an old tramp, a pack of feral dogs. Doors bang, TV sets are still turned on, liquefying steam drips. There are no policemen. A stayer feels not loneliness but only ease at no longer having the law around his neck. There is no sense of dismay, in spite of memories of the eruption in nearby Martinique, within any old man's recall, when the calamity was appalling, when a loaf of bread would turn as black and hard as coal. The sequences in this film seem to have been shot with the feeling that each was quite likely to be the last. There is a Senecan ready embrace of death about the picture which is very close to the heart of Herzog's work.

The scientists have fled to the safety of a neighboring island. There are thousands upon thousands of evacuees there, living in who knows what hellhole called secure. The sea is cluttered with drowned snakes, escaped from their usual homes on the mountain. The meteorologists are away from their task, down at the shoreline. The only people left on the top of the mountain are the misfits, including—besides Herzog and his crew—the gleeful anarchists, the Camus outsiders, the Holy



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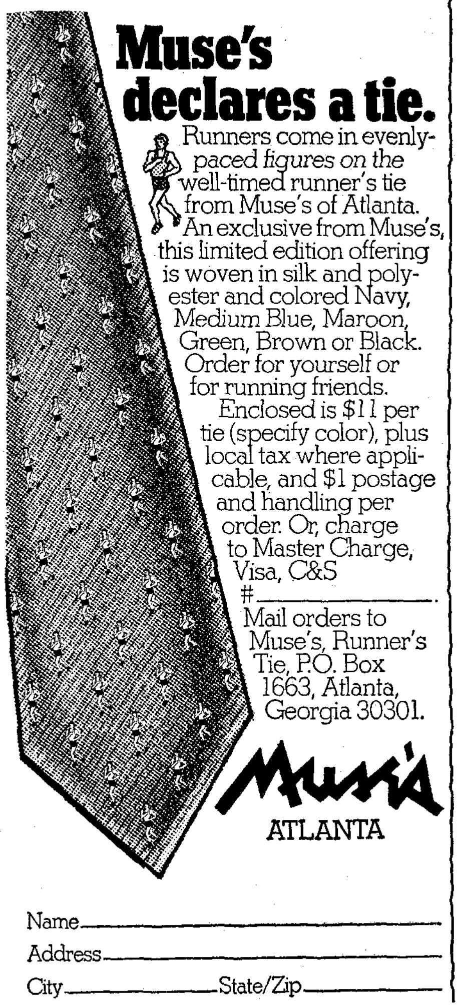

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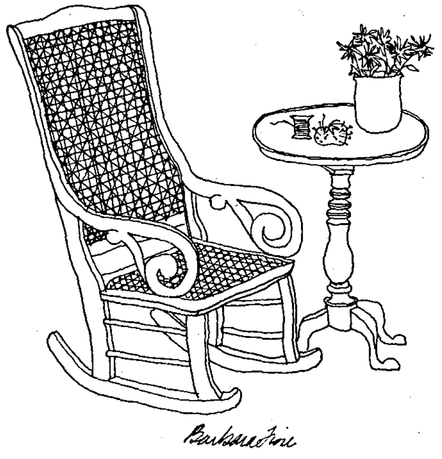
Fools whom Herzog examined in films like "Stroszek" and "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." With the rationalists gone, reason and technology are made to seem threadbare. Herzog and his crew join the ragamuffin metaphysicians in the echoing town, where there is perhaps less fear than in the evacuation places, which we never see, because Red Cross work is not Herzog's business. He is interested in the outer margins of human behavior. He finds an old man lying motionless on the ground, asleep, looking like a corpse, covered with dust that already looks like lava, and arranged as in a coffin, with his hands in the position of the dead. Herzog gets him to sing a love song. The director is interested and moved to faery humour by those who stay, who outwit the inevitable. In the last eruption in the area—Martinique—there was only one survivor, and he ended up, so the Caribbean story goes, in the sideshow of an American circus. Another Holy Fool. Herzog is a darkly comic poet with a cawing inner language that seems to have been learned from vultures, beggars, prophets, clowns, deaf genius musicians. His film ends in courage and quizzicality: undoubtedly thinking that he and his crew were more than likely to die in this place where more sophisticated people had thought it insane to stay, he says tersely of his film only that it records "an inevitable catastrophe which did not take place."

MICHÈLE MORGAN, playing a character called Mme. Richard and looking both beautiful and very, very rich, is the heroine of Claude Lelouch's "Cat and Mouse." The film is a thriller. The pampered thing rests on the police question of whether Monsieur Richard's death is a suicide disguised as a murder or a murder disguised as a suicide. M. Richard dabbles in everything, including film production and putting up high-rise buildings. He takes his wife to the top of a new building to look at the view. She pushes him off. In the next breath, he is back standing beside her and everything is fine. By this old whopper of a film trick, Lelouch tells us that she would like to be rid of him but that any move in that direction is all in her mind. The reason it's all in her mind—such mind as she has—is that the plot is infinitely more capable of being drawn out if it can be arranged for the infallibly nice (equated with infallibly furred) woman to seem the obvious suspect. She has the motive that she can collect her husband's life insurance, and also the insurance on his colossally trite collection of masterpiece paintings, which disappear when he dies. She arranges a perfect—well, passable—alibi by going to the cinema at the time of his death. But, the police alertly say, cinemas have exits. Perhaps she didn't see the whole film. This is a thought that may commend itself to some sour souls near the exits at "Cat and Mouse." The detective on the case is played, by Serge Reggiani, as a man given to the vigilant cliché. He rapidly takes in that the Richards' married-couple servants are themselves oddly rich, with aspirations beyond any decently brought-up lower orders. As he says—with steely insight, this observer of social mobility—"these days, servants tend to bear grudges." They also, the upstarts, tend to have an eye for art, and they like snitching modern masters off other people's walls. The insurance agent responsible for the paintings soon goes into the race-horse-owning business, where the keen-eyed detective recognizes him with a start. The Richards' ex-servants go into the expensive-restaurant business, where the keen-eyed detective recognizes *them* with a start. In the middle of a giggling fit at lunch with the detective, Michèle Morgan bites on a carpenter's nail in a mouthful of costly cake. A nail is not the sort of thing you expect to find in food at a three-star restaurant. No, indeed. But there are hazards everywhere for the very rich. There is the hazard of M. Richard's mistress, who has apparently sopped up as much income as Mme. Richard herself, though no trace of jealousy mars the exquisite breeding of Michèle Morgan's lovely face. Mme. Richard has, altogether, two fits of finishing-school-girl giggling with Serge Reggiani, who has decided to retire to the country to write a novel. He must have had a big advance to afford a cake in a three-star restaurant, even a cake with a nail in it. Was the nail a



dastardly nail or an example of absentmindedness in the kitchen? It is on questions like these that the lives of thrillers like this hang.

As in all Lelouch films, there are some skillfully directed scenes of overlapping dialogue which seem improvised, though they probably aren't—Lelouch wrote the script himself—and there is a preponderance of lunatic driving in fast cars seen from behind the wheel at lunatic angles. The movie is up to here in speedboats and Cartier possessions and lush clothes. All this luxe has not been wasted on Mme. Richard, a cultivated woman, who can detect a fake Renoir by noticing a mistake in the musical score that the subject of the painting is shown playing. (An expensive liberal-arts education is not money down the drain for a woman like this; you are absolutely certain that she would be able to tell a diamond from a rhinestone at a glance.)

The most beguiling of all the characters in the film is a hopelessly amiable police dog called Sam, who stays lovingly silent when Reggiani tells him to bark and later won't stop barking for fifteen minutes. When he is told to attack a supposed assailant's protective arm covering, he tugs at it harmlessly, rather as if it were the skirt of a small child he had been ordered to guard. At mealtimes, he sits politely beside his master, not even sniffing the food, and looking as if he would like to join in the conversation but didn't want to push himself. Lelouch's films always have their moments. What wrecks his work is its attitude toward its characters: the pictures are so moony in their benevolence that you want to shake them. He says in a program note, "There are no real rats . . . simply people who make the most of circumstances when they turn up." This is a Pollyanna view harmful to thriller-making, not to speak of writing. What about the rats in Hitchcock, Simenon, Dostoevski, Shakespeare?

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Obituaries in Monday's Capital Journal were incorrectly identified as births.

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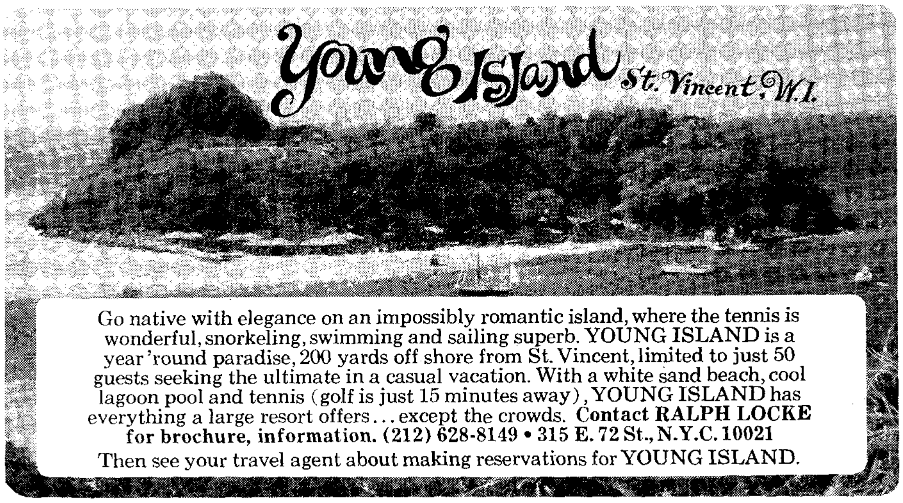

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MUSICAL EVENTS

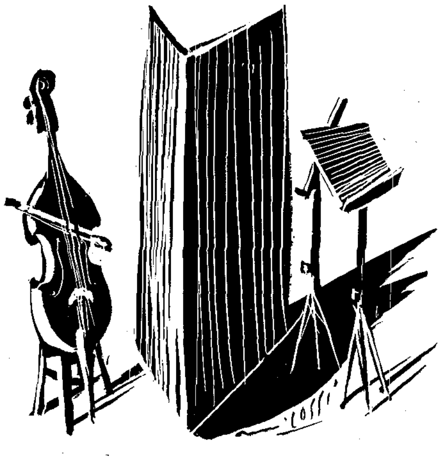
Enflam'd with Hope

IT would have been a sorry opera season, with not one important new work created in the whole of this huge land, had not the Indiana University Opera Theatre, in Bloomington, given the première last month of John Eaton's "Danton and Robespierre." Robert Ward's "Claudia Legare," a version of "Hedda Gabler" set in Charleston, South Carolina, was created last month by the Minnesota Opera, but it proved to be a piece of small merit and no importance. It was commissioned by the New York City Opera and Julius Rudel, and rejected by them. "Danton and Robespierre," on the other hand, is a large, exciting, adventurous, and vividly theatrical piece, one that James Levine and John Dexter should now acquire for the Met or Mr. Rudel for the City Opera. Contemporary works of such virtue are not common. It would be sad if this one were to disappear after just three performances of the admirable Bloomington production.

Eaton was born in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, in 1935. He studied at Princeton with Milton Babbitt, Edward T. Cone, and Roger Sessions, and first came to attention in 1959, with his "Holy Sonnets of John Donne," a cycle for dramatic soprano with orchestra or piano. In 1968, his full-length opera "Heracles," libretto by Michael Fried, was broadcast by Italian Radio, and in 1972 it was staged as the inaugural performance in Bloomington's Musical Arts Center. The year before, Bloomington had done his one-act opera "Myshkin," after Dostoevski's "Idiot," and a television performance of this piece was shown by Public Broadcasting in 1973. A CRI record of his compositions (SD 296) contains "Blind Man's Cry" (1968), for soprano and an ensemble of synthesizers; Concert Music for Solo Clarinet (1961); and his Mass (1970) for soprano, clarinet, synthesizer ensemble, and tape. A Vox/Turnabout record of his Concert Piece for Syn-Ket and Symphony Orchestra—a work first heard at Tanglewood, under Gunther Schuller, in 1967 and then taken up by Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic—and two Decca albums of Eaton pieces, entitled "Microtonal Fantasy" and "Electro-Vibrations," are no longer in print. In "Danton and Robespierre," his varied concerns—dramatic music, vocal writing, electronic instruments played "live," and microtonal enrichment of the thirteen notes making up the octave of Western music—are brought together in masterly fashion.

Eaton and his librettist, the Irish poet Patrick Creagh, thought at first of writing an opera in three acts which would deal with three pairs of contrasted revolutionaries: Danton and Robespierre, Trotsky and Lenin, and Che and Castro. That was just an idea, and one that they quickly realized would be unmanageable unless the real historical conflicts—of temperament and character as well as of political methods—were simplified and schematized to an extent that would make them both false to history and uninteresting as drama. So they decided to confine themselves to Danton and Robespierre, and deal with them fully. Eaton summarizes the subject matter as "the conflict between Danton, an idealist who sought just means to achieve realistic ends, and Robespierre, a realist for whom any means were justified to reach idealistic ends." He has written an urgent and topical opera. It had its inception during the student unrest of the late sixties; it reached the stage during days when "realists" in Italy were seeking to inaugurate a Reign of Terror; and all that its words and music say has bearing on what men are thinking and doing in a world most of whose nations are again seeking, at different speeds and in different ways, to achieve freedom, equality, and brotherhood in Socialist societies. "Danton and Robespierre" is an opera about idealism, about compromise, about kindness and love, about human weaknesses, and about the hideous strength of cold-blooded righteousness.

THERE is a passage in "The Prelude" which never fails to shock me—when Wordsworth, walking "over the smooth Sands of Leven's ample Æstuary," learns by chance from a passerby that Robespierre is dead, and exults in the news with fierce, uncharacteristic vindictiveness:



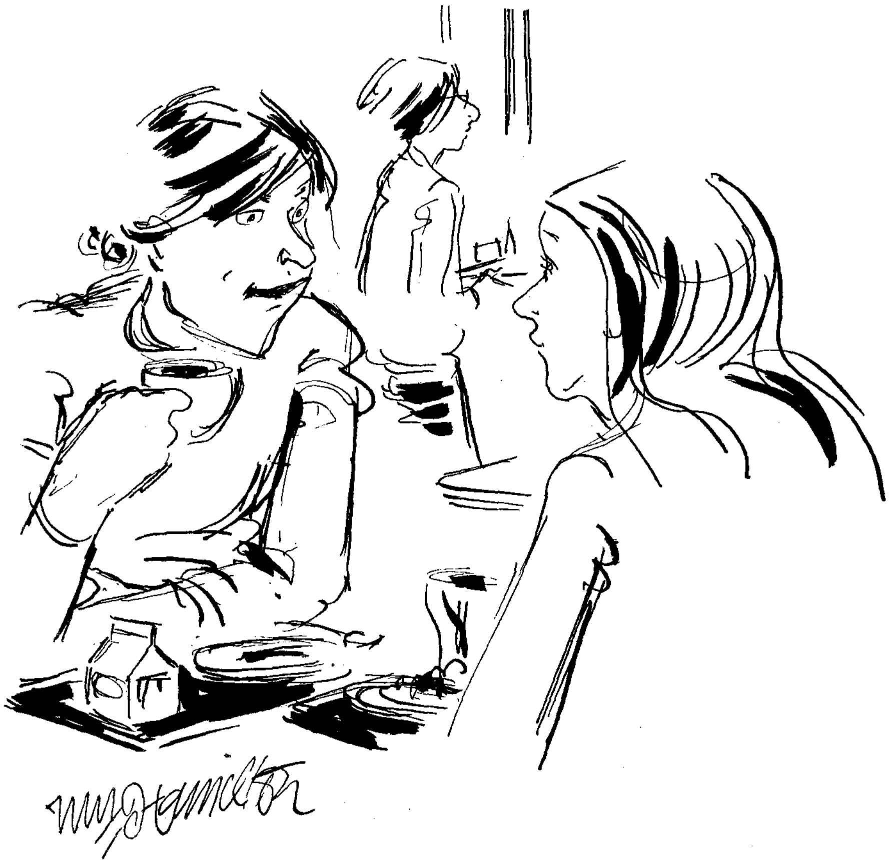
> O Friend! few happier moments have been mine
> Through my whole life than that when first I heard
> That this foul Tribe of Moloch was o'erthrown,
> And their chief Regent levell'd with the dust....
> Great was my glee of spirit, great my joy
> In vengeance...

And although that glee is succeeded by calmer thoughts of "how... the mighty renovation would proceed," Wordsworth on his stroll is still moved by "uneasy bursts of exultation."

Most people, I imagine, have mixed feelings about the French Revolution. Wordsworth and Beethoven, born in 1770, both charted the years of enthusiasm when "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven," and the disillusion that followed when, in the poet's words, "The sun that rose in splendour... put his function and his glory off," or, in the composer's words, Napoleon showed himself "nothing more than an ordinary human being," prepared to "trample on all the rights of man and ... become a tyrant." Art enables us to apprehend the Revolution through many different eyes. Georg Büchner's play about one episode of it, "Dantons Tod," has had a large influence on "Danton and Robespierre." Büchner was born in the last year of the First Empire. In 1834, he published a fiery pamphlet, "The Hessian Messenger," which begins, "Freedom for the huts! War on the palaces!" The next year, he wrote "Dantons Tod." On one level, his drama seems like an attempt to rewrite "Hamlet" in a political setting. It casts itself readily with a "Hamlet" company: Hamlet as Danton, Claudius as Robespierre, Ophelia as Lucille Desmoulins, Laertes as Camille Desmoulins, Horatio as Lacroix, Polonius as Saint-Just, and the grave-diggers, scarce altered, as tumbrel drivers and executioners. But Büchner intended more than a literary exercise. In a letter about the play, he wrote:

> The dramatic poet is in my eyes nothing but a writer of history.... His greatest task is to come as close as possible to history as it actually happened. His book must be neither more nor less moral than history itself.... The poet is not a teacher of morality: he creates figures, he brings past times to life, and the public should learn from that, as well as from the study and observation of history, what is going on around them.

Eaton and Creagh do not set out to be teachers of morality, either. They present but do not preach. It is a strength of their opera. To Büchner they owe the general construction in short, kaleidoscopic scenes; the way the Paris crowd episodes are handled, and some of their details, and the vivid portrayal of Robespierre in strange, visionary monologues. (In both play and opera, Robespierre comes close to being the tragic hero of the action.) Some of the parallels may derive from a common source: both Büchner and Creagh allow Robespierre to speak in words that he actually spoke, and Danton's famous speech to the Assembly on September 2, 1792 (*"Il nous faut de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace"*), alluded to in the play, is delivered in the first-act finale of the opera. The play covers the last months of Danton's life. The opera starts a little earlier, on the eve of the September Massacres, in 1792, and ends with Robespierre's execution, in July, 1794, sixteen weeks after Danton's. We lose the delightful grisette Marion, one of Büchner's most memorable figures (she is reborn as Jenny in Brecht and Weill's "Mahagonny"); we gain Gabrielle, Danton's first wife. In general, Eaton's and Creagh's Danton is more uxorious, more domestic, less carefree than Büchner's. He is also less witty, and does not go to the scaffold with a jest on his lips.



"Whatever I do, I'm going to be highly visible."

THERE has, of course, already been a very successful opera on "Dantons Tod"—Gottfried von Einem's, performed first at the Salzburg Festival in 1947 and then widely for several years throughout Germany. Little of its music remains in my mind—only the impression of a strong play provided with an apt and skillful continuous musical accompaniment. But while Büchner's "Dantons Tod" is indeed a strong play, Creagh's "Danton and Robespierre" is a better *dramma per musica.* I must not give the impression that the libretto is simply "Dantons Tod" remodelled. Although the debts to Büchner are plain, the historical incidents chosen and adapted for musical treatment, and the invented episodes—their shaping and their sequence—have been worked out anew, to form a scheme in which the musical developments are part of the dramatic enactment. There are three acts. The first shows Danton as patriot and orator. The second contrasts Robespierre's Reign of Terror with Danton's brief country retirement, and ends with his return to the Assembly, to speak moderation. The third opens with a final, vain attempt at reconciliation between Danton and Robespierre, and then moves swiftly to the double tragedy. Public scenes alternate with private episodes: on the one hand, arias, duets, and ensembles involving, in different combinations, Danton, Gabrielle, Louise (his second wife), Lucille, and Camille; on the other hand, Robespierre alone with his single-minded obsession.

The form of the opera and the powerful Bloomington staging, directed by Hans Busch, designed by Max Röthlisberger, and lit by Allen R. White, can hardly be discussed separately. The composer's and librettist's visions—a single figure onstage, musing, and then, an instant later, an assembled crowd of hundreds; pitch-darkness, and then, sounding through it, from every corner of the auditorium, a menacing whisper and a soft drumming that grow louder and louder until, with a sudden flash, the full Assembly in session is revealed, and, below it, the threatening crowd—were carried out to thrilling effect. On the large, deep stage of the Bloomington Musical Arts Center (a stage second only to the Met's, it is claimed), Mr. Röthlisberger had constructed a large, deep, exciting set, one that could contain within it a variety of other scenes—some small, some large, some shallow, some deep—in a way that quite avoided the monotony of unit sets such as the Met "Prophète," "Aida," and "Rigoletto" are played in. About five hundred students were used in the show—but that figure includes backstage workers and also the Singing Hoosiers, who appeared only in film sequences, marching against the Prussian invaders. In round figures, there were about two hundred people on the stage and a hundred in the pit.

A large orchestra is required: four each of flutes, oboes, horns, trumpets, and trombones; six clarinets, six bassoons; two tubas, three harps, two pianos; strings at a suggested strength of eighty-two; brass band onstage; electronic instruments. Half the winds and one of the pianos are tuned a quarter-tone below regular pitch. One of the harps is tuned at regular pitch, one a sixth-tone higher, one a sixth-tone lower. The strings and the singers—including the chorus—are called on to pitch in quarter-tones. (That is to say, between the notes C and D they must be able to sound not just the single note C-sharp/D-flat but the three distinct notes C-semisharp, C-sharp/D-flat, and D-semiflat.) My ear, corrupted by years of listening to singers whose natural vibrato often covers a quarter-tone or more, and to string and woodwind players with wide vibrato, was not fine enough, I

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confess, to discern how accurately the music was stated. (An old Beecham story seems relevant here: Leon Goossens sounds a rich oboe A as the orchestra's tuning note, and Sir Thomas remarks, "Gentlemen, take your pick.") Except in steady and exposed solo lines, it was hard to take conscious cognizance of the quarter-tones. One tended to "read" them as the nearest regular note, slightly "bent" for the purpose of expression in much the way that a singer singing traditional music will on occasion deliberately (or unconsciously) for the purpose of expression "bend" a note and pitch it a shade sharp or a shade flat. It may be that that is the way Eaton means us to hear them. So far as I can make out, he uses the quarter-tones not in any abstruse harmonic system but as an enrichment of expressive possibilities. Harmonies are "clean" or "dirty," pure or tainted, uncompromising or generously accommodating. A chord struck by the three harps quivers uneasily; on a single harp, it is precisely defined. In any event, the microtones cause no difficulty to the ordinary listener. At the start of the opera, there are opposed street cries from venders of fish and loaves. The fishwife sings at regular pitches, accompanied by horns conventionally tuned; the baker's wife sings a quarter-tone "off," accompanied by clarinets similarly "off;" the bitonality, the opposition, takes on keener and readily apprehended edge. Microtones are also used to striking effect in the brief instrumental prelude. In just intonation, pure in the key of C major, an electronic organ plays a simple chorale that begins in C major and modulates, step by step, until it reaches F-sharp major, the furthest possible key—and in doing so the instrument becomes at first slightly, and at last excruciatingly, out of tune. It is a simple but effective symbol of an ideal—represented by an "ideal" tuning—that will fit one set of circumstances but becomes increasingly inapplicable to others. The chorale is associated with Robespierre. There is a moving passage in Act III where he sings it (to the words "O God, O great Creator, Look down on what we do") accompanied by strings—four solo cellos. And they, of course, as string players do, make constant microtonal adjustments, impossible on a keyboard instrument, which keep the harmonies perfectly in tune, all the way from C to F-sharp. There is a terrifying episode later in the act, after the death of Danton, where Robespierre tries to repeat his prayer and it goes horribly out of tune.

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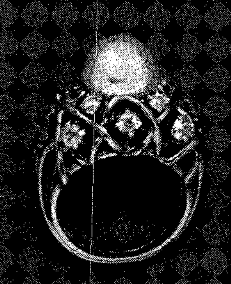

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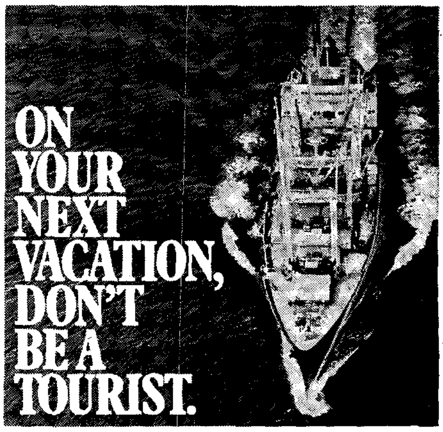

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score, it is direct and readily comprehensible. No more than Alban Berg is he afraid of big, straightforward, traditional theatre strokes: ostinatos, sudden outbursts, unisons, firm tonal anchors against which to measure degrees of dissonance and tension. His writing for the chorus is adventurous and exciting. His writing for the orchestra is varied and very colorful. Moreover, and perhaps most important of all, "Danton" is a mellifluous opera, composed with a command of lyrical vocal gestures that reveal character and are also good to sing. Without that quality, an opera does not live.

IT would be hard to overpraise the work of Thomas Baldner, who conducted, the Bloomington student cast, the Bloomington student players, and all who prepared them. The difficulties of rhythm are scarcely less than those of pitching, but both the performances I heard were uncommonly assured. On the instrumental side, the brilliant brass players deserve especial mention; and, among the singers, James Anderson, Tim Noble, Gran Wilson, and Edith Vannerette (the Danton, Robespierre, Camille, and Lucille of the first cast), and Sally Wolf (the Lucille of the second cast). In the second cast, Michael Ballam and Robert McFarland (the Danton and Robespierre) were equally sure singers but rather less subtle actors. Mary Shearer and Debra Grodecki (the two Louises) and Nelda Nelson (Gabrielle in both casts) were also good. So were many other young artists in a cast far too large to list in detail. The challenge of the quarter-tones seemed to spur the singers to very precise, steady emission. At both performances, Louise and Lucille in a duet of canons, octaves, and unisons achieved an exactness of intonation such as I have never heard from Adalgisa and Norma on the professional stage. Score in hand, I have been listening to tapes—of both performances—with a kind of amazement at the sustained level of accomplishment. I urge the Public Broadcasting Service to secure a tape, to announce performances of "Danton" in good time for prospective listeners to buy the libretto (it is published by the Shawnee Press), and to let the whole land at least hear this remarkable work.

—ANDREW PORTER

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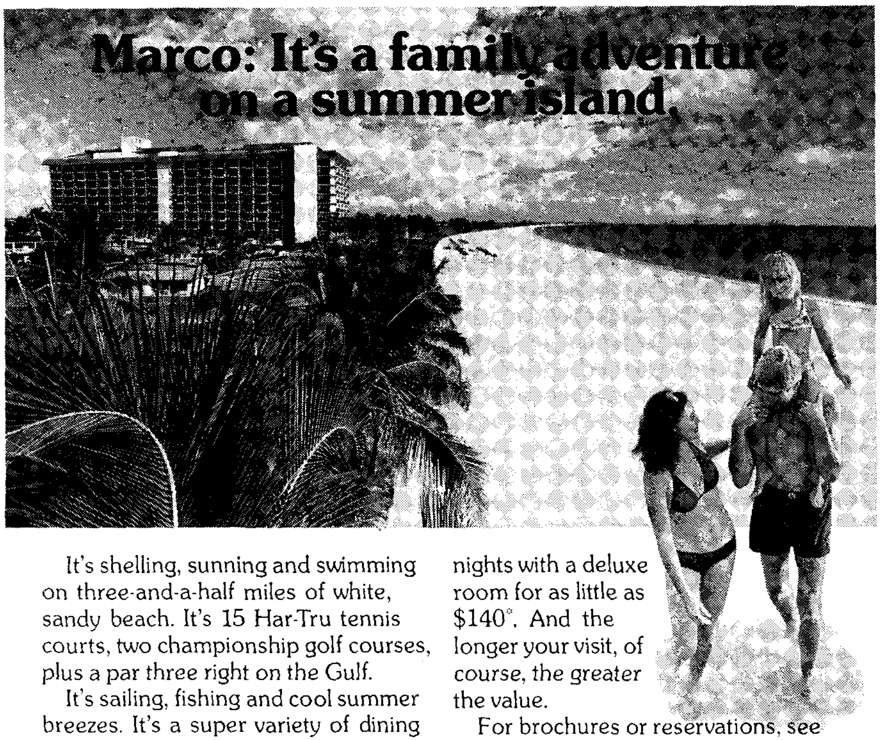
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DANCING

From a Far Country

"THEME AND VARIATIONS," the only Balanchine ballet performed by the American Ballet Theatre, returned to the repertory this season reportedly at the request of Mikhail Baryshnikov, who danced it twice before announcing that he would be leaving soon to join Balanchine's company. The announcement came a few days before the local première of Baryshnikov's production for A.B.T. of the Petipa-Gorsky-Minkus "Don Quixote," and the odd timing seemed to suspend the dancer between two phases—the one that, as a member of the New York City Ballet (which also does "Theme and Variations"), he is about to enter, and the one to which, as a Ballet Theatre star, he increasingly found himself returning when no more good new roles were to be had. "Don Quixote," as produced in Leningrad by the Kirov Ballet, gave Baryshnikov his first starring role in a full-length ballet. Like the version of "The Nutcracker" which he also made for Ballet Theatre, "Don Quixote" represents Baryshnikov's career in Russia, and it gives us a farewell glimpse of his dancing in the style that nurtured him but has ceased to challenge him. At thirty, in exile, Baryshnikov has brought Russian demi-caractère style to a peak of perfection. If he had remained in Russia, he would have been, after Vladimir Vasiliev, the one who carried it on. But Baryshnikov four years ago elected a different destiny. In his last few weeks at Ballet Theatre, he not only looked ahead to his new career and back to his abandoned one but also summarized his Ballet Theatre years, dancing some of the best roles he has had since coming to the West. It may be symbolic that his farewell A.B.T. performances in New York were scheduled to be in Jerome Robbins' "Other Dances," a piece that he can also perform at the New York City Ballet, and Twyla Tharp's "Push Comes to Shove," the most original as well as the most popular choreography anyone has made for him so far.

While at A.B.T., Baryshnikov worked with nearly every choreographer who could have offered him a chance to do something new and different (the new and different being defined more often by Baryshnikov's experience than by ours). When the novelties seemed to have run their course, there were the revivals. We saw him dance Bournonville for the first time, and Fokine's "Spectre of the Rose" and "Petrouchka." Not the least that can be said of the two works that he himself revived from models in the Soviet repertory is that they give American dancers and audiences something new and different. The second-act mime speech of the Nutcracker Prince begins with a formal gesture (which Baryshnikov, in approved contemporary Russian style, deletes) that means "I come from a far country," and then goes on to relate what happened there. Baryshnikov's revivals relate what goes on in another ballet tradition, in a far country. Whatever we may think of their merits as ballets, "The Nutcracker" and "Don Quixote" are authoritatively and discriminatingly staged, and all the dancers are conspicuously well coached; it is not Baryshnikov alone who benefits from the experience—if, indeed, it can be said that dancing his old vehicles benefits him at all. Although the central role of Basil, the barber, in "Don Quixote" doesn't extend Baryshnikov's range, he packs it full of his accustomed specialties—it's the *most* of Baryshnikov in a certain style. By his brilliant dancing, we can see that he wishes to speak well of his training and to commemorate it. But more important than this sentiment is the special understanding that lies behind it—Baryshnikov's understanding of recovery and commemoration as vital elements in the creative process.

One loss caused by Baryshnikov's early departure from the A.B.T. season at the Met is his Prince Florimund, a piercing note of authenticity in a generally hapless production of "The Sleeping Beauty." (And he may never now double Carabosse and the Bluebird, as we were once promised he would.) The principal male role in "Theme and Variations" is to some extent fashioned after the Prince in "The Sleeping Beauty;" Baryshnikov dances it with the eighteenth-century grace of deportment that is characteristic of his Florimund. He understands and projects a connection. In fact, the closer one looks at it, the more the style of the ballet as a whole recalls the Petipa classic. Balanchine may have arranged the resemblance at the suggestion of the Ballet Theatre management. In the impressively documented new book "American Ballet Theatre" (Knopf), Charles Payne says that the idea of using the last movement of Tchaikovsky's third orchestral suite for a ballet first occurred to Max Goberman, who in 1947 was the company's musical director. He proposed a work in the Petipa style—"one," Payne writes, "that would fill the

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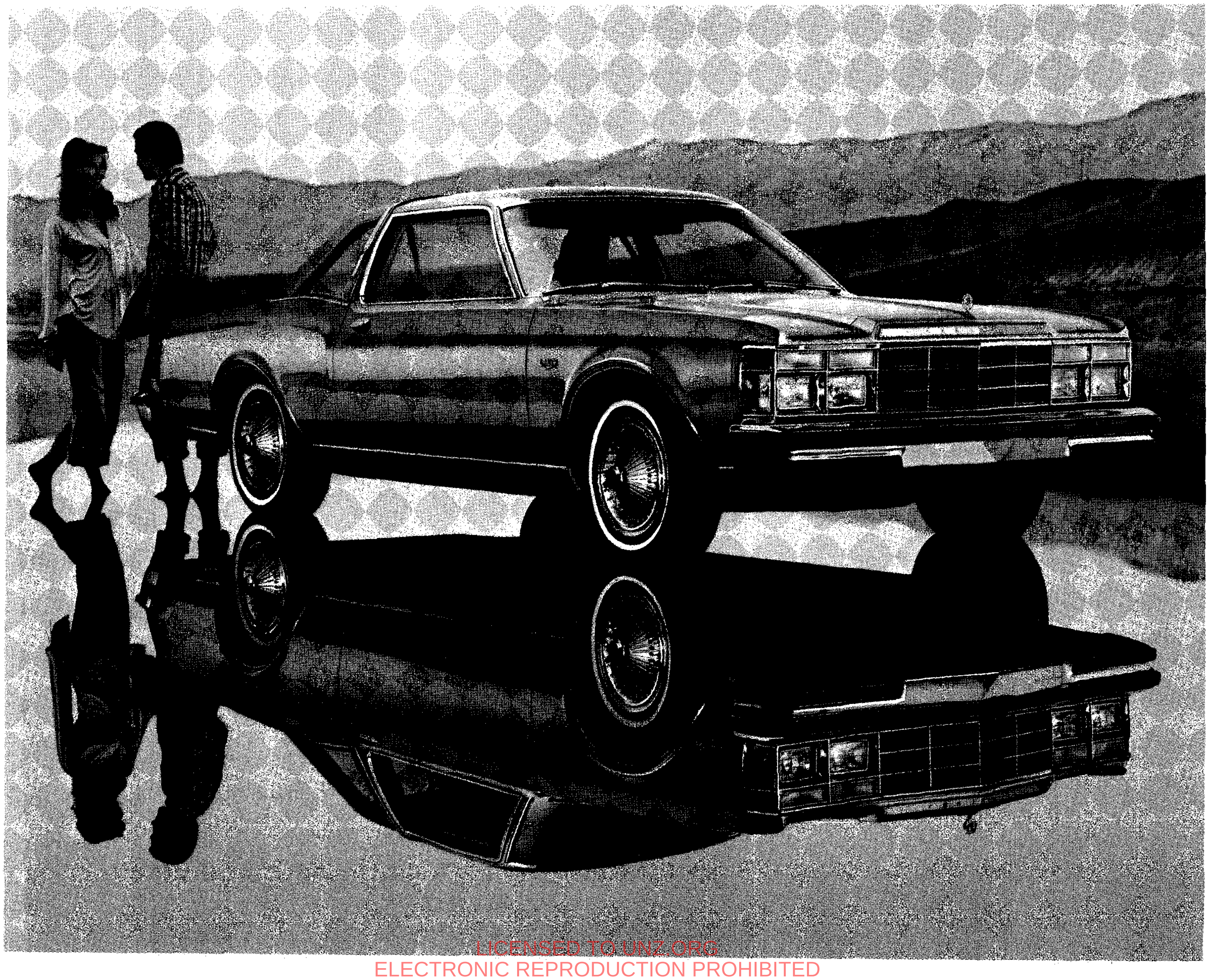

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same function in the repertory as did 'Princess Aurora.' "

> He passed on the suggestion to [Lucia] Chase and [Oliver] Smith, who approached Balanchine with the question, "Could you do an opening ballet for Youskevitch to this music?" Balanchine took the score and returned shortly with the answer, "But of course."

"Princess Aurora" was a suite of excerpts from "The Sleeping Beauty": the fairies' adagio and variations from the Prologue, selected divertissements from the last act, and the Rose Adagio. Toumanova added the grand pas de deux. Tchaikovsky's Tema con Variazioni, the climax of his Suite No. 3 in G, consists of a brief aria plus twelve variations, the last of which is a handsome polonaise that arrives three times on the crest of an enormous crescendo. The music's dance character is irresistible; it's the kind of music that habitually played through Tchaikovsky's "theatre of the mind," and it contains aspects of formal rigor that anticipate the creation, five years later, of "The Sleeping Beauty." For his ballet, Balanchine decided on a hierarchical cast: a ballerina, a danseur noble, four female demi-soloists (who possibly correspond to the fairies), eight corps-de-ballet girls (who may be their attendants), and a male partner for every girl. Apart from the principal dancer, however, the men do not enter until the finale, where their appearance creates a wave of excitement that rolls right to the end of the piece. Although "Theme" is often linked with other, more grandiose Balanchine-Tchaikovsky ballets, like "Concerto No. 2" (formerly "Ballet Imperial") and "Diamonds," and although one identifies by a few recurrent steps and figures the watermark it shares with "Symphony in C" (made the same year), it is very different in effect. "Theme" achieves its sensations through modest means. The variations develop organic permutations of basic ballet gesture; out of this process—so similar to that of "The Sleeping Beauty"—the imagery of the piece materializes.

The enchanted feminine microcosm of Petipa's Prologue and Vision Scene reappears in the form of concentrated dance études. In one of the first, twelve women become a chain, or garland, winding and rewinding like the maze of a formal garden. The image expands and deepens in the most nostalgic of the women's dances, set to a trembling reverie in the music; the eight attendants form another chain of support for the ballerina as her body in an extended balance describes an array of transformations. Merrill Ashley, in the New York City Ballet production, spreads before us the complete fanlike gamut of ballet logic, folding her long body first into croisé, then into effacé, écarté, into second position, and at length into full penchée arabesque. The développé transitions between each pose are like the pleats of the fan. There is a brisk fugue for the corps, flanked by two solos for the male star. In the first, we recognize an elaboration and mobilization of the simple preparatory stretch-and-point exercise with port de bras that had occurred at the outset of the theme. The dancer swings from side to side and then from front to back (renversés in attitude) in low vaults through space. A flurry of pirouettes decelerates in a seamless return to the "theme" gesture. The second male variation begins with eight ronds de jambe sautés pitched high off the ground, alternating with piqué attitude-balances, as the orchestra fires its first volley of chords. At the second volley, the step sequence is eight daunting double air turns separated by pirouettes. Baryshnikov sometimes lands from his air turns with one leg held in passé and pirouettes from that position. This time, he took the passé on the ground as part of a quick rélevé preparation, for an effect of unstraining evenness throughout the sequence. (In another optional complication, which I'm told Youskevitch introduced—I've actually seen only Villella do it—the turns may be done alternately to the left and to the right.) The ballerina's solo variations are no less taxing: whirring through her allegro paces, she's Aurora rewritten in lightning. Evocations of the great Petipa role flash before us—pas de chat/pirouette, a rhythmic lunge striking tendu positions in fourth while the arms sweep through directional changes, and, in the finale, a pas couru ending in the dainty, girlish tendu-front pose that Margot Fonteyn had her picture taken in a thousand times. But the "Aurora" of "Theme" was Alicia Alonso, and the role still demands a technician of power. For Gelsey Kirkland in the New York City Ballet revival of 1970, Balanchine added gargouillades; it became the role in which, through gradual conquest of its difficulties, she rose to principal status.

Kirkland and Baryshnikov have performed "Theme" together before, but until this season they had given only one performance in New York. Fittingly, their third and final performance at the Met is a live telecast. The ballet is to Kirkland what "Don Qui-

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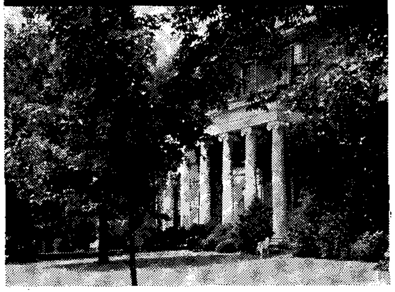

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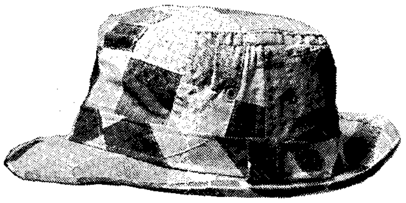

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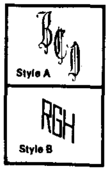

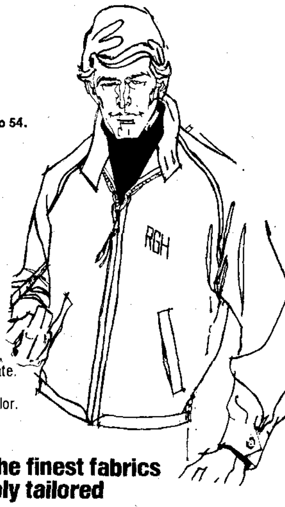

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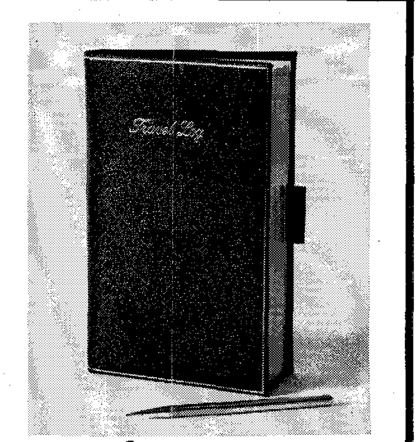
xote" is to Baryshnikov—a cradle—although it still obviously excites and challenges her. Her original partner, Villella, is reincarnated in Baryshnikov's combination of quick attack, compact delivery, and delicacy. With partners like this (or like Helgi Tomasson, another leading exponent of the male role), Kirkland has sustained the quality of refinement and transparency in the ballet which Balanchine emphasized in the 1970 revival (when he supplemented it with dances to the other sections of the suite). Ashley, with her technique of pure crystal, sustains it, too. Her new partner this season, Adam Lüders, is well launched toward success. (His stepping stone to "Theme" was his triumph last season in "Cortège Hongrois.") At Ballet Theatre, there have been some fine "Theme" ballerinas—notably, Martine van Hamel and Cynthia Gregory—but they've had to fight a distorted tradition built up by years of hard-hitting performances. Now in the new production it is possible to glimpse a far-off vision of court and castle as exquisitely fashioned as the inside of a Fabergé egg. This is not Petipa's world but a distanced memory of it. The new scale turns the pas de deux into a fantasy of active mutual consideration and delight, a conversation in whispers and sighs; one seems to hear the voices of children, not those of the suave sophisticates who possessed the ballet for so long. (When Balanchine refers to Petipa here, he chooses to quote not the grand pas de deux but Puss in Boots and the White Cat.)

For the first time in my experience, an A.B.T. "Theme" looks Balanchinian. Its tempos are faster even than those at the New York City, which after a period of unreasonable high speed have recently been relaxed. (Speaking of "a thirty-two-minute ballet," Charles Payne surely intends twenty-two minutes; A.B.T.'s official running time is twenty-one minutes.) And it includes wonderful details that Balanchine in his inscrutable wisdom has deleted from the version done by his own company. One such detail is the double line of supported battements en cloche done by the corps girls as they fall backward into their partners' arms; it's like two rows of swords flashing a salute to the demis as they enter with the second group of men. Desmond Heeley has recostumed the piece none too flatteringly, using the hard-to-wear kind of tutu that sticks stiffly out over the hips, like a Japanese parasol. The other costume details are an improvement on the hard corsets of



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André Levasseur which the company used to wear, although the colors are not as much of an improvement on the Nicolas Benois designs for the N.Y.C.B. as one might have hoped. There is no décor; instead, a cold gray wall surmounts the scene. And Jennifer Tipton's lighting is, for her, uncreatively dim both here and in "Don Quixote." The blackout at the end of "Theme" seems unwarranted.

"DON QUIXOTE" is a ballet not only from another country but from another age—one that hasn't passed its secrets on to us. Loosely constructed as one more or less continuous dance suite broken by interludes of pantomime, slapstick, and exotic or fantastic spectacle, it needs space to sprawl in. But its various elements—particularly the comedy, in which the Don figures mainly as a straight man—aren't all equally alive to a modern audience. The trouble is, cutting only makes the piece more shapeless, because then its discursiveness has no chance to develop depth. Trying to retune this lumbering contraption, Baryshnikov has allowed only as much filler as will throw the dancing into relief, and the trouble with *that* is the monolithic expression of the dancing. The idiom throughout the piece is Russian Spanish, with one classical divertissement (the Vision) in the second act and another (the Wedding) in the third. Between the larky lovers, who carry the main action, and the secondary characters there is no difference in style. One sees angled torsos and backbends everywhere, especially in Act I. Within the Russian school, there used to be categories—character, character-grotesque, and so on—for dancers and mimes alike; "Don Quixote" in the old days must have been a festival of categories. But beyond a slightly stylized classicism (demi-caractère) contemporary dancers don't much care to go. Baryshnikov cuts as many gypsies as he can out of the second act. His deletions make the show flat, but they also make it taut, smooth, and, needless to say, fast. There are only two bumps: an awkward transition to the Vision Scene and, later, a stage wait. The Don, incidentally, doesn't take Basil's girlfriend, Kitri, for Dulcinea, as he does in the Nureyev production that was filmed a few years ago. But, though Baryshnikov probably means to give dignity to the Don's vision by embodying it, the Dulcinea that has been imagined by the designer, Santo Loquasto, is a large woman who looks like an overdressed infanta: a

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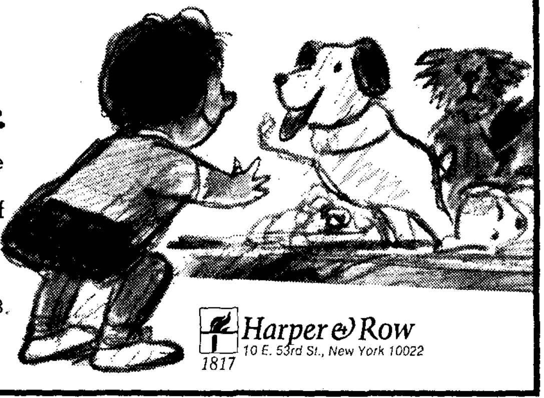

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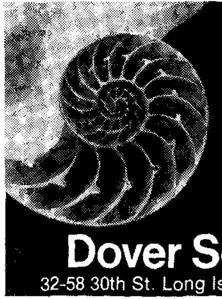

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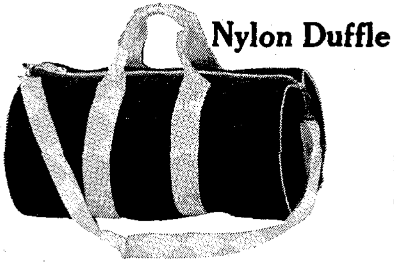

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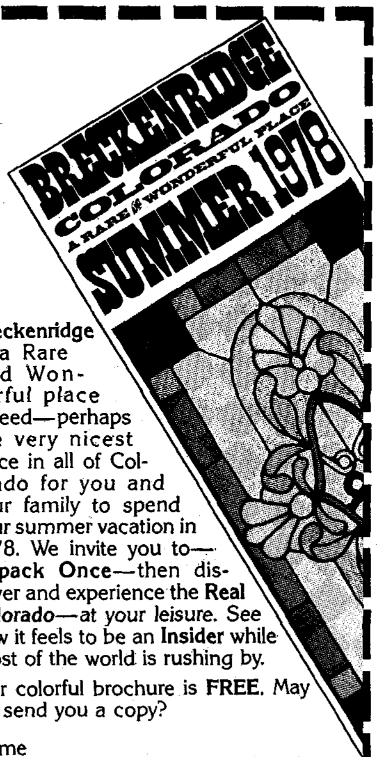

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staid conception for a ballet, to say the least.

Having heard negative reports about Loquasto's contribution—indeed, about the production as a whole—I was surprised, once past that repetitious first act, ~~to find~~ so much that was so pleasant. Unlike Nureyev, Baryshnikov seems able to see what the audience sees. Maybe the Minkus score doesn't inspire as much reverence as, say, a Tchaikovsky one. What neither Baryshnikov nor Nureyev can do anything about is the disappointingly thin choreography for the corps de ballet in the Vision Scene. Was it ransacked long ago to furnish other Petipa-Minkus ballets? The variations are sound enough, but they have been passed around. The first is often done as part of "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," the next is an interpolation from "Paquita," and the last has a slightly used "Bayadère" look. Other numbers might be questioned in this way. The Petipa inheritance is a puzzle; somehow, the more we see of it, the less there is.

Opposite Baryshnikov's Basil, Kirkland's Kitri presented a remarkably accurate picture of a high-flying, heels-up Russian soubrette. Kirkland is a marvellous mimic as well as a marvellous dancer. I was mesmerized by her diminutive Plisetskaya—she even gets the rocking-horse lurch going into the high jetés passés of the opening waltz—until at some point in the second act I grew sick of it. Kirkland in this role dances from facility; high leaps, high kicks front and back, backbends, quantities of turns—all are comfortably within her range. Her effort goes into stylization and characterization—into vixenism and fan-snapping and other tempestuous effects, and into the achieving of a hard and glossy "closed" performance. Although it is never less than talented, it is never more than impersonation. Does Kirkland really think we'd rather see a Kitri stereotype than the Kitri that she uniquely could be? Cynthia Gregory's robust, witty, but softly radiant performance on the following evening proved that Kitri doesn't have to be a toughie. There was evident delight in her response to her partner, John Meehan, and to her new conductor, John Lanchbery. Meehan, who had given a colorful performance the night before as Espada, the bullfighter, showed both courage and style as Basil. His dancing is not star calibre, but it is solid and vigorous in the Russian tradition. This is the tradition that he has been trained in, by the way, and it belongs to him; it's not a guise.

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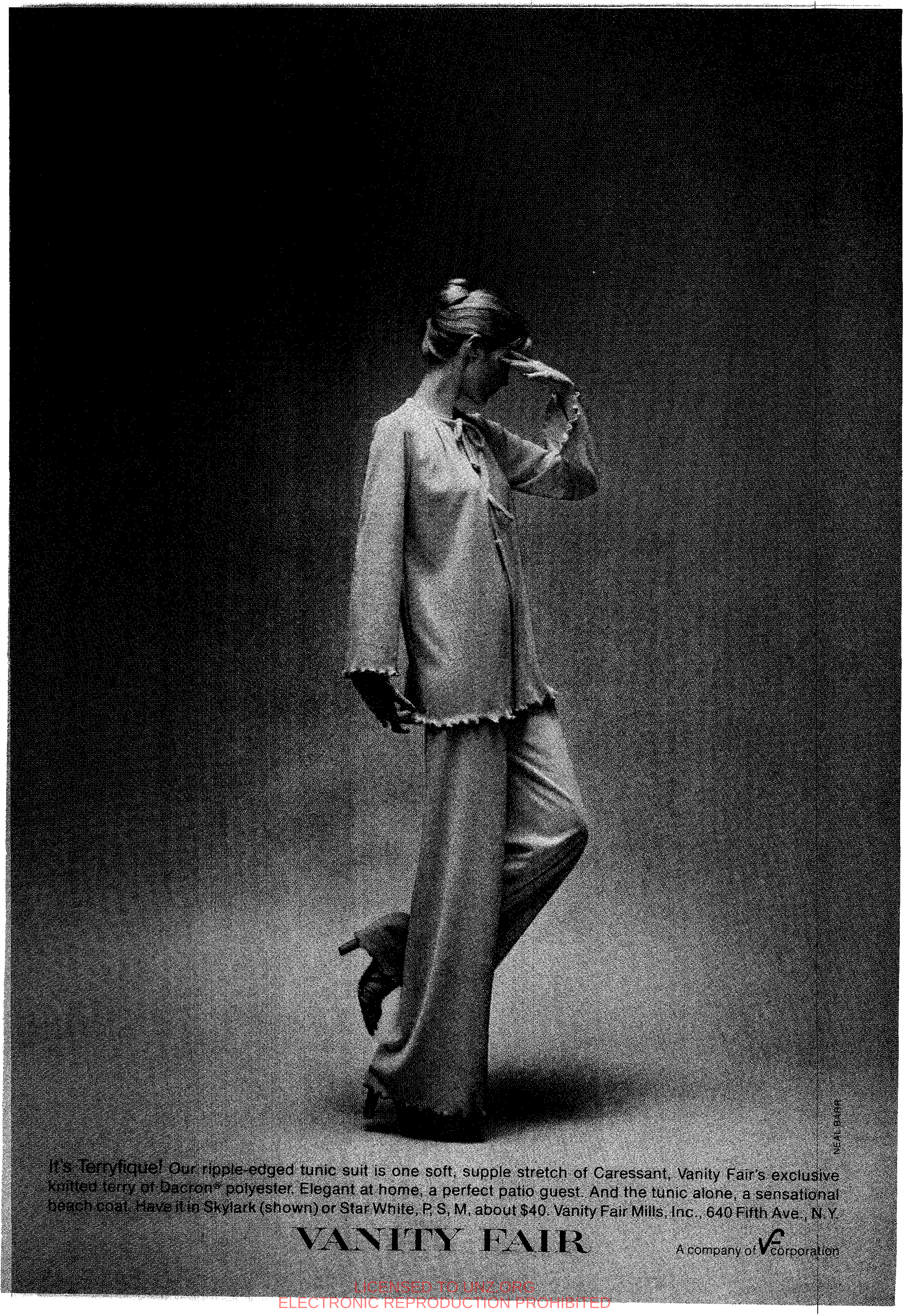

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THE RACE TRACK

Slew's Back

SEATTLE SLEW made a triumphant return to racing last Sunday in a seven-furlong allowance race at Aqueduct. Doug Peterson, his trainer these days, when asked if Slew was really going to the post this time—his record of non-appearances is long—had replied that his four-year-old charge would race "unless the track gets washed out." He meant it, because a day of ceaseless rain all but *did* wash out the track, and as Slew and five other runners came down the stretch they looked like the U.S. Cavalry fording a stream. But neither that nor anything else bothered Slew. Twitching his tail relaxedly, he came home under a hand ride from Cruguet, and drew away to finish eight and a quarter lengths ahead of Proud Arion, with Capulet's Song third. The time—for what it's worth, considering the state of the track—was 1:22⅘. Cruguet said he had eased Slew up through the last furlong. Mickey Taylor and Jim Hall, the co-owners, with their wives, of 1977's Horse of the Year, smiled happily through the rain. "They'd better watch out—Slew's back!" said Taylor. Next stop is the Metropolitan Handicap, on May 29th at Belmont.

Half an hour later came the hundred-and-third running of the Withers Stakes, and the weather hadn't improved a bit. Junction, who probably inherited a liking for off going from his sire, Never Bend, came home strongly, nearly five lengths ahead of Star De Naskra, with Buckaroo third, one and a half lengths farther back. The victory was worth $32,520 to the Live Oak Plantation's colt. All eight runners carried 126 pounds, and Junction's time for the mile was 1:36⅗. Pat Kelly, his trainer, was asked after the race if he thought the colt had earned a trip to the Preakness, but Kelly seemed disinclined to send him against Alydar again after his loss to the Calumet Farm's star boarder by twenty-seven lengths in the Flamingo. (Junction finished next to last.)

Before the rains came, 21,702 horseplayers had turned out on Saturday to see Spendthrift Farm's Mashteen, a daughter of Majestic Prince, cross the

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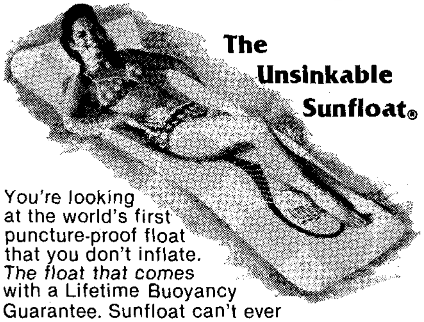

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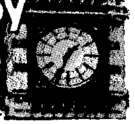

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line three lengths ahead of Tempest Queen to win this year's $42,775 Comely Stakes, for three-year-old fillies. Mucchina was a length and a half farther back, for the show. Mashteen was never headed as she covered the seven furlongs over a fast track in 1:23; a claim of interference against her was disallowed.

IT was far overdue, but now John Hay Whitney's Greentree Stable seems to have a nice handicap horse in Bowl Game, the winner of the second division of the Dixie Handicap, at a mile and a half, on the turf at Pimlico on Saturday. Earlier on, toward the end of the Florida season, the four-year-old bay gelding had galloped off with two $150,000 events—the Gulfstream Park and the Pan American Handicaps. Now he will match his stride against the best in the Hollywood Invitational on Memorial Day weekend, and in the Suburban and the Brooklyn at Belmont in July. And good luck to him. Bowl Game carried 120 pounds in the Dixie, giving ten to Oilfield and beating him by six lengths. Trumpeter Swan was third. The time was 2:33⅗. In the first division of the race, Ogden Mills Phipps' Fluorescent Light went to the front shortly after the start and continued on to win by a neck from That's A Nice, with Improviser third. The time was 2:33⅕.

THE combination of Laz Barrera, Steve Cauthen, and J. O. Tobin proved as hot as it sounds in the $214,550 Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park on Sunday. Cauthen brought his mount home two and a half lengths ahead of Replant, with Cox's Ridge (under Eddie Maple), who had been flown out from the East to challenge the California speedster, finishing third. A crowd of 36,251 saw Cox's Ridge make his usual run for the lead through the homestretch; this time, though, he was just too far back to close the gap. The time for the mile and a sixteenth was 1:41.

BARRERA will agree with anyone that the best birthday he ever had was his fifty-third, on the eve of which Affirmed won the Kentucky Derby for him. The trainer gets ten per cent of the winner's share of the purse, which this year happened to be $186,900. Not a bad birthday present. And Barrera is confident that further enrichment lies ahead next Saturday at Pimlico, in the hundred-and-third running of the Preakness. It is hard to disagree with him.

—AUDAX MINOR

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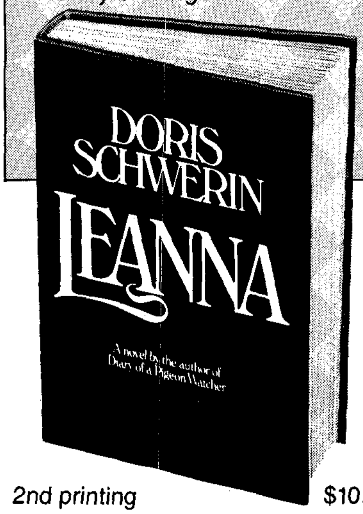

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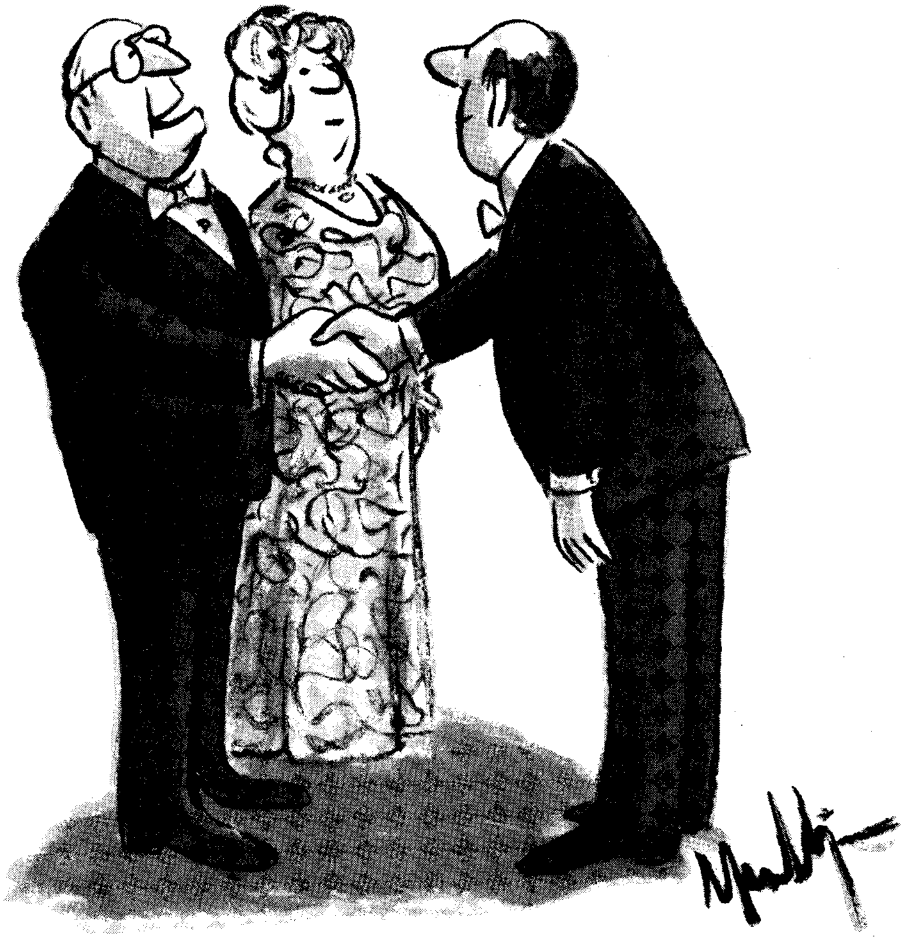
BOOKS

The Case

IN "Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case" (Knopf; $15), Allen Weinstein, a scholar who spent five years studying that tangled affair and the controversies it engendered, concludes that the late Whittaker Chambers, a repentant agent of Soviet military intelligence, told the essential truth when, in 1948, he said that Alger Hiss, who had been a respected official of the State Department and was at the time president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, had for some years been a fellow-Stalinist and for part of that time an accomplice in espionage. In 1950, Hiss was convicted in United States District Court in New York on two counts of perjury: the first for his insistence that he had never provided Chambers or any other unauthorized person with classified documents; the second for his denial that he did "in fact see and converse with the said Mr. Chambers in or about the months of February and March, 1938." The bulk of the evidence that convicted Hiss came from his accuser—a confessed spy and perjurer, a thief in his youth, a tormented homosexual, frowzy in appearance and all but friendless, as obsessed in his anti-Communism as he had been as an evangel of revolution. Addressing the jury, a Hiss lawyer—a man who had earlier defended Jimmy Hines, a political tool and patron of the New York underworld—described Chambers as "this moral leper" and conducted a McCarthyite defense before Senator Joe McCarthy surfaced. Everything about Chambers was an affront to the leaders of liberal thought—men like Adlai Stevenson, William O. Douglas, Walter Lippmann, Felix Frankfurter, and Dean Acheson. In their eyes, Chambers was twice damned: first as a traitor, then as an informer. Hiss, a well-groomed, well-spoken, and fashionably educated public servant who had been a law clerk to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., they looked upon as altogether one of their own. Though charged only with perjury, he was really on trial for espionage, on which the statute of limitations had run, and hence for treason. "I've known Alger Hiss for years," Lippmann once told a friend. "It's absurd to think that he ever committed treason." It just wasn't the sort of thing that people who had been guests of the Lippmanns did—though Lippmann had second thoughts a few years later, after it had been revealed that Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, and Kim Philby, children of the British establishment with credentials as proper and imposing as those of Hiss, had long been in Moscow's employ. It seemed particularly absurd when the accuser, one of the tribe of the Great Unwashed, had by his own word been a traitor thousands of times over, and, even after acknowledging the error of his earlier ways, had lied about his past to a federal grand jury, denying in October, 1948, that he had ever received the kind of information that a month later he was to charge Hiss with having given him.

When Weinstein began his researches, he supposed he would uncover the story of how Hiss had been framed by Chambers. What he uncovered instead was evidence that led him to write that the jurors "made no mistake in finding Alger Hiss guilty as charged." He spreads this evidence over six hundred and forty-four pages of text, appendices, and notes, now and then seeming to lose himself in thickets of detail—some of it trivial, some of it open to challenge on grounds of relevance and accuracy. His turnabout on the case has led to difficulties with some of his sources; several of those he interviewed at the outset, Hiss among them, talked freely, because they thought he was writing a pro-Hiss, anti-Chambers book, and now they feel, not unreasonably, that their confidences were gained under false pretenses. Weinstein is not the most workmanlike of writers, and a few factual errors, none of them central to the argument, have been turned up by his critics. Nevertheless, he nails down some points of historical importance. In 1950, it had been possible to believe that Chambers was lying even when he described the criminal life that he said he had abandoned. He was a literary romantic and a certifiable neurotic, hardly the sort to be trusted by anyone's secret police. He had a record not of treatment for mental illness, as Hiss's attorneys sought to establish, but of emotional instability: bouts of melancholia, suicide attempts, sordid sexual liaisons. He had delusions of grandeur about his own importance in the struggle against subversion; it seemed more than likely that



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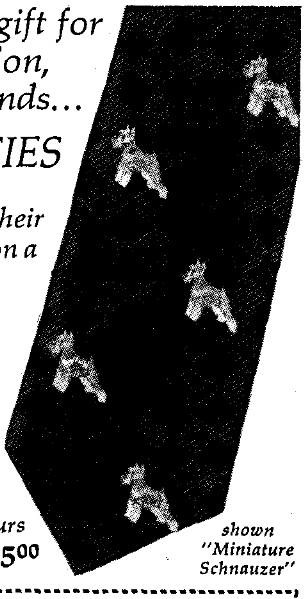

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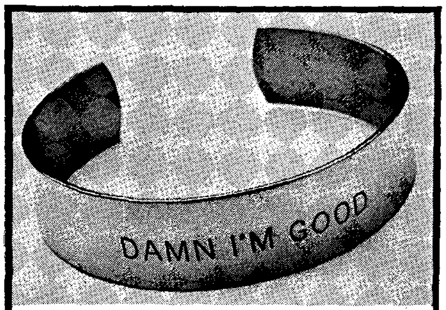

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he harbored similar delusions about his subversive past. But Weinstein, having gained access to previously unavailable materials—F.B.I. files (obtained in a suit under the Freedom of Information Act), files compiled by Hiss and his lawyers, and interviews with a number of people who had known Chambers and were familiar with the workings of Soviet espionage in the nineteen-thirties—confirms the accuracy of most of the claims that Chambers made about his own role. And he presents more evidence than the prosecutors did of the close relationship between Chambers and his wife, Esther, and Alger and Priscilla Hiss. When Hiss finally admitted that he had known Chambers, who had been using one of many aliases, he acknowledged only that he had known him as a scrounger, a would-be journalist, a drifter in need *of help for the support of his unfor*tunate wife and children—in short, an embarrassment and a nuisance. But Weinstein makes it clear that, as Chambers originally claimed, the two families were intimate enough to share confidences and friends, gifts and holidays, and, on occasion, living quarters. There are still no witnesses to support Chambers's testimony that Hiss had actually handed over the copies of State Department documents of which his accuser was in possession when he first made his charges before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. But the authenticity of those papers—some in Hiss's handwriting, some evidently typed on a machine that the Hisses had owned at one time—was never successfully challenged. The defense maintained that Chambers either stole the handwritten documents or was given them by someone else and that he or a confederate had forged the typewritten ones—perhaps had even had a typewriter made that was capable of duplicating exactly the work turned out on the Hisses' old Woodstock. Weinstein effectively disposes of the forgery-by-typewriter theory. In 1949, both the F.B.I. and the Hiss defense scoured Washington and its environs in search of the Hiss machine, and the defense finally found it. After Hiss was convicted, his lawyers, preparing to move for a retrial, hired an expert to counterfeit the machine. More than a year later, one was produced, but it was not a perfect replica. Chambers, according to the theory on which the defense was working, could have had only a few months to make a machine indistinguishable from the original.

It seems unlikely now that there will ever be any new revelations in the Hiss-

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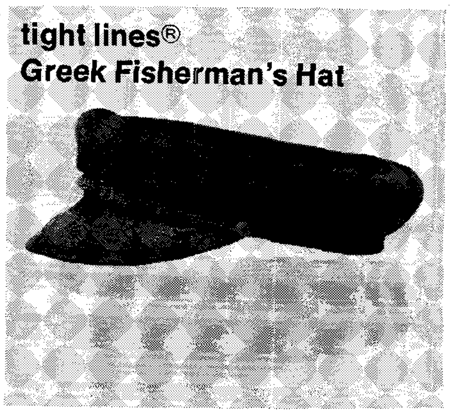

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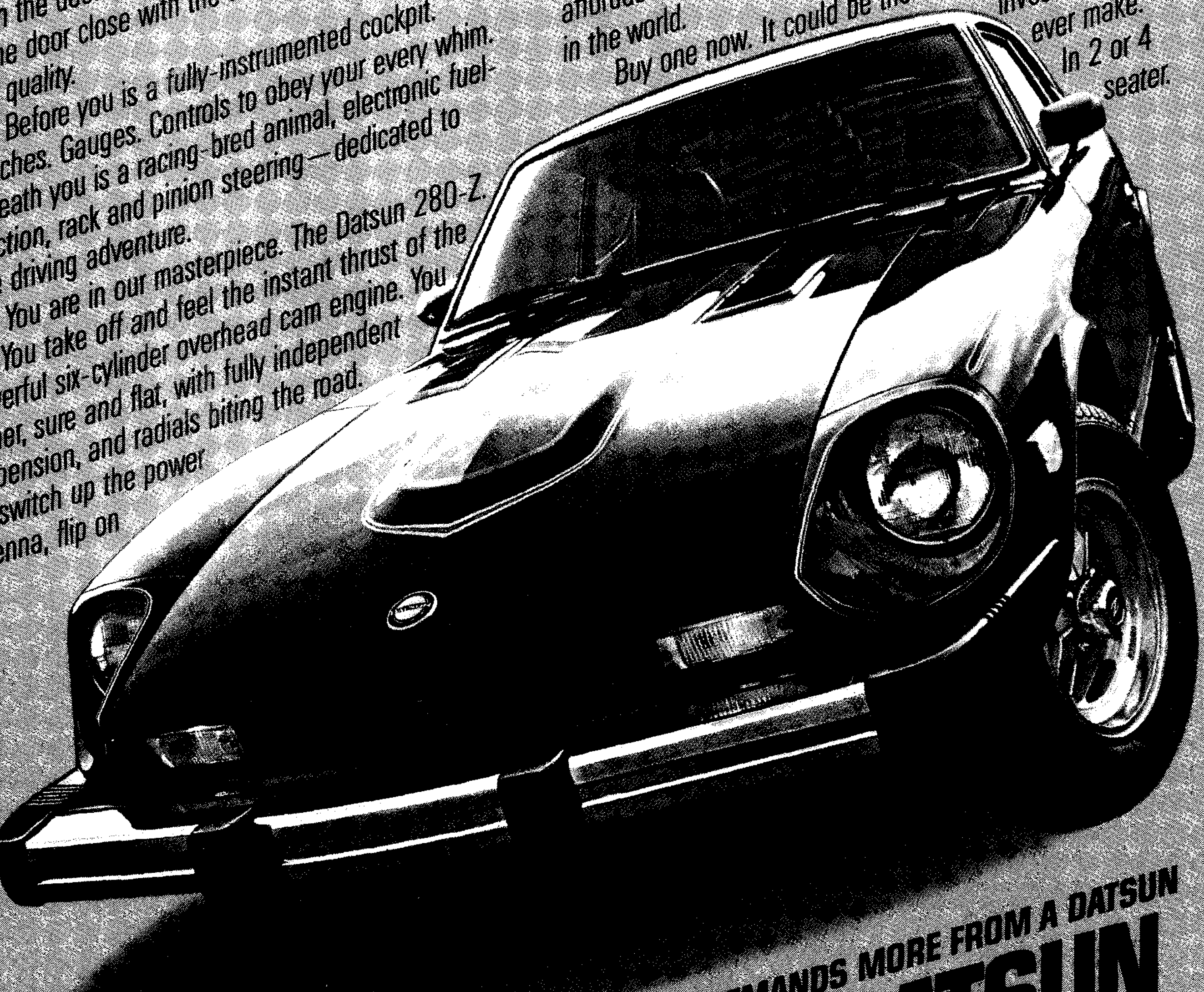

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HONGKONG

Chambers case. The many books written about it before Weinstein's—including apologias by the principals—have added little to what was made public in 1950. Weinstein's contribution is to reinforce elements of Chambers's story that had no corroboration at the time. There will, of course, be arguments about the legal and moral implications of what is now on the record. The case aroused passions on both sides, and still does, and will continue to do so. In lectures and interviews, Hiss maintains his innocence by insisting that Chambers was a pathological liar and that he himself was a victim of the Cold War, of McCarthyism, and of Richard Nixon, whose rise to power was considerably aided by the prominence he achieved in the early stages of the case. Chambers *was* a liar, but the fact that Hiss was convicted (in a second trial; the first, in 1949, resulted in a hung jury) during a shameful period of American political history does not make him its victim. The major offenses that led to his trial—the transmission of government secrets—had occurred more than a decade earlier, and Weinstein's finding of culpability is compelling. But the same finding leads one to the conclusion that Hiss was a victim in another sense—a victim of his own moral arrogance and that of his high-minded friends in high positions. Legal technicalities aside, what precisely had he done? If he was like other Communists of the period, he probably felt that by serving the interests of Soviet foreign policy he was serving more than just another nation-state. Communists then felt that their cause transcended any narrow nationalism. Pacifists, antiwar activists, Christians, Jews, and Arabs feel much the same thing today. In Hiss's time, Communists could even feel, not entirely without justification, that Soviet and American interests were almost identical, since Fascism was their common enemy. The lawyer-sociologist David Riesman put it well when, in 1953, he wrote, "If [Hiss] had told the Committee . . . how it happened that a more or less idealistic and successful young lawyer could get involved with the Communist Party, he would have contributed to clarification instead of mystification." And the critic Leslie Fiedler wrote, in 1951, "Had [Hiss] been willing to say, 'Yes, I did these things'—things it is now possible to call 'treason'—'not for money or prestige, but out of a higher allegiance than patriotism'—had he only confessed . . . then he need not even have gone to prison. Why did he lie?" It is now almost a quarter century since he finished serving his time, but he still insists that he did none of the things of which Chambers, the man he knew only as an affliction visited upon him, accused him. He even says that, of all the bright young people he knew in Washington forty years ago, the only one with whom he ever *discussed* Communism was Abe Fortas, a colleague in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. "By the time I am eighty," he told an interviewer in 1972, when he was sixty-seven, "I expect to be respected and venerated." It is difficult to understand how anyone could be so confident of apotheosis, and a government man who did not talk about Communism with his friends in the thirties sounds as if he were not even alive in that period.

—RICHARD ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DIARY OF VIKENTY ANGAROV, by Victor Muravin, translated from the Russian by Alan Thomas (Newsweek Books; $9.95). A novel about the other holocaust—the Stalin holocaust, in which a tenth of the population of the Soviet Union perished. The author, a Russian refugee now living in the United States, tells his story through the horrifying adventures of a Russian merchant-marine captain named Vikenty Angarov before, during, and after the Second World War. We meet Angarov—his wife dead and his young son lost to him—serving a ten-year sentence (on a fabricated charge of spying) in a Siberian slave-labor camp. We see him grit his teeth, adjust, and survive. We see him released, back in his career, remarried, and with an infant son—and then (through a bureaucratic whim) rearrested and exiled to a Siberian slave farm. He unwittingly incurs the enmity of the farm director, is tried on a charge that even the judge knows is false, and is shipped to a gold-mining death camp in the Arctic. We see him escape, survive a month in the winter tundra, and then get caught, only to be saved, finally, by the death of Stalin. Mr. Muravin is a strong writer in the middle register, with a calm, camera-eye aplomb that is shatteringly effective. He shows us in Angarov the qualities—the peculiarly Russian qualities—that were necessary for survival in those camps in those demented years: self-possession, endurance, courage, a deep-rooted patriotism, a compassionate

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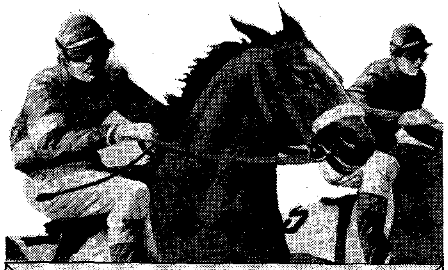

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sense of brotherhood, and an unflagging hatred for Stalin, with a total absence of such Western indulgences as bitterness, irony, self-pity, and despair. There is every emotion here but humor; the victim's plight is too terrible for even black humor at even its bottomless blackest. Drawings by another Russian refugee, Ernst Neizvestny.

MORTAL FRIENDS, by James Carroll (Little, Brown; $10.95). A large, ambitious, and nearly unreadable novel about an Irishman, the Irish Rebellion of the nineteen-twenties, and the Boston (Irish-Italian) Mafia, in which the flawed but larger-than-life hero is swept through a stormy life from Tipperary to Boston's North End, City Hall, *and* Beacon Hill. When the story begins, Colman Brady is a bold young farmer who just wants to work the family plot and love his new wife, but he is drawn into the Rebellion, avenges the political murders of his wife and sister and brother, and flees to America, where he climbs the ladder of the Boston Mafia. Mr. Carroll has chosen to fit history into his story, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, President James Conant of Harvard, Boston's Mayor James Michael Curley, and the I.R.A. leader Michael Collins appear, complete with dialogue, dates, and authentic events. Mr. Carroll builds his plot on the theme of betrayal that runs through Irish history and literature, but he loads onto it too many stories and subplots, and he does not have an ear for the spoken word or an eye for artistic proportions. To get to the story, the reader must wade through streams of consciousness, schoolboyish poeticizing, and professorial lectures. There is a television special lurking inside of all this. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

A CONSIDERABLE TOWN, by M. F. K. Fisher (Knopf; $8.95). The author's celebration of Marseilles, a town for which she has felt an affinity and to which she has constantly returned since her first visit, in 1929. Mrs. Fisher, of course, is known for her writings about food (and no gustatory prose has ever topped her account of the *panaché*—Marseilles restaurants' "mixed platter of every shellfish on hand"), but the book's scope goes beyond the dining table. There is formal history—the town was founded in 600 B.C., and its famous avenue, the Canebière, was

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in use before 909 A.D.—and there are the author's own observations of change: the chapter "May Day, 1932-73" recalls the bitter class feeling in Marseilles during the Depression and contrasts it with attitudes today, when the commonest hostility is not that between rich and poor but that between the native Marseillais and the North African newcomers to their historic melting pot.

THE ILLUSION OF PEACE: FOREIGN POLICY IN THE NIXON YEARS, by Tad Szulc (Viking; $20). This eight-hundred-page arraignment of American foreign policy under Nixon and Kissinger includes some things the reader may know, much that he may not know, and a number of cautions by Mr. Szulc that many secrets may *never* be known. He provides a detailed view of Nixon and Kissinger swaggering, grovelling, and finagling all over the world, with little to show for their activity: the Nixon-Kissinger concept of "linkage"—i.e., horse-trading—with the Soviet Union was never accepted by the Russians, while neither rhetoric nor bombing, neither mining nor incursions concealed the fact that we capitulated in Vietnam. Blood was needlessly shed elsewhere—for instance, in Chile, where, Mr. Szulc says, even American intelligence experts maintained that "Allende presented no 'Marxist danger' " to the Western Hemisphere. Perhaps the most painful legacy—to Americans, at any rate—of the Nixon years is our present economic mess, which Mr. Szulc attributes to Nixon's and Kissinger's neglect of international economic questions. Their undeniable achievement was opening relations with Red China.

THE EYE OF THE STORY: SELECTED ESSAYS AND REVIEWS, by Eudora Welty (Random House; $10). The thirty-five pieces—literary criticism, book reviews, lectures, and reminiscence—that make up this book are the by-products of Miss Welty's career as a literary artist. That is to say, it was her considerable stature as a writer of fiction that created the demand for her services in these other areas. As might be supposed, the most successful pieces are those closest to her art—the pieces of reminiscence, the observations and reflections on people and places that have touched her daily life. As for the others, the criticism, though often fired with illumination (of Willa

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Sorry to introduce ourselves in this way, but it has become necessary. We publish *Passport*, the confidential and privately circulated monthly newsletter on world travel. It's read by discerning travelers all over the world. Our information comes from carefully selected spies.

Each month in this tersely-written 12 page letter, we share new travel discoveries with our members—charming inns, attractive restaurants, undiscovered resorts, places even the guidebooks haven't found yet. We also warn them about places that are becoming spoiled and touristy.

But neither we nor our members want this information to become widely circulated. That's how nice places become spoiled. And that's why we ask our members to use discretion when sharing information—even with good friends.

Passport has been quietly published for 12 years. We rarely advertise. And when we do, it's only in quality publications like this one. If you'd like to join us, a subscription is only $30 ($2.50 per month). *Passport* is an absolute gold mine of information. Full refund if it's not exactly what you expected.

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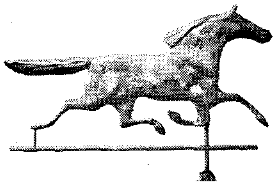

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Cather, she says, "People she saw slowly, with care, in their differences"), has a lofty, sometimes tongue-tied, earnestness; the lectures, on writing, are conventional attempts to explicate the ineffable; and the reviews, though clearly the work of an uncommon reader, are interesting only as the work of Eudora Welty.

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC, by Elspeth Huxley (Atheneum; $12.95). This biography of the English Antarctic explorer Robert Falcon Scott (1868-1912) reconsiders the personality of an idol of his time. Scott, whose party reached the South Pole in the middle of January, 1912, only to discover that a Norwegian expedition led by Roald Amundsen had been there in the middle of December, 1911, died on the way back, and his death, along with his near miss, elicited a national outpouring of sorrow and worship. Mrs. Huxley evokes an era—a time when national passions were stirred by feats of discovery and exploration—and a place: the inhospitable subcontinent that claimed Scott's life. She finds that Scott's outwardly imposing qualities—his firm leadership, for example—masked self-distrust, and she thinks he became a hero only because of the public and private pressures on him to play the part.

NOTE: Bruce Bliven, Jr.'s, "The Finishing Touch," a collection of Profiles—of Dr. Cyril M. Harris, who fixed the acoustics in Avery Fisher Hall, and of George Scheer, a travelling book salesman, among them—has been published by Dodd, Mead ($8.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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For Victoria Marie Ball, who graduates this spring from St. Mary's College in South Bend, Ind., it's a double whammy. Her sister, Valerie, also beat her out for valedictorian honors four years ago at Bellevue High School in Ohio. Sighs Victoria — once again a scholastic bridesmaid — "I was born, also beat her out for valedictorian honors four years ago at Bellevue High School in Ohio. Sighs Victoria — once agait at being called "a tin-horn dictator" during Senate debate on the Panama Canal treaties: "My conscience tells me that I am not a dictator . . . What we have in Panama is a dictatorship of funness — of love."

—*Salinas Californian.*

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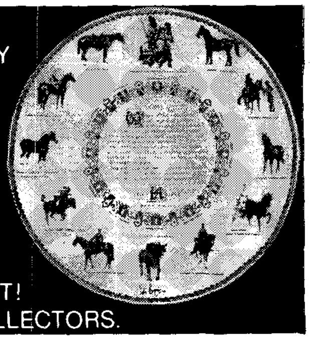

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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland